

Eliza

A screenplay by Alan Wardrope,
an adaption of his novel
*'Lost Expectations, the story of the
real Miss Havisham'* published
in 2011 by New Holland.

PART ONE

E L I Z A

CAST LIST

In order of appearance

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ROLE</u>	<u>GENERAL</u>
STREET URCHINS	INTRODUCTORY	ABOUT 6/7 11/14 years (mostly males)
WATCHMAN	GUARD	MIDDLE AGE
COLBERT MOORE	JOURNALIST	MID 20's
ELIZABETH BAILEY	FACE AT WINDOW	ELDERLY
BERTRAM JONES	NEWSPAPER EDITOR	ABOUT 50, TESTY
SARAH BAILEY	MAIDSERVANT	ELDERLY
and		
ELIZABETH BAILEY	MAIDSERVANT	ELDERLY
AUCTIONEER	AUCTIONEER	FLORID, TOWN CRYER TYPE. PORTLY, 50-60
CLERKS (2)	to AUCTIONEER	SOMBRE, UNDERTAKER TYPES (mid 30's/40's)
REVEREND KEMP	PARSON	ELDERLY/ SERMONIOUS
SIMPSON	CADET JOURNALIST	LATE TEENS. KNOW-ALL. OBNOXIOUS
STONEMASONS (2)	GRAVE WORKERS	ARTISANS
CAB DRIVER	TRANSPORTS MOORE	MIDDLE AGE
ELIZABETH BAILEY	MAIDSERVANT	AS TEENAGER (about 17)
SARAH BAILEY	MAIDSERVANT	AS TEENAGER (about 15)
JAMES DONNITHORNE	ENGLISH GENTLEMAN	EARLY 60's
ELIZA DONNITHORNE	JAMES' DAUGHTER	BLONDE (10)
FIRST OFFICER GLANVILLE	SHIP'S OFFICER	POLITE, EFFICIENT, ABOUT 40
SACHI CHAKRAVARTY	JAMES' PA	ABOUT 30 HANDSOME, BROODING, SCHEMING
CARRIAGE DRIVER	THOMAS	HOUSEHOLD'S DRIVER (30's/40's)
2ND CARRIAGE DRIVER	TRANSPORT	JUST HIRED FOR DAY " "
VICKEY SEDGEWICK	TO BE ELIZA'S BEST FRIEND	ATTRACTIVE GIRL (10)
DR. MALCOLM SEDGEWICK	NEIGHBOUR	LATE 50's

CONT.

E L I Z A

CAST LIST

In order of appearance, Cont.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>ROLE</u>	<u>GENERAL</u>
MRS. HUMPHRIES	HOUSEKEEPER	PLEASANT, MOTHERLY MID 50's
ROSE	SCULLERY MAID	YOUNG
ANGELA	SCULLERY MAID	YOUNG
MAX	STABLEHAND	ABOUT 20, PLEASANT OBLIGING
GORDON	GARDENER	MID 40's. DOUR
ANDREW	ASST. GARDENER	GORDON'S SON, LATE TEENS TOUCH SIMPLE
MARGARET	COOK	ABOUT 40, A TAD PRECIOUS, THOUGH COMPETENT
SARAH DONNITHORNE	JAMES' LATE WIFE	ABOUT EARLY 40's FAIR, ATTRACTIVE
PENELOPE	JAMES' LATE DAUGHTER	JUVENILE
CATHERINE	JAMES' LATE DAUGHTER	JUVENILE
ELIZA	JAMES' DAUGHTER	LITTLE MOPPET

EXTRAS & CROWDS

* Auction * Wharf, Sydney * Passengers *
 * Ship's crew/deckhands * Pedestrians, Sydney *
 * Characters in/around churchyard * Three
 Journalist characters * Cab Drivers *

ENDS CAST LIST FOR PART ONE

* * * *

E L I Z A

PART

ONE

ELIZA

1. OPENING LEGEND. BLACK SCREEN

SLOW ROLLUP . . . MESSAGE IN WHITE

Charles Dickens' memorable novel, 'Great Expectations' created a character who became the well-known and enduring figure of English literature, Miss Haversham.

It is generally accepted that the novel's Miss Haversham was pivotal to its inspiration.

However, there was a real Miss Havisham. Her name was Eliza Emily Donnithorne.

This is her story

MESSAGE FADES OUT TO :

2. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY

AN ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

A dull, sombre day, coming to a close. In the half light of the dying day Camperdown Lodge is seen from across the street, its gables, chimneys and upper storey visible above the outer wall. A few horse drawn vehicles clip-clop past. It looks forlorn, silhouetted in the light that's left.

SHOT approaches over the street to settle at ground level on the wall. A sign of sorts has been glimpsed set near the main gates, though indistinguishable.

STREET URCHINS (off)

Shouted, shrill, excited exchanges, drawing closer

The urchins run into frame, come to a stop. Only seen are legs, boots, some bare feet. It is clear the street dwellers are up to something.

CAM ELEVATES -- Closes in to join the group.

3. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. WALL. URCHINS. DAY.

HAND HELD SHOTS

We move in, come part of the jostling group, among waving arms, bobbing heads and bodies. Some are jumping up and down. They keep preventing a clear look at what's going on upfront at the wall.

URCHINS

Shouts of encouragement,
nervous laughter

An arm dips a paint brush into paint pot. The dripping brush is withdrawn to become lost among the pressing bodies.

ECU

Paint brush leaves an arc of oozing paint as part of a word is executed by its wielder.

CUT TO

Glipse of PAINTER as he straightens up after reloading his brush. Still the CAM is held at bay by the jostling group.

A FEW BEATS

WATCHMAN (over)

Oi, there! Wot do ya think you're
up to . . . !

URCHINS now react.

URCHINS

Hurry up! Time ter get goin'!
More shrills, shouts, yells.

CUT TO

ECU

Pot, paint and brush fall to the ground
among amid a blur of hurridly departing
legs.

CONTINUED

3. EXT. WALL WATCHMAN. DAY. CONT.

The WATCHMAN arrives on scene. He wears a battered bowler hat, leather waistcoat, leggings and heavy boots. A rubber truncheon dangles from his belt. He is clearly not impressed.

CLOSE on WATCHMAN'S face as he reacts to what greets his eyes.

OVER we hear the creaking of a horse drawn cab coming to a stop.

CUT TO

4. EXT. CAB. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY

POV from far side of street. Carriage has come to a stop. It blocks the section of wall where paint has been daubed.

CUT TO

5. EXT. CARRIAGE. COLBERT MOORE. DAY.

COLBERT MOORE alights from cab. In b/g COACHMAN flicks a small whip stick and the horse hauls the vehicle out of frame.

CAM close on MOORE as he reacts to the 'urchins' handiwork.

CUT TO

6. EXT. WALL. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. MESSAGE. DAY.

POV COLBERT MOORE

On the wall is the paint-splattered message, most letters streaming paint trails fingering downwards.

THE MAD OLD
WICH IS DED

CUT TO

7. EXT. WALL. MOORE. WATCHMAN. DAY.

WATCHMAN (in disgust)

That lot orta be at school!

MOORE (wryly)

Yes. A touch of education might have been helpful.

CONTINUED

7. EXT. WALL. MOORE. WATCHMAN. DAY. CONT.

WATCHMAN glances at message, then back to MOORE.

WATCHMAN (perplexed)

Eh . . . ?

He is none-the-wiser.

MOORE smiles, a touch indulgently. He decides it's time to get down to business.

MOORE

And, er, was she . . . ?

WATCHMAN reacts uncertainty . MOORE prompts by nodding at the wall.

MOORE

A mad old witch. . . ?

WATCHMAN (shrugs)

There are plenty who'll tell ya that.
Living all alone, she was. Locked up
in that place. Wasn't natural.

MOORE (encouragingly)

And now you're in charge of security?

WATCHMAN shoots a rueful glance at paint daubed wall.

WATCHMAN

In a manner of speakin'.
Keeping away the stickybeaks.
Until Saturday's auction.

MOORE nods, turns and CAM tracks as he walks to the residence's high steel gates, watched by a now curious WATCHMAN.

CONTINUED

7. EXT. WALL. GATE. MOORE WATCHMAN. DAY. CONT.

The WATCHMAN has followed MOORE to the main gate.
MOORE peers within.

CUT TO

8. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY.

MOORE'S POV

The neglected-looking mansion and what has become of its
once manicured grounds. A few workers are cramming the
last cartload of the day with branches, shrubs, tree loppings
and other debris, legacy of attempts to improve appearances
before Saturday's auction.

CUT TO

9. EXT. GATE. MOORE. WATCHMAN. DAY.

WATCHMAN (to MOORE, peering through gate)

They've been 'ard at it fer
nearly a week now. They say
inside it were a real mess.

MOORE turns from gate.

MOORE (decides to show his hand)

A lot can happen in more than
thirty years. They tell me that was
when it was locked to the outside
world.

WATCHMAN - gives a non-committal shrug. Senses MOORE
has not arrived by accident.

MOORE (smiles)

Would it be possible for, er, me,
to, as you say, have a stickybeak . . ?

9. EXT. GATE. MOORE. WATCHMAN. DAY. CONT.

WATCHMAN hesitates a beat, then shakes his head, becoming the officious guardian of the situation.

WATCHMAN

Can't do that, Guv.
More'n me job be worth.

MOORE extends his hand.

MOORE (reassuringly, no hard feelings)

Permit me to introduce myself.
The name is Moore -- Colbert Moore.

WATCHMAN hesitates, momentarily taken aback at the gesture by this obviously educated young gentleman. A beat, then accepts the handshake.

MOORE (Cont.)

I'm with the Examiner. . .

WATCHMAN looks blank.

MOORE (Cont.)

The Sydney Examiner.

WATCHMAN. The penny drops.

WATCHMAN

Oh, the paper.

MOORE

I'm a journalist.

WATCHMAN (doubtful)

Don't reckon there's much of
a story in this place, Mister,
er, Colbert.

CONTINUED

9. EXT. GATE. MOORE. WATCHMAN. DAY. CONT.

MOORE shrugs, inclines his head.

MOORE (not really convinced)

Well, you could be right. Who knows. . ?

WATCHMAN

Wot with that Miss Donnithorne
still warm in 'er grave . . .

(He indicates the residence)

. . . And them walls aint goin'
ter do any talkin'. . .

MOORE again turns and looks at what lies beyond the gate.

CUT TO

10. EXT. MOORE. GATE. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY.

POV MOORE

WHIP ZOOM TO AN UNSHUTTERED UPSTAIRS WINDOW

A fleeting glimpse of a staring pale face as a drape
falls back into place.

CUT TO :

11. EXT. DAY. MOORE. GATE. DAY.

MOORE staring through gate at residence, backturned to
WATCHMAN.

MOORE (to self, but audible)

There's someone there. . !

He turns to the WATCHMAN.

I saw a face, I'm sure. At a window.

12. EXT. GATE. WATCHMAN. DAY.

CLOSE on WATCHMAN

WATCHMAN

Oh, that'd be one of the
servants who stayed on
over the years. Two sisters,
I'm told.

CUT TO

13. EXT. GATE. MOORE. DAY.

CLOSE ON MOORE. He reacts some surprise.

MOORE

You mean these sisters were
with the mistress of the
house, all that time. . .?

WATCHMAN (off)

I'm told they went into service
when just young girls. Names
were Bailey, I think.

CUT TO

14. EXT. GATE. MOORE. WATCHMAN. DAY.

WATCHMAN (to MOORE)

Friday's the open house day
for lookers -- and they'll be
plenty of 'em -- you could
see the place then.

And o'course, there's Saturdays
auction.

WATCHMAN indicates sign set high beside gate.

CUT TO

15. EXT. AUCTION SIGN ATOP WALL. DAY.

C U

Hold on sign: Its details clearly legible.

OVER we hear Moore

MOORE (over)

You've been helpful,
so I'll bid you good day
for now.

WATCHMAN isn't convinced he's been of much assistance

WATCHMAN (over)

Yair, er, well, gooday, Mister
Colbert.

SLOW FADE on sign.

A few beats -- time lapse effect.

FADE UP TO.

16. EXT. EXAMINER BLDG. DAY

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

Building on Sydney Town street with ID signage

CAM Moves in closer

DISSOLVE TO

17. INT. EXAMINER. REPORTERS' ROOM. MOORE. DAY.

COLBERT MOORE sits at his small desk, though we don't
know its him as he holds newspaper to his face.

SFX Door opens (off)

CUT TO

18. INT. REPORTERS' ROOM. JONES. DAY.

Editor BERTRAM JONES emerges from his office, editor signage on door closing behind him establishes his role. He is in shirtsleeves, eyshade, some paper in his hand. He takes in unoccupied desks, save for Moore's.

JONES

Ah. . Mister Moore. All alone, are we ?

It's clear he's on a mission.

CUT TO

19. INT. REPORTERS' ROOM. MOORE. DAY.

MOORE slowly lowers paper. When his editor employs an honourific Mister he has learned to be wary.

JONES (off)

I trust you have now completed the Shipping List . . . ?

Jones is sure Moore has not.

MOORE (unconvincingly)

Er, just about to, Mr. Jones.

CUT TO

20. EXT. REPORTERS' ROOM. JONES. DAY.

CLOSE ON JONES He is not reassured.

JONES

May I remind you, Mister Moore,
that we cannot go to press unless
and until the list is completed . . .

A few beats. No response by MOORE (off)

CONTINUED

20. INT. REPORTERS' ROOM. JONES. DAY. CONT.

JONES soldiers on

JONES

Although you might obviously prefer
to cover other things, the fact remains
that our shipping list . . .

CUT TO

21. INT. REPORTERS' ROOM. MOORE. DAY.

CLOSE ON MOORE He knows the shipping list homily
word for word. Slight lip movements
reflect his own recital in cadence
with his editor's delivery.

MOORE

Mimes the speech (mute)

JONES (off)

. . . is the most widely and consistently read
item in the Examiner. The information on
impending goods, vessels and persons scheduled
for in and out of the Colony. . . .

CUT TO

22. INT. REPORTERS' ROOM. JONES. DAY.

CLOSE ON JONES

The sermon is coming to a close. He is oblivious
of MOORE'S antics.

JONES

. . . is of more social and financial
significance than you clearly fail to
grasp!

CUT TO

23. INT. REPORTERS' ROOM. JONES. MOORE. DAY

JONES now stands before MOORE'S small desk, still clasping some paper.

MOORE (defensively)

I have just filed a few pars (paragraphs) on the forthcoming auction of Camperdown Lodge.

JONES (indicates his paper)

I have it here. Four paragraphs.

MOORE (reassuringly)

Saturday's auction should provide good copy. That place and its contents ought to fetch a pretty penny.

CAM FAVOURS JONES

JONES (unimpressed)

I understand it's almost a ruin. However, you should be able to write an interesting piece about any notables and those prominent trades and business people who attend the sale.

CAM FAVOURS MOORE

He is sceptical and awake to what his boss is up to. He pushes his luck.

MOORE

You mean those who are inclined to purchase advertising space. . . . ?

CONTINUED

23.. INT. REPORTERS' ROOM. JONES. MOORE. DAY. CONT.

CAM favours JONES. He bristles, is indignant.

JONES (Headmaster delivery)

My dear, young, cynical Mister Moore.
Your career would become enhanced once
you understood that people like to read
about other people. Those who do things.
Achieve things. Those who are of interest.

MOORE seizes onto what he considers a weak link in
the Editor's rationale. He assumes some enthusiasm.

MOORE

I think I know what you mean, Sir! Those
of interest. Of course!

JONES taken aback.

JONES (momentarily unsure)

Eh? You do. . . ?

MOORE

Absolutely. That's why I believe there
is a promising human interest story to
be had. Quite aside from the auction
itself.

JONES reacts doubt. He starts to shake his head.

MOORE (pushes ahead)

It could take time. To piece it all
together that is. But the story behind
a woman locked away in (an old mansion,
shut off . . .)

JONES has heard enough. He cuts MOORE short

CONTINUED

231. INT. REPORTERS' ROOM. JONES. MOORE. DAY. CONT.

JONES (interrupts)

Ah, yes. Human interest, you say!
A new fangled designation for a story
with little or no news value. Wonderful!

MOORE goes to open his mouth but JONES holds up
his hand to silence him.

MOORE pushes ahead, anyway.

MOORE

Human interest is the story behind
the news, Sir . . . It is, I believe,
finding much favour in the American
Press

JONES (theatrically patronising)

Enough! Let us just pray that your
so-called **human interest**, no news story,
remains with our American cousins!

JONES pauses a few beats, for effect and to
hopefully let his words sink in. He then spreads his
arms, taking in the empty desks.

JONES (cont.)

May I suggest, Mister Moore, it would
be a good idea if you, er, decided to
go forth, and join your colleagues.
They are out and about, gathering news
and information. And you . . .

MOORE (resigned)

Yes, the Shipping List . .

He manages to make them sound like dirty words.

CLOSE ON MOORE.

Hold on his face a few beats. He winces at the sound
of a departing JONES slam shut his office door.

ECU MOORE He exhales, looks a touch flattened.

SLOW FADE OUT TO

24. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY

OPEN ON

B & W SHOT

Wide on the mansion. It looks improved in appearance since last seen.

SLOW ZOOM in to settle on auction signage.

ENHANCE TO COLOUR - still on sign

SFX Murmur of voices, clip clop of horses, occasional bursts of laughter, bark of dogs -- the sound of a crowd.

SFX grows in volume as COLOUR IS UP

CUT TO

25. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. MAIN GATES. DAY

ELEVATED CHERRY PICKER

People alighting from various horse drawn vehicles, which move on to be replaced by next in line. Others streaming through gates. All classes and types are represented: those formally attired, cloth cap working class, often with a tribe of children in tow, businessmen, professionals, elegant females, a few dogs scampering among feet, yelping, barking, seemingly excited by the activity.

CHERRY PICKER

ON crowds along driveway as they approach entrance to building. The multitude logjams, slowed by those squeezing, jostling for admittance to the residence.

In b/g a large podium has been erected on freshly cut grass. It is covered by a gaily striped canopy, which adds to carnival atmosphere.

CUT TO

26. INT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY.

SFX Murmur of crowd, punctuated by the odd raised voice, coughing, mother seeking to restrain offspring.

CONTINUED

26. INT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY. CONT.

CAM roves with the curious, buyers, lookers, and those with nothing else to do, as they push through the mansion's dimly lit rooms.

In places wood panelled walls are covered with variously-sized paintings, etchings and tapestries. Many have been fixed clumsily in place, with lot numbers pasted to them.

Piled high on tables are rare books, items of silverware, fine porcelain, crystalware, wine goblets, decanters, statutory, engraved cutlery. All sport lot numbers, like orphans awaiting a new home.

In the grand rooms are arrangements of furniture, such as display cases, carved sideboards, mahogany tables, elegant chairs on shapely legs, bookcases, and other items that have been rescued from the clutches of decay.

CUT TO

27. INT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. ELIZABETH/SARAH BAILEY PARLOUR. DAY

The stooped, elderly sisters, dressed in sombre black, watch the growing invasion, birdlike, from chairs in a corner of the parlour. Everyone is awaiting the arrival of the Auctioneer.

CLOSE ON BAILEY SISTERS

Their eyes are smudged red, though the weeping has been done. They watch the vultures pick over the flesh, preparing to remove the heart from their late mistress's home.

CUT TO

28. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. MAIN ENTRANCE. AUCTIONEERS. DAY.

The AUCTIONEER and his two studious-looking CLERKS arrive. The trio marches up the steps watched by onlookers. They are conscious of their role as mainplayers in coming proceedings.

CONTINUED

CUT TO

29. INT. PARLOUR. BAILEY SISTERS. REV. KEMP. DAY

SFX Murmur of crowd (off)

REVEREND KEMP eases onto a vacant chair beside the BAILEY SISTERS, who acknowledge his arrival with deferential nods.

REV. KEMPT (softly)

I know this must be a trying time for you both. Miss Eliza meant so much to you. Just as she valued your faithful service.

ELIZABETH

Thank you, Reverend. . . It might sound cruel, Sir, but I'm pleased it's over at last. Now our mistress can rest.

REV. KEMP, a little taken aback by ELIZABETH'S candour. He nods, effects sympathy.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

She has lived her time in hell. Let us pray that she is now at peace in heaven.

REV. KEMP

Amen, good sisters. . .

SFX The sound of the crowd up as AUCTIONEER and his TWO ASSISTANTS enter the parlour.

CUT TO

30. INT. PARLOUR. AUCTIONEER & CLERKS. DAY.

AUCTIONEER trailed by ASSISTANTS makes for a podium set up in room. Crowd looks on in almost silence as the main players in the forthcoming proceedings get settled. CLERKS take places each side of AUCTIONEER, placing order books and quill pen holders, opening the books to record the final chapter of Camperdown Lodge.

SFX Banging of gavel

With a sharp bang of his gavel, AUCTIONEER signals for complete silence and the start of the day's business.

CONTINUED

30. INT. PARLOUR. AUCTIONEERS & CLERKS. DAY. CONT.

AUCTIONEER (Town Cryer voice)

My Lords, ladies and gentlemen.
Acting in accordance with the instructions
of Colonel Edward Donnithorne, of Colne
Lodge, in the Royal Borough of Twickenham. .

CUT TO

31. INT. PARLOUR. MOORE. DAY.

COLBERT MOORE edges into the crowded room, glancing
about, as if seeking someone.

AUCTIONEER, Cont. (off)

. . . brother to the late Eliza
Emily Donnithorne, formerly of Camperdown
Lodge . . .

CUT TO

32. INT. PARLOUR. ELIZABETH & SARAH BAILEY. KEMP. DAY.

ELIZABETH is impassive. SARAH dabs at moistening eyes
with a lace handkerchief. REV. KEMP glances protectively
at the sisters.

AUCTIONEER, Cont. (over)

. . . in the Parish of Newtown, Sydney,
I am instructed to liquidate through auction,
all the worldly possessions of the said
Eliza Emily Donnithorne. . . .

CUT TO

33. INT. PARLOUR. AUCTIONEER. DAY.

ECU . . AUCTIONEER

AUCTIONEER (winding up)

. . the proceeds of which, to be received
by the said Colonel Edward Donnithorne.

34. INT. PARLOUR. MOORE. DAY.

PICK UP COLBERT MOORE from crowd.
His eyes still search the chamber.

35. INT. PARLOUR. SARAH & ELIZABETH. KEMP. DAY.

ELIZABETH holds her composure. SARAH is not doing so well KEMP looks (off) to Rostrum.

AUCTIONEER (off)

We shall commence with lots One through
to Two Hundred, which should be of interest
to those who deal in fine books,

The lots consist of 850 leather bound volumes. .

SARAH has had enough. She rises, watched by a concerned
ELIZABETH and REV. KEMP.

SARAH (hysterical)

She loved those books. . .
It's, it's not right. . . :

SARAH turns and starts to leave, now sobbing.

CAM tracks SARAH. Curious onlookers part to let
her through.

CUT TO

36. INT. PARLOUR. AUCTIONEER. DAY.

CLOSE ON AUCTION & CLERKS.

AUCTIONEER looks a touch dumfounded, goes to
continue, has second thoughts and shuts his mouth.

CU TO

37. INT. PARLOUR. DAY. ELIZABETH. REV. KEMP. DAY.

ELIZABETH RISES TO FOLLOW SARAH (off). REV. KEMP.
goes to rise, but ELIZABETH motions him to remain
seated, shakes her head. REV. KEMP hesitates a few
beats, then sinks back on his chair.

38. INT. PARLOUR.AUCTIONEER. DAY.

ECU AUCTIONEER.

His eyes track the departure of the BAILEY sisters.

SFX The crowd reacting to the interruption, voices up, a burst of nervous laughter, women very evident in the speculative comments.

CUT TO

39. INT. PARLOUR.MOORE. DAY.

COLBERT MOORE decides to follow the departed BAILEY sisters.

MOORE

A few Excuse me pleases . . .
. . . as he edges through crowd

CUT TO

40. INT. PARLOUR.AUCTIONEER. DAY

C U AUCTIONEER

He decides it's time to restore order, get on with the job.

SFX 3/4 bangs of gavel

AUCTIONEER (bangs gavel)

Your attention please!

Ladies and gentlemen . . .!

He waits a few beats for the noise to fade.

CONTINUED

40. INT. PARLOUR. AUCTIONEER. DAY. CONT.

AUCTIONEER (Cont.)

We are starting with Lots One through
to Two Hundred . . . These fine books,
many quite rare and including first
editions are the jewels of the Donnithorne
library, assembled over many years.

Now . . what am I bid. . . ?

CUT TO

41. INT. LONG DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH & SARAH. DAY.

The BAILEY SISTERS have found refuge in the mansion's
Long Dining Room, not yet invaded by the Auctioneer
and his tide of followers. They settle on high-backed
chairs.

SFX The distant, indistinct rise and fall of the
Auction proceedings in the parlour (off).

The only remaining items in the grand room are the
chairs and formal dining banquet table.

SARAH presses hankerchief to her lower face. Her sobs
are subsiding.

SARAH

Sobs -- getting under control

A few beats, SARAH lowers hankerchief, looks around
the room.

SARAH (to self)

This is where it started. . . .
After all the years . . . It's come
to this . .

ELIZABETH (soft response)

It was supposed to be her happiest
day . . .

CONTINUED

41. INT. DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH & SARAH. DAY. CONT.

ELIZABETH pauses, gathers herself, decides to
lift SARAH'S mood.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

Well . . . It will soon be
over. .

A beat

And then . . then we can try
and put all this in the past . .

SARAH shakes her head, still staring at the near-empty chamber.
She is unconvinced.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

That's where it really belongs, Sarah.
We must try and be strong. That's what
she would expect of us

Something ensnares ELIZABETH'S attention. She senses
another presence, looks around.

CUT TO

42. INT. DINING ROOM. MOORE. DAY.

ELIZABETH'S POV

COLBERT MOORE has entered the chamber, stands at doorway.
He forces a smile which he hopes is one of reassurance.

MOORE (with slight bow)

Do I have the honour of addressing Miss
Elizabeth and Miss Sarah Bailey . . . ?

CUT TO

43. INT. DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH & SARAH. DAY.

ELIZABETH rises from her chair, watched by SARAH

ELIZABETH (curtly)

You will find the proceedings
are elsewhere . . . not here.

CUT TO

44. INT. DINING ROOM. MOORE. DAY.

MOORE

I'm not here to bid for your late
mistress's belongings.

CUT TO

45. INT. DINING ROOM. MOORE, ELIZABETH, SARAH. DAY.

ELIZABETH (patronising)

Oh, I see. It's just that you're
curious. . . like the rest of them.

Still seated, SARAH nods support.

MOORE (ignores frosty reception)

Actually, ladies, I came hoping to meet
you.

ELIZABETH

I very much doubt that you have any dealings
with us, young man.

MOORE (unfazed)

Forgive me. Permit me to introduce
myself. The name's Moore. Colbert
Moore.

CONTINUED

45. INT. DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH. SARAH. MOORE. DAY. CONT.

ELIZABETH & SARAH are unimpressed, though suspicious.

MOORE (elaborates)

I'm with The Examiner. . .

a few beats

still no response from the BAILEYS.

MOORE

The, er, Sydney Examiner.

ELIZABETH (incredulous)

What! A journalist! You invade this
place at a time like this . . . !

How dare you. !

Before MOORE can respond, SARAH pipes up.

SARAH (indignant)

You'll find no story here, Mister, er . .

She searches recall for his name.

MOORE

It's Moore, Ma'am. . .

ELIZABETH (cuts in)

I don't care what it is. My sister's
correct. There's nothing here that
concerns you . . . so please leave us.

MOORE (soldiers on)

I'm told it's been 40 years or more since
this residence has been open to other than
those who have lived herein -- namely, your
goodselves and the late Miss Donnithorne.

CONTINUED

45. INT. DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH. SARAH. MOORE. DAY. CONT.

ELIZABETH and SARAH exchange glances. MOORE opts to push on.

MOORE (Cont.)

Even if I were not here at the bidding of my newspaper, I should have come, anyway.

ELIZABETH is a touch curious, raises an eyebrow.

MOORE (Cont.)

You could say that my reasons are more personal than professional, dear ladies . . .

ELIZABETH. She's heard enough.

ELIZABETH

Don't dear ladies us, Mister Moore. You disrespect the memory of our Mistress. It would be better if you departed. Now!

MOORE (a verbal foot still in the door)

It is because of Miss Donnithorne's memory and good name that I have come.

Despite their chagrin, this response momentarily intrigues the BAILEY sisters. MOORE knows his business.

MOORE

And the way to protect this grand home, its reputation and that of those who lived out their lives under its roof . . is to reveal the truth.

CONTINUED

45. INT. ELIZABETH. SARAH. MOORE. DAY. CONT.

ELIZABETH (indignant)

And pray, Mister Moore, what do
you know of the truth. . . ?

MOORE (softly)

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

ELIZABETH & SARAH
exchange knowing glances.
MOORE is clearly an interloper, wasting their time.

MOORE (Cont.)

The only things I know are the
malicious gossip, the ignorant rumours,
the unfounded speculation, those who
are driven by envy, curiosity and all
things destructive.

The truth would change these things.
Shine some sunlight on how it really
was. . . . And only you can do it.

THE BAILEY SISTERS have heard enough. What MOORE is
saying is perhaps too close to their own truths.

ELIZABETH (coldly)

An impressive little speech, Mister
Moore. And we've heard enough. For
the last time, before I summons help:
Please depart.

To emphasise her resolve, ELIZABETH reaches across to the
wall and grabs a hanging bell cord.

MOORE (a touch despondent)

Very well, as you wish. But remember
this: Lies that remain unchallenged
become the truths of history.

MOORE fishes in a pocket, produces a calling card.

MOORE (holds out card)

In case you may have a change of heart. .

MOORE proffers the card to each BAILEY in turn. Neither
will accept it. Theatrically, he lets it flutter to
the floorboards. With a short bow, he departs.

46. INT. DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

SFX The rising and falling auction clamour
 coming closer

ELIZABETH (reacting to sound)

I think it's best we go now.

SARAH nods. As ELIZABETH walks to small servery
doors at far end of the Long Dining Room, SARAH
hesitates, looks down.

CUT TO

47. INT. DINING ROOM. CALLING CARD. DAY.

SFX The approaching invasion of the auction party.

SARAH'S POV

Colbert Moore's card lies on
the naked floorboards.

CUT TO

48. INT. DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH. DAY.

ELIZABETH has reached the servery entrance doors.
She glances back to SARAH (off).

ELIZABETH (forcefully)

It's time to go, Sarah.

CUT TO

49. INT. DINING ROOM. SARAH. DAY.

ECU

On SARAH

SARAH (looks up from floor)

Er, coming. . . .

FADE OUT TO

FADE UP
AN ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

50.EXT. EXAMINER OFFICE. SYDNEY. DAY.

CLOSE IN ON BUILDING

FAST FADE

51. INT.EXAMINER. JOURNALISTS' GENERAL ROOM. MOORE. DAY.

COLBERT MOORE taps out the final words of a piece on his cumbersome upright typewriter. In b/g a couple of other desks are occupied by colleagues.
MOORE screws page from the machine's ratchet roller, leans back in his chair and peruses his efforts.

SFX

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES (off)

SIMPSON, the Examiner's cadet journalist walks into frame. He is a scrawny-looking youth, pimply, sporting oversize ears that nature has endowed him. One of his preoccupations in life is to (try) and take MOORE down a peg or two.

SIMPSON

Another front page scoop, Moore. . . ?

MOORE ignores him. Continues to read back his copy.

SIMPSON (Cont.)

And how's our star journalist today?

MOORE, effects exasperation, looks up from his work.

MOORE (wearily)

And how is the Examiner's star cadet. . . ?

SIMPSON. Puffs up, feigns importance.

SIMPSON

I say. I'm this newspaper's only cadet!

MOORE (smiles, sardonically)

Precisely.

CONTINUED

51. INT. EXAMINER. GENERAL ROOM. MOORE. SIMPSON. DAY. CONT.

SIMPSON, undeterred, edges his boney rump on a corner of MOORE'S crowded desk. He leans over and tries to glimpse what MOORE has been writing.

SIMPSON (patronisingly)

Do I detect another example of prurient prose, produced for posterity. . . ?

MOORE turns paper away from SIMPSON'S gaze.

MOORE

You shouldn't employ words you don't know the meaning of.

SIMPSON (cocky as ever)

And I suggest it's best not to end sentences with a preposition.

MOORE

Forget about your prepositions, Simpson. Here's a proposition : Haven't you something useful to do?

SIMPSON (delighted he has scored a point)

Do I detect a touch of literary frustration?

MOORE (matter-of-factly)

I thought you would be covering the rat plague down at the Rocks district.

SIMPSON (a touch surprised)

But . . there's no rat plague at the Rocks!

MOORE

Yes, but I'm sure your presence there would soon create one. . . !

CONTINUED

51. INT. EXAMINER. GENERAL ROOM. MOORE. SIMPSON. DAY. CONT.

SIMPSON (unfazed)

Anyway, Moore old chap. . . how did
it go. . . ?

He nods, indicating MOORE'S efforts.

MOORE (starting to lose patience)

How did **what** go . . . ?

SIMPSON

You know, Moore. The big auction.
That mad old woman's derelict pile
of rubble. Newtown, wasn't it ?

MOORE picks up his copy, pushes his chair back, gets
to his feet. Shakes his head -- makes it look in
pity for the callow cadet.

MOORE

Not you, too . .

MOORE walks away, out of frame.
SIMPSON calls after him.

SIMPSON (calls, to be heard)

I'm told you were after a big story there.
What was it again. . ? Ah yes... A human
interest story, so they say. . .

CAM PANS to MOORE at doorway, He pauses before making
his exit from the General Room.

MOORE (Parting shot)

You ought not believe everything your
elephant's ears might pick up.

He closes door behind him. Not a slam, but close to one.

SFX Closing door

CUT TO

52. INT. EXAMINER. GENERAL ROOM. SIMPSON. DAY.

ECU

ON SIMPSON.

SIMPSON

A slow smile spreads across his pimply face as he looks (off) at MOORE'S departure. He has enjoyed the joust.

He reaches up and strokes one of his prominent ears, still grinning.

FADE OUT

TO

53. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA'S GRAVE. REV. KEMP. MASONS. DAY.

Two STONEMASONS at work on the fresh mound of earth that mark ELIZA DONNITHORNE'S resting place. Alongside, and to be adjoined to it, is the sealed and well established grave of ELIZA'S father, JAMES. Floral tributes adorn site. SHOT OPENS TO PICK UP REVEREND KEMP. He is standing back, as if overseeing the craftsmen.

CUT TO

54. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. MOORE. DAY.

MOORE approaching grave site. PAN tracks him.

CUT TO

55. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. MOORE. REV. KEMP. DAY.

OPEN on REV. KEMP. MOORE walks into frame. He stands a short distance from the Reverend, takes in grave site activity.

A beat

REV. KEMP turns, acknowledges arrival of the stranger with a nod.

CONTINUED

55. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. MOORE. REV. KEMP. DAY. CONT.

A few beats, both them looking at the grave.
REV. KEMP turns to MOORE.

REV. KEMP (solicitously)

You, uh, were acquainted with (the Donnithornes ?)

MOORE smiles, shakes head.

MOORE

No, Reverend. Just paying my respects.

REV. KEMP turns back to observe the STONEMASONS at work.

REV. KEMP (quietly, as if to self)

She was a fine lady. And from a fine family.

KEMP indicates JAMES' resting place.

REV. KEMP (Cont.)

What you see here

He spreads
hands to
embrace
their surroundings

. . . is in great measure thanks
to James Donnithorne.

MOORE (unsure)

Really. . . ?

REV. KEMP

Indeed yes. When the church required
rather extensive renovations, Mr.
Donnithorne was most generous.

CONTINUED

55. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. MOORE. REV. KEMP. DAY. CONT

MOORE

And now they are together. . .

REV. KEMP.

Let us pray that they both have
found peace.

MOORE

It, er, eluded them in life. . ?

KEMP, a shade cautious.

REV. KEMP.

I don't believe we have met (formally)
Mister, er....

MOORE

It's Moore, sir. Colbert Moore.

REV. KEMP

Well, Mr. Moore, life's journey is
not always as we might wish. Things
can happen, sometimes without warning,
and lives are changed forever.

MOORE is intrigued, but none-the-wiser. He resolves
to keep KEMP talking.

MOORE

I am sure they derived much comfort
by their association with this fine
old church and the solace it would have
offered.

CONTINUED

55. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. MOORE. REV. KEMP. DAY. CONT.

REV. KEMP (Glances around, some pride)

Yes. . . it's almost 90 years (old).

MOORE sees an opening.

MOORE

I suppose all the records of its
history are safely archived . . . ?

REV. KEMP (this is his favourite subject)

Indeed they are, Mr. Moore.

MOORE (prompts)

All the births, deaths and marriages . .

REV. KEMP.

No. The christenings, deaths and marriages.

MOORE takes his point.

MOORE

Yes, of course.

REV. KEMP fumbles at his smock jacket, produces a
fob watch on chain.

REV. KEMP (consulting the time piece)

Tempus Fugits, Mr. Moore.
Despite what many seem to believe . . .
We priests do not only work on
the Sabbath. I'm afraid I must
take my leave.

CUT TO

56. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. REV. KEMP. MOORE. DAY.

CHERRY PICKER SHOT.

TRACK MOORE and REV. KEMP as they stroll from gravesite towards gates. They are distant figures. OVER we hear their conversation.

MOORE

Your records should serve to trace
the lives of many from the past. . .

KEMP

Well, let us say, the milestones in
their past . . .

A beat, then.

MOORE (senses a possible lead)

Would, er, your records also include
the church banns. . . ?

REV. KEMP.

The banns. No.

MOORE (surprised)

I should have imagined those who
have declared their intentions to
marry before the congregation would also
be part of the records . . . ?

REV. KEMP

While it is true that banns are posted
before the church on three occasions
prior to the intended nuptials . . . They
are, as you say, intentions . . . Nothing more.

REV. KEMP and MOORE are reaching the gates.

REV. KEMP (Cont.)

People have a change of mind, of heart,
or other unforeseen events can intervene.
Sometimes, quite tragically. . .

CONTINUED

56. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. REV. KEMP. MOORE DAY. CONT.
CHERRY PICKER, Cont.

For MOORE, another door has been closed.

MOORE (flattened)

Oh, I see.

CUT TO

57. EXT. ST. STEPHENS' GATES. KEMP. MOORE. DAY

REV. KEMP turns to MOORE with a faint smile.

REV. KEMP

You know what people say: The road
to hell is paved with the best of
intentions, Mister Moore.

MOORE extends his hand. REV. KEMP accepts the handshake.

MOORE

It's been nice meeting you, Sir.
Now I must be off to my office.

REV. KEMP

And what office might that be . . . ?

A beat. MOORE agonises. It's Own Up time.

MOORE

It's the . . . Examiner office.

CONTINUED

57. EXT. ST. STEPHENS' GATES. KEMP. MOORE. DAY. CONT.

A few beats.

MOORE turns and walks through gates, watched by REV. KEMP.

CUT TO

58. EXT. ST. STEPHENS' GATES. REV. KEMP. DAY.

ECU ON REV. KEMP

REV. KEMP

His face is a picture of mixed
emotions as it dawns that he
has been talking with a journalist.

He reacts: Did I say too much?

FADE OUT.

58. INT. EXAMINER. JONES. EDITOR'S OFFICE DAY.

Wearing his trademark eyeshade and in shirtsleeves,
JONES at large desk studying the latest edition of
The Examiner.

CUT TO

59. INT. JONES. NEWSPAPER. EDITOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

POV JONES

ECU Newspaper clasped by JONES.

Front page.

CAM favours small item near bottom of page.
Fleeting glimpse to establish heading
and start of copy :

CUT TO

59. INT. JONES OFFICE. NEWSPAPER. DAY. CONT.

POV - JONES (Cont)

A few beats
only.

NEWTOWN AUCTION
WELL ATTENDED

Last Saturday's auction
at Newtown of the Estate
of the late Miss Eliza
Brilly Donnithorne was
widely attended by
dealers, private buyers
collectors and many
prominent citizens.

Contents and accoutrements
fetched an estimated
ten thousand pounds.

The Camperdown Lodge
building itself was
passed in. Auction
was conducted by
Sydney based Pedigrew
and Weston.

CUT TO

60. INT. JONES' OFFICE. PAPER. DAY.

Still perusing the edition, JONES sidles from behind desk
and makes for door.

JONES

Walk through Shot effect

CUT TO

61. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. JONES' DOOR. JONES. DAY.

Editor's door opens to frame JONES, newspaper in hand.
JONES scans the Journalists' general room, as if checking
on his troops.

CUT TO

62. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. JONES' POV. DAY.

POV JONES

SLOW SCAN Journalists at desks. MOORE at his.
POV settles on SIMPSON , leaning back
in his chair, consulting the ceiling.

SCAN MOVES into STEADY ZOOM which shakes a touch to
reflect JONES moving in on his cadet.

CUT TO

63. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. JONES. SIMPSON. DAY.

At first SIMPSON daydreaming at his tiny desk. JONES
walks into frame.

JONES (sharply)

What are you engaged in, Simpson?

SIMPSON jolted from his reverie, off balance.

SIMPSON (flounders)

Oh, it's you, Mister Jones. I'm, er,
following up an um, report.

JONES (doesn't buy it)

And just what kind of report might that be?

CUT TO

63. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. MOORE. DAY.

CU MOORE

MOORE (looking off)

He is enjoying SIMPSON'S plight.

CUT TO

64. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. JONES. SIMPSON. DAY.
JONES at SIMPSON'S desk.

SIMPSON

It's, well, more of a rumour really,
Mister Jones . . .

JONES (growing exasperation)

A report cum rumour about **what!**

SIMPSON (clutching at straws)

It's about a . . . rat plague. Yes.
A rat plague.

JONES (doesn't believe a word)

And just where is your rat plague
supposed to be, Simpson. . ?

SIMPSON (committed to the tale)

I'm told at The Rocks . . . that's what I'm
checking out.

JONES

There was a rat infestation there some
years ago, Simpson. You appear to be
about ten years too late. . !

JONES turns abruptly and reacts to MOORE'S merriment (off)

WHIP PAN to MOORE. His smile suffers a sudden death.

JONES (Over)

Ah, Mister Moore. It's nice to know
you derive so much pleasure from your
presence here.

CUT TO

65. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. JONES. MOORE. DAY.

JONES at MOORE'S desk, holds up paper, indicates Auction piece.

JONES

I see the old residence wasn't sold.
What's the story, Moore?

MOORE

It will be. Camperdown Lodge is
now subject of private negotiation.
The auctioneers will let me know the
price once it's settled.

JONES

When they do let me have a couple
of paragraphs. Could fill an empty
niche, and serve for the record.

MOORE

A couple of paragraphs . . . ?

JONES (reacts to MOORE's demeanour)

Yes, Mister Moore. We're here to
reports facts and information.
We do not respond to rumours, gossip
and fairy tales!

JONES turns, walks out of FRAME, watched by a
despondent MOORE.

CLOSE on MOORE

MOORE

Purses his lips. (He is far from happy.)

A few beats

SFX JONES' office door slams shut.

MOORE

Winces,, reacts to slamming door (off)

66. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. MOORE. SIMPSON. DAY.

SIMPSON swaggers to MOORE'S desk, once again confident now JONES is gone.

SIMPSON

Oh dear. . . Looks like it's back
to the old Shipping Column, eh. . ?

MOORE ignores him.

SIMPSON produces an envelope, turns it over as he inspects.

SIMPSON

This was left on my desk by mistake.
Looks like it was intended for you,
Moore.

MOORE looks up, then reaches out to receive envelope.
SIMPSON holds it beyond his reach, still perusing.

SIMPSON

I say. . The fine, spidery handwriting
of a woman. Perhaps the young lady's
father has found out about you. And
he might sue. . .'

MOORE (still holds up hand)

Just hand it over. Then go back to
your career as the newly appointed
Rodent Reporter!

SIMPSON hesitates a beat, avoids MOORE'S outstretched
arm, and places the envelope on MOORE'S desk with
exaggerated deliberation.

ECU on MOORE

His head/eye/shoulder movements establish his reaching forward
to retrieve letter, picking it up to peruse for a few beats.

MOORE

Uncertain, speculative

CUT TO

67. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. MOORE. DAY.

CLOSE on MOORE as selects a brass letter opener, slits open the envelope. He fishes out a single page, sniffs it to determine perfume, then starts to study contents.

As MOORE reads a slow smile lights his face.

CLOSER on MOORE as he reads.

SFX OVER the voice of ELIZABETH BAILEY

ELIZABETH (off)

My dear Mr. Moore.
My sister and I have had time
to consider your reasons for
placing on record certain matters
concerning our late Mistress, and
of other things related thereto.
Should you be still desirous
pursuant to these and other matters,
you may call on us at our place of
abode, situate at 37 Church St.
Newtown, promptly at 10.30 in the
forenoon of this coming Saturday.

Yours sincerely, Elizabeth and
Sarah Bailey.

CLOSE on MOORE. He rereads, absorbing its message.
A few beats.

MOORE (quietly, to self)

Well, what do you know . . . ?

CUT TO

WIDER on MOORE

Cannot help himself. He gives out with a triumphant yell, tosses letter into air.

MOORE

Yells, reacts delight.

CUT TO

68. INT. JOURNALISTS' ROOM. DAY. SIMPSON. DAY.

CLOSE on SIMPSON as he reacts to MOORE'S behaviour (off).

SIMPSON

Reacts: What the devil was
in that letter. . ?

FADE OUT TO

69. EXT. 37 CHURCH ST. NEWTOWN. DAY.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

Number 37 is a modest cottage in a working class street
of similar dwellings.

WIPE ON 37 CHURCH STREET

FADE OUT TITLE

CLOSER ON COTTAGE FAVOUR FRONT DOOR

CUT TO

70. INT. BAILY SISTERS' COTTAGE. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

In the small parlour, ELIZABETH paces around, watched by
SARAH, who is seated on an easy chair. They are in the
midst of discussion.

SARAH looks up to ELIZABETH.

SARAH

You know he is right, Elizabeth. Once
we are gone, there will be no one else.
Then it will be just what others choose
to say -- and invent.

ELIZABETH

But should we trust him . . ? Is this
journalist the one to which we can confide?

CONTINUED

70. BAILEYS' COTTAGE. PARLOUR. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY. CONT.

SARAH shrugs.

SARAH

Who else is there . . ?

A few beats

ELIZABETH considers her sister's words.

ELIZABETH

Do you think he will respond
to our invitation. . ? Perhaps
(he want bother to come.)

SARAH puts in.

SARAH

Without a doubt, dear sister.
He'll come all right!

SARAH looks to a small table around which are four
chairs.

CUT TO

71. INT. BAILEYS' COTTAGE. PARLOUR TABLE. DAY.

SARAH'S POV.

ZOOM picks up table. On the table is
COLBERT MOORE'S calling card.

SARAH (Over)

Yes. He will be here. Just you
wait and see . . .

CUT TO

72. INT. BAILEYS' PARLOUR. ELIZABETH. DAY.

ELIZABETH, with a slow nod of acceptance.

ELIZABETH

I suppose you are right. She
deserves much more than a legacy
of mischief and ridicule.

Looks around the room.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

After all . . . without her, we
would not have all this.

SARAH (Off)

Yes, she did not forsake us.

73. INT. MOORE.SPEECH. DAY.

C U on MOORE.

He takes deep breath, adopts a reassuring, persuasive
demeanor. MOORE speaks deliberately, for maximum
effect.

MOORE

There is one thing that I should expect of
you both . . . And it is this . . .
pause for
effect

MOORE (Cont.)

Despite your obvious and commendable
loyalty to your late mistress, Miss
Eliza, please do not let what you
tell me, in any way, colour or detract
from the truth. as you know it in your
hearts.

MOORE crooks his head, reflects on his own words
of wisdom.

CUT TO

74. INT. MOORE. SPEECH. MIRROR. DAY.

MOORE from behind. He is standing before a mirror, rehearsing for his forthcoming meeting.

MOORE (to his reflection)

Hmm. A shade too theatrical. Lacks spontaneity.

MOORE turns away from mirror. Shakes head. Walks away. Walk Through SHOT effect to leave vacant mirror.

FAST FADE TO

75. EXT. CAB. CHURCH STREET. DRIVER. DAY.

POV DRIVER.

Over the horse's rump and distant bobbing head as cab creaks slowly up street.

SFX PLODDING HORSE. CREAK OF CAB.

DRIVER (Over)

That's number 37 now, Sir.

The horse encased in the wooden shafts, starts to veer to side of street outside number 37.

CUT TO

76. EXT. CAB. CHURCH STREET. MOORE DRIVER. DAY.

Cab is stationary behind snorting horse (SFX). MOORE has alighted, passing coins up to DRIVER on his perch.

DRIVER (noting included gratuity)

Ah . . Oh, thank you, Sir.
Do yer want me to wait. . ?

MOORE

That won't be necessary, driver.

CUT TO

77. EXT. FRONT DOOR. BAILEY COTTAGE. MOORE. DAY.

C U

MOORE'S hand grasps brass door knocker and gives it three firm raps on wooden door.

CUT TO

78. EXT. MOORE. DOOR. BAILEY COTTAGE. SARAH. DAY.

MOORE stands at door.

A few beats

Door is opened by SARAH.

SFX Door opening

SARAH (fleeting, formal smile)

Mr. Moore. Please come in.

SARAH steps to one side to permit MOORE to enter.

CUT TO

79. INT. PARLOUR. BAILEY COTTAGE. MOORE. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

MOORE is ushered into small parlour. ELIZABETH stands by table, nods acknowledgement of the arrival of their visitor.

MOORE

Good morning, Miss Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH indicates a chair at table.

ELIZABETH (perfunctory)

Please make yourself comfortable,
Mister Moore.

You will take tea. .

It's not a question. ELIZABETH motions to SARAH, who makes off to prepare the tea.

CONTINUED

79. INT. PARLOUR BAILEY COTTAGE. MOORE. ELIZABETH. DAY. CONT.

MOORE

Please do not go to any (trouble on my account)

ELIZABETH (cuts him short)

Of course we shall take tea. .

ELIZABETH indicates clock on wall.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

It's time for it.

CUT TO

80. INT. PARLOUR. CLOCK. BAILEY COTTAGE. DAY.

ECU . CLOCK ON WALL ATOP SWINGING PENDULUM.

It is 10.40

SFX Measured beating of CLOCK (up)

A few beats.

COMMENCE VERY SLOW DISSOLVE - TIME LAPSE EFFECT.

FADE OUT.

SFX MEASURED BEAT OF CLOCK

FADE UP

DISSOLVED IMAGE OF CLOCK RETURNS TO FULL FOCUS.

It is now 11.00

SFX Beat of CLOCK - returns to normal

ELIZABETH (over)

As I said, Mister Moore, It's a complex story. It's difficult to know how best to begin.

CUT TO

81. INT. BAILEY COTTAGE. PARLOUR. MOORE. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

The trio is seated around table, ELIZABETH and SARAH opposite MOORE who has an open notebook before him, twisting absently at a pencil in one hand.

MOORE

Well, as they usually say in my business,
Miss Elizabeth, why not start at the beginning
. . . ?

ELIZABETH nods, pauses to gather herself.

ELIZABETH

We were just two young Irish girls.
New to the Colony ourselves. Ready
to start a new life.

ELIZABETH looks to SARAH, who nods encouragingly.

ELIZABETH (Continues)

We were engaged for service. At
Camperdown Lodge. A grand residence
which had been purchased by Mr. Donnithorne.

SARAH pipes up.

SARAH

And we were nervous . . .

CUT TO

82. EXT. SYDNEY. WHARF. ELIZABETH. SARAH. CROWD. DAY.

The BAILEY SISTERS in a milling crowd on Sydney Cove wharf.
All eyes on the harbour (off). Both girls are in their
teens, ELIZABETH being the eldest.

SARAH (Cont. Over)

There we were on the wharf that day.
Awaiting the arrival of our new master.
Judge Donnithorne and his young daughter,
Eliza.

CUT TO

83. EXT. SYDNEY HARBOUR. LEIGHTON. DAY

POV of ELIZABETH, SARAH and crowd on wharf.

The square-rigged Leighton pitching and yawing on the wind chopped waters, the last of its sails furled by ant-like figures of crew members in the soaring rigging.

Passengers line the vessel's deck, jostling to see what awaits them ashore. It is a picture of activity.

Hold for some beats

WIPE ON

Sydney Cove
1836

WIPE OFF

CUT TO

84. MAIN DECK. LEIGHTON. JAMES. ELIZA. PASSENGERS. DAY

PAN along passengers studying shore (off). It's a line of expectant, excited faces, seeing a new land for the first time. Most are working class, families and some young men, a number of children.

PAN settles on JAMES DONNITHORNE, who cuts a distinguished figure by dress and bearing. Like the others, JAMES looks shorewards, his hands resting protectively on the shoulders of his daughter, ELIZA. She is ten years old. The child's golden hair and vivid blue eyes establishes she has inherited her father's good looks; a postcard portrait of an upper-class English girl of means and privilege.

JAMES (beams down on his daughter)

Take a good look, my child.
That's our new home.

JAMES gives ELIZA'S shoulders a gentle squeeze of reassurance.

ELIZA looks up.

ELIZA

Returns her father's smile.

She looks back to activity on distant wharf (off).

CUT TO

85. EXT. LEIGHTON. ANCHOR. SYDNEY HARBOUR. DAY.

The Leighton pitching in the windy, choppy conditions on the Harbour.

SFX Metallic rattle
 Splashing

CAM favours ship's anchor rattling from the bow port to splash into the heaving, green waters.

CUT TO

86. EXT. LEIGHTON. DECK, JAMES. ELIZA. FIRST OFFICER. DAY.

During Shot Eliza is glimpsed from time to time, waving to distant wharf, jumping up and down, head bobbing, engaged in exchanges with other children who dart about, sharing her exhuberance.

The ship's FIRST OFFICER approaches JAMES.

FIRST OFFICER

Looks like we'll be mooring out in the stream, Your Honour. This is a flukey wind on a running tide.

JAMES turns, considers.

JAMES

Does that mean we shall be obliged to take to the boats. ?

FIRST OFFICER (a tad apologetic)

"Fraid so. We have little choice.

FIRST OFFICER is surprised when JAMES smiles at the news. JAMES notes FIRST OFFICER'S reaction.

JAMES

Just think. We've come all the way from India. Now we're taking to the lifeboats when we are in sight of our destination.

CONTINUED

86. EXT. LEIGHTON. DECK. JAMES. ELIZA. IST. OFFICER. DAY. CONT.

FIRST OFFICER

Never even thought 'bout it like
that, Your Honour.

JAMES (good naturedly)

No need to address me as 'Your Honour',
Mister Glanville. I'm no longer a judge.
I suppose my new title would be 'businessman'.
And hopefully, a successful one.

FIRST OFFICER GLANVILLE is taken aback by his distinguished
passenger's candour. He is also a touch flattered.

FIRST OFFICER

I'm sure you will have many opportunities
in this land, Your Hon -- I mean, er, Mister
Donnithorne, Sir.

Now if you'll excuse me, I'd better start
organising those boats.

Tapping his cap, part salute, part acknowledgement of
the egalitarian nature of their exchange, FIRST OFFICER
GLANVILLE takes his leave, pushing away on the crowded deck,
watched by a bemused JAMES.

ELIZA looks back to her Father.

ELIZA (excited)

Are we going in the little boats,
father?

JAMES (wryly)

It looks like it, Eliza.

CUT TO

87. EXT. LEIGHTON. DECK. JAMES. ELIZA. SACHI. DAY.

PICK UP on SACHI, as he appears from throng.
PAN with him to JAMES and ELIZA

JAMES

Aha! There you are, Sachi. Everything
in order. . ?

CONTINUED

87. EXT. DECK. JAMES. ELIZA. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

SACHI CHAKRAVARTY is a darkly handsome Anglo Indian. He exudes self-confidence, viewing the world through piercing blue eyes, legacy of his English genes. SACHI is dapper, totally devoted to his master, JAMES, for whom he acts as secretary and personal assistant. The only chink in his otherwise impenetrable armour is a tendency to finger his waxed moustache at times of stress.

SACHI (reassuringly)

Your sea chests and cases are safely on deck, Sir. They will be given priority when unloading commences.

JAMES

Whenever that might happen. We won't be berthing in the foreseeable future.

SACHI, in disgust.

SACHI

It's a disgrace, Sir. Cramming us into the ship's boats, like so many cattle. You deserve better than that!

ELIZA looks up, eyes SACHI in a speculatively manner which belies her tender years, no longer smiling.

JAMES (lightly)

I suppose it can't be helped, Sachi. We're all in the same boat -- in more ways than one, eh. . ?

SACHI does not react to the pun. Remains deadly earnest.

SACHI

As you say, Sir. Although one should have imagined that it would not have been impossible for the crew to sail this ship the few remaining yards to the shore.

ELIZA continues to stare up at SACHI. SACHI ignores her.

CONTINUED

87. EXT. DECK. JAMES. ELIZA. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

SACHI (still businesslike)

Now if you will excuse me, Sir,
there are a few matters to which I
still wish to attend.

JAMES (nods assent)

Very well, Sachi.

With a stiff, formal bow, SACHI takes his leave.

CAM favours ELIZA. An impish smile lights her face
as she watches SACHI'S departure.

JAMES catches her demeanor.

JAMES

And what is it that you
find so amusing, my girl?

ELIZA shrugs, trying to keep smile from erupting into
a full fledged chuckle.

ELIZA

It's just that Sachi behaves
so much like . . . like an old
woman, Father.

It is now JAMES' turn to suppress amusement. Instead, he
attempts solemnity, though he does not fool his daughter.

JAMES

I say, young lady. You
ought not refer to your
father's secretary in such
a manner.

ELIZA fixes her father with her bright blue eyes, still
impish. JAMES' stern look melts into a slow grin.

88. EXT. WHARF. SYDNEY. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY

PICK UP BAILEY SISTERS

From the press of pointing, waving, animated throng,
most of whom looking seaward. (off)

CLOSE on BAILEYS.

The now youthful sisters have a more pronounced Irish brogue.

SARAH (looking off)

What's happening out there now?

ELIZABETH (looking off)

She's dropped her anchors, Sarah.

A few beats while ELIZABETH assesses situation.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

It looks like they'll be launching
the boats. . . Yes, that's what's
happening.

ELIZABETH turns back to SARAH.

ELIZABETH

Better go and tell the carriagemen
there could be a delay. We don't want
the transport to be disappearing on us!

SARAH

The carriages are still at the end of
the wharf. At least they were there
when I last looked.

ELIZABETH

Well go and be sure they stay that way!

CUT TO

89. EXT. BOAT DECK. DAY.

A SERIES OF CU'S

- a) A hand-held steel mallet knocks a metal pin from the blocks of a ship's boat.
- b) A steel hauser screeches through a pulley.
- c) A seaman's boot pushes on the flank of a boat to keep it clear of a gunwale.
- d) Glimpse of the topside of a lifeboat swaying on lines in the curvature of a davit; it drops out of frame as lines tighten.

CUT TO

90. EXT. BOAT DECK. DISEMBARKING. DAY.

Under the guidance of crew members, passengers are helped board a ship's boat. Younger folk and children evidently treating situation as an unscheduled adventure. This reaction shared by few of their elders, particularly women, many of whom are in woollen shawls, or jackets, provided by their menfolk against the chill of the wind. A few elderly passengers are lifted bodily into the boat's thwarts. All have donned bulky, canvas lifejackets.

SFX

Crowd noise. Cries of encouragement, forced laughter, light banter, sounds of reassurance by crew members, touches of vocal bravado. Most are making the best of the situation.

CUT TO

91. EXT. BOAT DECK. JAMES. ELIZA. SACHI. 1ST OFFICER. DAY.

JAMES is supported by FIRST OFFICER GLANVILLE as he places ELIZA on the thwart of a lifeboat.

FIRST OFFICER then assists JAMES into the boat, followed by SACHI.

JAMES (brightly)

Thank you, Mister Glanville.
Nice day for a punt on the Thames!

CONTINUED

91. EXT. BOAT DECK. JAMES. ELIZA. SACHI 1ST OFFICER. DAY. CONT.

FIRST OFFICER GLANVILLE enters into spirit of things.
He touches the peak of his cap in a salute.

OFFICER GLANVILLE

Bon voyage, Your Hon, I mean,
Mr. Donnithorne, Sir!

ELIZABETH beams a smile at FIRST OFFICER as the boat
starts to swing ouwards. JAMES gives a tight wave.
SACHI remains impassive, as if nothing was really
happening.

CUT TO

92. SHIP'S BOAT. HARBOUR. DAY.

HEAD ON SHOT.

The boat's oars lift in unison; then fall in an orchestrated
sweep into the choppy water, leading to yet another clock-
work-looking lift skywards.

CUT TO

93. EXT. SHIP'S BOAT. JAMES. ELIZA. DAY.

CU TIGHT ON JAMES and ELIZABETH.

Their swaying to the rocking motion of the boat
establishes the location.

JAMES smiles reassuringly at ELIZA who is staring
(off), taking in their harbourside surroundings.
A beat

ELIZABETH turns, reacts to JAMES' paternal gesture.
She looks up, returns his smile.

SFX Splash of oars, creaking rowlocks

FAST FADE TO

94. EXT. WHARF. SYDNEY. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

ECU ELIZABETH and SARAH

Their searching eyes scan arriving passengers as they appear on the wharf after the short journey in the Leighton's small boats.

CUT TO

95. EXT. WHARF. JAMES. ELIZA. SACHI. BAILEY SISTERS. DAY.

CAM favours JAMES and ELIZA among the arrivals. SACHI is picked up a few paces behind them.

JAMES, tall and distinguished, with his 10 years-old blonde daughter, and the brooding SACHI in train, makes the ID easy for the searching BAILEY sisters.

PAN to ELIZABETH and SARAH.

SARAH nudges ELIZABETH to underscore the identification, with a tilt of her bonnet in the direction of the DONNITHORNE group. (off)

A quick exchange of nervous glances and the sisters make for their new master, edging past the crowd.

ELIZABETH (to JAMES)

Have we the honour of addressing
His Lordship, Mr. James Donnithorne?

JAMES (surprised, friendly)

Well now. You must be the
welcoming committee. . !

ELIZABETH curtsies, murmuring

ELIZABETH

I am Elizabeth

She indicates
a near petrified
SARAH

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

And this is my sister, Sarah,
Your Lordship.

CONTINUED

95. EXT. WHARF. ELIZABETH. SARAH. JAMES. ELIZA. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

JAMES acknowledges SARAH with a smile.
SARAH does an awkward curtsy.

JAMES

Thank you, young ladies. Although
I can assure you that I am not a
Lord. Such honour has, alas, eluded
me.

JAMES places a hand on ELIZA'S blonde hair.

JAMES (Cont.)

This is my daughter, Miss Eliza Emily. . .

ELIZA flashes a smile. JAMES steps aside, indicates SACHI,
who has been standing behind him.

JAMES (Cont.)

. . . and Mister Sachi Chatravarty.

ELIZABETH and SARAH promptly curtsy, in unison.

JAMES

Mister Chatravarty will be in charge of
the household, and you will answer directly
to him.

JAMES' formal language does not match the twinkle in his
eyes as he confronts the two, raw, Irish girls.

SACHI wastes no time to reinforce his authority.
He is closely watched by a speculative ELIZA.

SACHI (brusquely)

Now, where is our carriage, ladies?

CONTINUED

95. EXT. WHARF. ELIZABETH. SARAH. JAMES. ELIZA. SACHI. DAY. CONT

ELIZABETH

We have two carriages, Sir.
One for the luggage.

JAMES

Two, eh? That makes sense.

SACHI (not impressed)

I asked: **Where** is our transportation!

ELIZABETH

Out on the street. At the end of
the wharf.

SACHI reacts as if ELIZABETH had nominated the moon.

SACHI (incredulous)

Out on the street. . . !

ELIZABETH (hurridly)

The crowd here might frighten the
horses. I will go fetch the drivers.

SACHI glowers darkly. JAMES nods agreement to ELIZABETH'S
suggestion, hoping to ease the BAILEY sisters' nervousness.

JAMES

Yes, the drivers can help with
the baggage once it's unloaded.

96. EXT. SYDNEY. CARRIAGE. HORSES. DAY.

OPEN on horse's legs on muddy and water-puddled street.

SLOW PAN Horse draws out of frame to be followed
by spinning wheels of carriage at axle level.

SFX Horse, creaking, rattling carriage.

HOLD a few beats until feet of a second horse splashes
its way into frame.

CUT TO

97. EXT. TWO HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGES IN LINE. SYDNEY. DAY

CHERRY PICKER on two approaching carriages in Sydney Town
streetscape. Most buildings are relatively low-rise,
though the emerging Georgian style is evident on the
larger of business and office buildings.

Our two carriages lurch behind clip-clopping horses,
passing other horse drawn vehicles, with many pedestrians,
barrow sellers and stray dogs, barking, scampering
among the traffic in evidence.

CUT TO

98. INT. CARRIAGE. JAMES. ELIZA. BAILEY SISTERS. DAY.

JAMES and ELIZA are seated facing forward to ELIZABETH
and SARAH who sit opposite.

ELIZA is glued to taking in the new and unfamiliar
surrounds unspooling by their progress.

JAMES (to BAILEYS)

Tell me. What's the condition of
Camperdown Lodge? Have the renovations
been completed. . ?

CAM FAVOURS ELIZABETH and SARAH.

CONTINUED

98. INT. CARRIAGE. JAMES. ELIZA. BAILEY SISTERS. DAY. CONT.

SARAH is getting over earlier bout of nervousness.

SARAH

Well, Sir, the Lodge is grand
and pretty. Much nicer than any
of the manor houses near Dublin,
I think. .

JAMES (patiently)

Yes. But how are the renovations
proceeding. . ?

SARAH

Some parts are, and some parts
are not, Sir.

JAMES (bemused at Irishness of response)

Goes to ask once more

ELIZABETH cuts in
to retrieve situation.

SARAH

Most of the work looks done,
Sir. I think you'll be well
satisfied.

JAMES (relieved)

Oh, thank you, Elizabeth. Most
enlightening.

SARAH shoots ELIZABETH a
I-messed-that-one-up,
didn't I ? sort of look.

ELIZA, temporarily abandoning the passing streetscape
looks back to SARAH with an amused smile, which is shared
by ELIZABETH.

CUT TO

99.EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. CARRIAGES. SACHI. DAY.

TRAVELLING SHOT

Two carriages pitching on dirt roads. Now in more open country, passing a scatter of dwellings, including some substantial homes set back from the road.

CLOSER ON SECOND CARRIAGE

Vehicle heavily laden inside and out, with chests, boxes and bags roped to the roof and rear luggage platform.

SACHI has been obliged to sit up front in the open with the DRIVER.

CU SACHI

SACHI

Looks uncomfortable on lurching seat. Tries to assume some dignity, but clearly is not overjoyed by his predicament. With a free hand, he fingers his waxed moustache.

CUT TO

100. EXT. CARRIAGES. NEAR NEWTOWN. DAY.

TRAVELLING SHOT.

CAM at ground level. The Carriages loom up out of road.

CAM PANS on SECOND CARRIAGE, tracks its passing.

A few beats as carriages draw into distance.

SFX Creaking, rattling, horses hooves, fading as carriages draw away.

FADE OUT TO

101. INT. LEAD CARRIAGE. JAMES. ELIZA. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

ELIZABETH glances at passing scene (off).

ELIZABETH (general comment)

Should not be too long now.

JAMES (to BAILEY sisters)

Now then. You had better tell me.
Who are we about to meet. . ?

ELIZABETH considers.

ELIZABETH

Well, there's Mrs. Humphries.
She's the housekeeper.

Then, you have two scullery maids.
Rose and Angela.

JAMES takes in information, nods for ELIZABETH to continue.

ELIZABETH nods upward, to indicate outside and unseen DRIVER.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

You've already met Thomas. Our driver.
He is assisted by a stablehand, Max,
who helps out with the horses.

SARAH prompts.

SARAH

There's Gordon and Andrew. . .

ELIZABETH (elaborates)

Gordon is the gardener. Andrew
is his son. He helps with the
outdoors duties.

Our cook is Margaret, though Mrs.
Humphries also gets involved in
the kitchen.

CONTINUED

101. INT. LEAD CARRIAGE. JAMES. ELIZA. BAILEYS. DAY. CONT.

Not to be left out, SARAH volunteers.

SARAH

And there's us, Sir.

JAMES (assumed surprise)

Indeed! Thank you for reminding
us, Sarah. I was beginning to think
we might have been under-staffed!

ELIZA cups a hand over her mouth, looks away to conceal
her mirth. ELIZABETH smiles indulgently at SARAH.

CUT TO

102. EXT. LEAD CARRIAGE. ELIZA. ELIZABETH. DAY.

CLOSE on door's window.

ELIZA'S face cranes from within for another look.

A few beats

ELIZABETH appears, sharing window with ELIZA.

ELIZABETH (indicates, off).

That's Mont Eagle House, Miss Eliza.

ELIZA, none the wiser.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

They're your neighbours. Dr. Sedgewick
lives there.

CUT TO

103. EXT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE DAY.

POV ELIZA and ELIZABETH

PASSING SHOT of the residence.

CUT TO

CUT TO

104. EXT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. WINDOW. VICKY. DAY.

CLOSE on the grand residence.

CAM settles on window.

VICKY SEDGEWICK watches the progress of the carriages (off) with interest. Window drapes fall back into place when she turns away, within.

CUT TO

105. INT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. VICKY. DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY.

VICKY (excited)

Father! Looks like our new neighbours
are here. . . !

DR. SEDGEWICK looks up from paper he has been reading.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Well, that's good news, Vicky.
That place has been unoccupied
for far too long.

VICKY (more important news)

I saw a girl. They must have a
daughter. About my age!

DR. SEDGEWICK smiles indulgently. Knows where is daughter
is coming from.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Really. . . ? Fancy that.

CUT TO

106. EXT. CARRIAGES. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY.

The two carriages have reached the mansion's gates
which are open in symbolic welcome.

CUT TO

107. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. MRS. HUMPHRIES. STAFF. DAY.

HOUSEKEEPER MRS. HUMPHRIES stands at foot of the front steps. The rest of the staff have lined up on driveway, ie,

Scullery maids ROSE and ANGELA .
MARGARET the Cook.

Gardeners GORDON and ANDREW.
MAX the stablehand.

THE GROUP looks at the carriages now entering from the street.
(off)

SFX The jangling, horse clopping and rattling carriages
 growing stronger, scrunching on the gravelled
 driveway.

CUT TO

108. EXT. CARRIAGES. DRIVEWAY. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. STAFF. DAY.

THE CARRIAGES drawing to a stop. The DRIVERS clamber from their perches and hasten to open the doors of the vehicles.

PAN to waiting STAFF MEMBERS. They look a touch apprehensive, about to meet their new Master.

CUT TO

109. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. ARRIVALS. STAFF. DAY.

CHOPPER SHOT looking down on carriages at entrance to the residence.

A TABLEAU, sans sound. The carriages look like toys, the characters Lilliputian.

Having opened the carriage doors, the DRIVERS trot to take their place on the reception line.

As JAMES and ELIZA alight from the nearside of the vehicle, ELIZABETH and SARAH also hurry to take their places on the line, having alighted from far side of the carriage.

From the second carriage, SACHI clambers awkwardly from his perch, looking a trifle out of the main event.

JAMES and ELIZA walk slowly along the assembled retainers, JAMES shaking hands with the males, offering short bows to the females, each of whom curtsies deeply as introductions are made. ELIZA, too, is the recipient of curtsies -- and nodding bows from the men.

110. INT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. JAMES. ELIZABETH. HUMPHRIES. DAY.

MRS. HUMPHRIES stands aside, as JAMES and ELIZA enter the residence. They pause on the threshold, taking in the grand entrance chamber.

CLOSE on JAMES and ELIZA.

A few beats.

JAMES

Well, here we are, Eliza.
Our new home. What do you
think, child?

ELIZA, still taking it all in.

ELIZA

I think it's just lovely!

CUT TO

111. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. DAY.

POV JAMES
ELIZA

PAN to simulate their gaze. It's an impressive sight.
A Grand Staircase curves away to the upper levels of the residence.

CUT TO

112. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. JAMES. ELIZA. DAY.

ELIZA (excited)

May I look upstairs, Father?

JAMES (playfully)

I don't see why not. There's
a room somewhere up there which
is to be yours.

PAN to track ELIZA scampering up the stairs.

PAN back to JAMES. He smiles as he follows ELIZA'S progress.

113. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. STAIRCASE. ELIZA. DAY.

ELIZA She pauses on landing, looks back and down
 into Entrance Chamber. ELIZA waves to JAMES (off).

CUT TO

114. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. JAMES. MRS. HUMPHRIES. BAILEYS. DAY.

JAMES stands, looking up to ELIZA. In b/g MRS. HUMPHRIES
and BAILEY SISTERS stand just inside the Chamber's open doors.

CU JAMES.

JAMES (smile fades as he watches Eliza)

Visibly swallows, growing emotion.

ECU His eyes are moist, close to tears.

CUT TO

115. INT. CHAMBER. STAIRCASE. ELIZA. DAY.

CLOSE on ELIZA, looking down to JAMES (off)

ELIZA (senses change in father's demeanor)

Father. . . ?

CUT TO

116. INT. CHAMBER. JAMES. DAY.

JAMES tries to blink away the tears. Again looks up
towards staircase landing.

JAMES

Confused, uncertain, at what
greet's his gaze.

CUT TO

117. INT. CHAMBER. STAIRCASE. DAY. APPARITIONS. DAY.

POV JAMES

On landing is a trio of ghostly, soft focus figures:
His late wife. His two late daughters. A blonde little
moppet who waves down at him.

A few beats

The trio dissolves.

118. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. JAMES. ELIZA. DAY.

CLOSE on JAMES.

JAMES

Dumbstruck, continues to
gaze at staircase landing
through red, moist eyes.

ELIZA (off)

Father. . . ?

JAMES Drags his eyes from staircase, looks down.
ELIZA stands, looking up to him.

JAMES scoops up ELIZA in his arms, holds her close.

ELIZA confused, looks into JAMES' face.

JAMES (with effort, gathers himself)

I was just thinking. . . Of your dear
mother. And your sisters.

ELIZA(softly)

They're now in Heaven, Father.

JAMES

Yes, Eliza. They are with the
angels.

a beat .

JAMES (Cont.)

I think they might have
approved of all this. . eh?

ELIZA nods agreement. Her response is reassuringly
beyond her tender years. She wraps her arms tightly
around JAMES' neck and whispers:

ELIZA

I'm sure they would
have, Father.

A few beats.

CUT TO

119. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. MRS. HUMPHRIES. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

MRS. HUMPHRIES ELIZABETH SARAH

The trio has witnessed the intimately personal encounter of their Master and young Mistress. They are deeply affected.

MRS. HUMPHRIES goes to say something, changes her mind, and discreetly takes her leave.

ELIZABETH and SARAH continue to stand by the entrance, seemingly transfixed.

CLOSE on ELIZABETH and SARAH.

OVER we hear the voice of ELIZABETH. It is the voice of an elderly woman, reminiscing, recalling times past.

ELIZABETH

I suppose it was a new start for each of us. Like our new Master and young Mistress Eliza, we were a long way from the land of our birth.

Sarah and I were most proud to have been accepted into service in the Camperdown Lodge household.

START OF SLOW DISSOLVE

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

And the future looked so promising. Master Donnithorne was a fair and decent man . . .

DISSOLVE RESOLVES TO

120. INT. PARLOUR. COTTAGE. ELIZABETH. SARAH. MOORE. DAY.

ELIZABETH and SARAH as we first met them. They are continuing their story in the parlour of their small cottage in Church St. Newtown to journalist COLBERT MOORE.

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

. . . and we were enchanted by Mistress Eliza. As maidservants, she was to be our special responsibility.

CONTINUED

120. INT. PARLOUR. COTTAGE. ELIZABETH.SARAH.MOORE.DAY.CONT.

THE recall is almost too much for ELIZABETH. She comes to a stop.

MOORE nods a prompt for her to continue.

SARAH intercedes.

SARAH

But things did not turn out
as we had wished . . .

ELIZABETH , picking up the thread.

ELIZABETH

Yes. Dark clouds would form.
Many things would descend upon
our lives beneath the roof of
the Grand House.

Some good. Some bad. Evil, even.

MOORE

And they would be . . ?

ELIZABETH raises a hand, shakes her head.

ELIZABETH (non-committal)

So far as the future is concerned,
Mister Moore, there are always
things that can never be foreseen.

FADE TO

121. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DRIVEWAY. STAFF. DAY.

CHERRY PICKER - sans SOUND

Two carriages stationary by entrance. SACHI in midst of issuing orders to DRIVERS and household's MALE SERVANTS. SACHI's body language and his pointing to various workforce individuals, indicating items to be unloaded : chests, bags, cases, packages, within, on the roofs and rear luggage platforms , is received with resentment by the men, who shrug, exchange looks, move slowly. A sullen lot who is taken aback by the Martinet who has entered their lives.

continued

121. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DRIVEWAY. STAFF. DAY. CONT.

CAM ELEVATES, PULLS AWAY To main gates and beyond.

The toiling group unloading carriages is lost from sight behind the residence's walls.

FREEZE to frame Camperdown Lodge from afar.

SLOW DISSOLVE COLOUR TO SEPIA.

CAMPERDOWN LODGE appears much like a faded photograph.

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS

* * * END PART ONE * * *

ELIZA

a screenplay by Alan Wardrope

PART TWO

1. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. EARLY MORNING.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT of Mansion

SFX : Cacophony of bird calls heralding start of
a new day. Light mist hovers over the
grounds.

CLOSER ON GRAND HOUSE to FAVOUR UPSTAIRS WINDOW.
The shutters are partly open.

DISSOLVE TO

2. INT. CAMP. LODGE. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZA. MORNING.

SFX : Birdcalls (off)

CLOSE on ELIZA in bed.

A few beats. ELIZA stirs.

ELIZA

Sleepy blue eyes flutter open.

From pillow she tries to focus on
her surrounds, scans the room as
if uncertain just where she is.

ELIZA raises herself, recognition
kicking in, starting to react to
the calls of the alien birdlife.

A slow smile lights her face.

SFX : A gentle rapping on bedroom door (off)

ELIZA turns towards door, still getting
her bearings.

CUT TO

3. INT. CAMP. LODGE. DOOR. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZABETH. MORNING

THE DOOR

SFX : The rapping is repeated, a touch more insistent.

ELIZA (off)

Yes. Who is it . . ?

From outside door.

ELIZABETH (off)

It's Elizabeth, Miss Eliza.

4. INT. CAMP. LODGE. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZA. ELIZABETH. DAY.

CLOSE ON ELIZA

She is now perched on edge of her bed.

SFX : Door opening (off)

ELIZA

Smiles, reacting to her
early morning visitor.

PAN TO ELIZABETH, edging into bedroom, juggling
a small tray in one hand with a glass and jug of juice.

PAN to ELIZA. She bounces out of bed scurries to
the window, pushes shutters wide open.

SFX : Birdcalls up

ELIZA, on tiptoes, peering out.

ELIZA

There's so many birds . . !

CUT TO

5. INT. CAMP. LODGE. ELIZABETH. BEDROOM. DAY.

With her free hand, ELIZABETH gropes behind
and pulls door closed, still juggling tray.

ELIZABETH (brightly)

This land is full of birds, Miss Eliza.
And they all have their own song to
greet the day.

ECU on ELIZABETH

COMMENCE TIME LAPSE EFFECT

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

6. INT. BAILEY COTTAGE. ELIZABETH. SARAH. MOORE. DAY.

TIME LAPSE EFFECT EMERGES FROM DISSOLVE
ECU ON ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH - now an elderly lady, seated at
parlour table.

ELIZABETH (reflective)

I'll always remember that first day.
Everything was so new and exciting.
It was, well, a new beginning.
Not only for my new mistress and her
distinguished father . . . I suppose
for all of us.

MOORE (off)

Yes. I can well understand that. . .

OPEN SHOT

ELIZABETH (Cont.)

They had much pain to put behind them.
Eliza had lost her mother and two elder
sisters to the great Cholera Plague.
Poor child.

SARAH

And the master had lost his wife and
two daughters.

ELIZABETH (nods agreement)

The master's two sons had already established
lives back in England. So he decided to seek
a new life here, with his surviving daughter.

FAVOUR MOORE

MOORE (quietly, as if to self)

Hmm. I can understand. how India must
have lost its attractions.

A silence descends upon the trio seated at the
small parlour table, the Baileys seemingly lost
for words.

ELIZABETH decides it's time to continue the
narrative.

CONTINUED

6. INT. BAILEY COTTAGE. ELIZABETH. SARAH MOORE. DAY, CONT.

ELIZABETH (brightens)

It was not long before exciting things were happening. At least, it seemed exciting for two young girls, not long out of Ireland.

SARAH (joins in to elaborate)

There was so much activity. What with the gardens, pathways, the rockeries, fountains . . . the master made it such a lovely place. . .

FAVOUR ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH (warming to the memories)

And there was the conservatory. It was a handsome edifice. Built to the master's own specifications, it was!

FADE TO

7. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. CONSERVATORY. WORKMEN. JAMES. ELIZA.DAY.

SOUND DROPOUT

JAMES issues instructions as trade WORKMEN do finishing touches to an impressive Conservatory building. The action is watched by a fascinated ELIZA.

ELIZABETH (V/O)

I remember. It was made of wrought iron and glass, joined to the South Wing. It still stands today, though it looks a bit sad.

The ironwork, iron lattice and special glass to soften the light were all imported from Scotland.

CLOSE on JAMES and ELIZA

JAMES places an arm around ELIZA'S shoulder, obviously pleased with the results. ELIZA looks up at her father and laughs, delighted at the proceedings.

CONTINUED

7. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. CONSERVATORY. WORKMEN. JAMES. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

SOUND DROPOUT CONTINUES

JAMES and ELIZA stroll away from Conservatory and working TRADESMEN.

CAM TRACKS the pair to a outdoor pond with a gushing fountain. JAMES watches as ELIZA splashes her hands in the water. As JAMES moves closer to observe her antics, ELIZA scoops up two handfuls of water which she directs at her father who is bending close enough to be a vulnerable target.

ELIZABETH (V/O) Cont.

Those early days were such happy days.
Without a cloud in the sky. Or so we thought.

JAMES straightens upright, wipes his jacket with his hands,
He feigns indignation.

ELIZA Holding her sides, hooting with delight.

ELIZABETH (V/O) Cont.

We were not to know that there were
clouds forming. Things would start
to change . . .

JAMES suddenly reaches into the pond, scoops his hands
to send a well directed salvo at his daughter.
JAMES roars with delight at his handiwork.
ELIZA turns and flees out of range, pursued
by JAMES.

CUT TO

8. EXT. CONSERVATORY. WORKMEN. DAY.

WORKMEN have stopped work to watch the master
of the Grand Home and his daughter up to their
antics by the fountain.

They stand in open mouthed astonishment. One
WORKMAN pulls off his cap, breaks into a broad
grin.

FADE TO

9. INT.DOWNSTAIRS 'SERVANTS' STATION. HOUSEHOLD STAFF. DAY.

SFX Steady beat of a clock

ECU MRS. HUMPHRIES
 Purses her lips. Not happy.
A few beats.

MRS. HUMPHRIES glances up to clock (off)
She shrugs, impatient about something.

PULL BACK

SHOT OPENS to reveal household staff lined up along
one wall of the low-ceilinged Servants' Station.
Next to MRS. HUMPHRIES stand cook MARGARET
Then ELIZABETH and SARAH
Scullery maids ROSE and ANGELA
THOMAS the coachman
MAX the stablehand
ANDREW the gardener
GORDON, ANDREW'S ASSISTANT

STAFF on the line exchange looks of exasperation,
shrugs, a shake of the head. A few glance up
at a wall clock, beating to the cadence of its
pendulum.

ANDREW

'E said seven sharp!

THOMAS (nods support)

I've got lots ter do. If he
don't come soon . . .

SFX Doors opens (off)

Almost as one, the lined up STAFF look to
the doorway (off).

CUT TO

10. INT. DOWNSTAIRS SERVANTS' STATION. DOOR. SACHI.

POV STAFF

SACHI stands framed in doorway, formally attired
in coat and vest, highly shined leather shoes.
He holds a large buff envelope in one hand.

SACHI pauses, sizing up the waiting STAFF (off).

A few long beats

SACHI reaches back, and slowly pulls door closed
behind him, not taking his eyes of the STAFF.

CONTINUED

10. INT.DOWNSTAIRS SERVANTS' STATION. SACHI. STAFF. DAY.CONT.

TRACK SACHI as he approaches waiting STAFF. Upon reaching the line, he pauses before each in turn, looking first at the footwear, then slowly upwards, eyeing clothing, the inspection ending at the hairline. The regimental Sergeant Major act finally comes to an end, much to the undisguised hostility of the STAFF.

SACHI (ignores the reception)

Well now. I see we're all present.
I should like to be able to add, and
correct. Though I fear that might be
expecting too much.

THOMAS (Chinese whisper)

At least we're on bloody time!

SACHI effects not to hear, decides to get down to business.

SACHI

I believe the time has come to introduce
some changes. In the interests, of course,
of improved overall efficiency within the
household.

SACHI half turns away to place his large envelope on a
table.

STAFF on the line exchange looks afresh; some pull faces.
SACHI looks back to his captive audience.

SACHI (Cont.)

There is much scope for reform and opportunity
to expand present areas of responsibility.
It is quite obvious that this household is
grossly overstaffed . . .

CONTINUED

10. INT. SERVANTS' STATION. SACHI. STAFF. DAY. CONT.

MRS. HUMPHRIES (indignant)

This household has 35 rooms, Mr. Sachi!
Usually such a place would have up to
twenty in service!

SACHI (fingering waxed moustache)

Nonsense! There are ten of you serving
the Master and our young Mistress.

Murmuring discontent runs down the line.

SACHI (cont.)

How can you possibly deny that ten
servants are more than sufficient!

MAX (mutters, barely audible)

Eleven, counting **you**.

SACHI, increasing anger, goes to continue.

ANDREW cuts in.

ANDREW

Our gardens and grounds are as
large as a public park! And they
don't take care of themselves.

THOMAS

And we have stables, horses, and
other animals. The carriage, too,
needs to be kept in service!

CONTINUED

10. INT. SERVANTS' STATION. SACHI. STAFF. DAY. CONT.

SACHI has heard enough.

SACHI

Silence! Spare me your excuses!

SACHI turns to retrieve the large envelope from the table. Turning back to face the mutineers he holds it aloft.

STAFF registers curiosity which stills the protests.

SACHI (cont.)

All matters pertaining to the running of this household will henceforth be referred directly to me.

MRS. HUMPREYS (outraged)

That is the Housekeeper's responsibility!

MARGARET

And I should consult the Master on the menus. Daily and when the House entertains. And there is also the purchasing of provisions.

SACHI (brushes aside the protests)

You will all refer such things to me. I will discuss those of merit with the Master on your behalf. These requirements are not negotiable.

SACHI pauses, theatrically, for effect, again holding the envelope aloft.

CONTINUED

10. INT. SERVANTS' STATION. SACHI. STAFF. DAY. CONT.

SACHI (patronisingly).

Now, get this into your collective heads. The Master is involved in various business enterprises throughout the Colony. There are to be periods when he will be absent for some time. Under such circumstances, he should not be distracted by domestic trivialities!

STAFF exchange looks, taken aback.

SACHI breaks into a slow smile. It exhibits the sincerity of a tapdancer.

SACHI (cont.)

Therefore, to lighten his many burdens, the Master has entrusted me to assume responsibilities. And your co-operation is required.

SACHI shakes the envelope of its contents, enabling a flutter of folded paper bearing red sealing wax to descend upon the table.

SACHI tosses the emptied envelope aside, looks to his stunned audience.

SACHI

You will find instructions for each of you on the table. Your duties, responsibilities and time schedules -- on an hour and daily basis -- set forth in simple English.

For those who would have difficulty in comprehending these duty orders, they may make an appointment to discuss the matter in my office,

CONTINUED

10. INT. SERVANTS' STATION. SACHI. STAFF. DAY. CONT.

MARGARET

He means that little cubbyhole
under the stairs!

She succeeds in breaking the spell. Most chuckle at
her observation.

SACHI (furious, with menace)

For your guidance, Insolence and
Disrespect are also dealt with in
your duty statements. As are the
penalties relating to your continued
employment.

STAFF fall silent, trying to digest the threat.

SACHI senses victory, puff up. He turns to take his
leave. The job has been done. He strides out of frame.

A few beats

SFX Door opening/closing (off)

CUT TO

11. INT. SERVANTS' STATION. THOMAS. MRS. HUMPHRIES. MARGARET. DAY.

CLOSE ON MARGARET

MARGARET (disbelief)

He can't do that to us!

WHIP PAN TO THOMAS

THOMAS

I'm afraid he has the master's ear.

WHIP PAN TO MRS. HUMPHRIES

MRS. HUMPHRIES

Then we must get his other ear!

12. INT. STUDY. JAMES. DAY.

The study is a large, wood-panelled chamber, with classic/masculine furnishings, framed English hunting prints and certificates of credentials, awards and merit. JAMES is seated at desk whose expanse of mahogany is cluttered with papers, files, documents and reference books. He peers at some documents through reading glasses perched on his aquiline nose.

A few beats

SFX A short rapping on door (off)

JAMES (absently, still into papers)

Come.

SFX Door opens/closes

JAMES continues to study papers.

A few beats.

JAMES looks up (and off)

JAMES (cont.)

Yes, Sachi . . . ?

CUT TO

13. INT. STUDY. JAMES. SACHI. DAY

SACHI stands a trifle awkwardly just inside door, as if waiting permission to approach his Master. After a pause, he deferentially makes his move.

TRACK SACHI to desk.

SACHI

I trust this is not an inopportune
time for you, Sir. . . ?

It is inconvenient, though JAMES removes his glasses, lays them aside.

JAMES

Er, not really. What can I do
for you. . . ?

CONTINUED

13. INT. STUDY: JAMES. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

SACHI stands before desk, casts a sidelong glance at vacant visitor's chair on his side. There is no invitation forthcoming to be seated.

SACHI

It's more of a report, Sir.
To keep you informed of how
things are proceeding within
the household.

JAMES (unsure)

What? I have the impression
things are proceeding quite well.

SACHI

Oh, indeed they are, Sir.

JAMES (a trifle impatient)

Well, then . . . ?

SACHI (indicates busy desktop)

I appreciate that you are busily
engaged in many business enterprises. . . .

JAMES (selects, holds up papers)

As a matter of fact, Sachi, the Rodham
Farm and Watsons Bay land acquisition
looks like being approved . . at last. !

SACHI

Good news indeed, Sir! A significant
addition to your portfolio.

JAMES

Let us hope so. It's prime harbourfront
land on Port Jackson. Now tell me,
what is it (you want to discuss)?

SACHI

I have attended a meeting with the
retainers, Sir.

JAMES (nonplussed)

Meeting? What sort of meeting. . ?

CONTINUED

14. INT. STUDY. JAMES. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

SACHI

I suppose in a kind of indirect way, Sir,
one could say it was somewhat related to
such projects as the Watsons Bay land holdings.

JAMES leans back in his leather-backed chair, shakes
his head, none-the-wiser.

JAMES

What on earth are you on about, Sachi? You're
talking riddles, man!

SACHI (soothingly)

Well, Sir, the staff are aware that you are
quite busily engaged in, er, enterprises,
beyond the gates of Camperdown Lodge.

JAMES (mock sarcasm)

Oh, I see. So they call a meeting!
As clear as mud, Sachi. . . !

SACHI (soldiers on)

At their meeting they expressed a desire
to help reduce your burden of responsibilities.

JAMES

And just how do they propose to achieve that?

SACHI (brief glance at cluttered desktop)

By minimising the various matters they
might usually seek to place on your desk.

CONTINUED

14. INT.STUDY. JAMES. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

JAMES still unsure what his PA is on about.

JAMES (looking at his clutter)

While it's true there's little vacant space there these days, I am always available to respond to issues affecting the household.

SACHI

Indeed you are, Sir! And staff take comfort in knowing this. However, in their desire to -- how can I best put it -- er, play a role, contribute to the fortunes and welfare of Camperdown Lodge and your goodself, they have expressed a desire to in future conduit matters and issues via my station.

JAMES (unconvinced)

But surely, as my personal assistant, most things are referred to me by you anyway. . ?

SACHI

Yes. While that may be true, Sir, there are nonetheless day-to-day sorts of issues that keep cropping up which have customarily gone directly to your office.

JAMES (a touch wearily)

To be frank, Sachi, I don't see what is being proposed as much different from the present situation. And there are matters that I shall need to attend to, anyway.

SACHI (reassuringly)

And I, of course, will ensure that such matters will be referred, as always, to you. It's just that, well, the staff want to feel they are doing their bit. Perceptions are always important, Sir. And it will mean a great deal to them.

JAMES considers for a few beats, sensing an agenda of which he is not sure.

CONTINUED

14. INT. STUDY. SACHI. JAMES. DAY. CONT.

JAMES (a final shot)

I just hate it when we seem to
be going around in circles. . .

SACHI crooks his head in an I-rest-my-case sort of gesture.

JAMES shrugs, reaches down to retrieve his glasses, eyed
closely by SACHI.

JAMES (replaces glasses, reaches for papers)

Do I take it that we're done for now . . ?

SACHI

Yes, Sir. And may I, on behalf of the staff,
express a measure of collective gratitude.

With a short bow, SACHI takes his leave, walks out of frame.

CLOSE ON JAMES

JAMES

Still puzzled. He mutters to himself :

Collective gratitude . . . indeed!
Sometimes I wonder . . .

SFX Door opens/closes

JAMES (gives up)

Resumes his paperwork.

CUT TO

15. INT. STUDY DOOR. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI stands outside the closed door of Study.
A triumphant smile lights his face. He tilts his
head and gives an uncharacteristic hop step.
As he turns to go, SACHI stops dead in his tracks.

SACHI

Shocked, embarrassed

CUT TO

16. INT. OUTSIDE STUDY. ELIZA. DAY

POV SACHI

ELIZA stands in corridor, eyeing SACHI (off) with a speculative half-smile.

CUT TO

17. INT. OUTSIDE STUDY. SACHI. ELIZA. DAY.

SACHI gathers himself. Regains his composure.
He strides off, affecting returned dignity.

TRACK SACHI

As he passes ELIZA he gives a curt nod of acknowledgment..
ELIZA turns to watch his departure.
SACHI walks out of frame.

CLOSE on ELIZA

ELIZA

Places hand over her mouth
to stifle laughter.

Some beats

Her laughter fades.

It is replaced by a reaction :

Now, what's... he been up to. . ?

FADE OUT

A beat

FADE UP TO

18. EXT. STABLES. CAMP. LODGE. THOMAS. MAX. ELIZA. DAY

MAX is helping THOMAS saddle up carriage which stands outside stable building.
MAX bends down and gives girth strap a final tighten, steps back and gives the horse a pat on its flank.

MAX (affectionately)

There you are, Harriet. That should do
yer, girl.

CONTINUED

18. EXT. STABLES. CAMP. LODGE. THOMAS. MAX. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

THOMAS nods approval of MAX'S efforts, hauls himself up to driver's bench. Once seated, he looks down to MAX.

THOMAS (gathering up reins)

I'll be back in 'bout two hours, pickin' up them provisions. You can start groomin' the 'orses while I'm gone.

MAX steps clear.

MAX

Yair. See ya later.

THOMAS releases the brake, gives the reins a shake, and the carriage clatters off.

PAN with departing carriage which lurches its way to main gates on the far side of the main building (off). ELIZA has been approaching stables. She stands aside to watch THOMAS' departure.

THOMAS

Raises whip in air -- a impromptu salute as he passes ELIZA.

CUT TO

19. EXT. STABLES. ELIZA. DAY.

ELIZA at open doors. She peers inside. Decides to enter.

CUT TO

20. INT. STABLES. ELIZA. MAX. DAY.

ELIZA comes upon MAX in an open stall, preparing to groom a striking looking black horse. She watches him fussing about the handsome animal.

MAX becomes aware of her presence.

CONTINUED

20. INT. STABLES. ELIZA. MAX. DAY. CONT.

MAX (surprised)

Oh. It's you, Miss Eliza. . !

ELIZA indicates the horse.

ELIZA

She's a beautiful horse, Max.

MAX (smiles)

Well, not exactly a she, Miss.

ELIZA

Hmm. A he then. . .

MAX pauses in his chores. Gropes for the right response.

MAX

Well, let me put it this way,
Miss Eliza. George is not the
man 'e used ter be!

ELIZA

So . . George is a gelding, then ?

MAX (impressed)

Oh. Yer know about 'orses ?

ELIZA

We had horses in India.
Father and his friends played polo.
And at times the family would ride.

MAX (more impressed)

So you can ride, eh. . ?

CONTINUED

20. INT. STABLES. ELIZA. MAX. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA (shakes head)

Father said I was too young.
He was right, I suppose . . .

MAX nods -- sympathetically.

ELIZA (wistfully)

But . . I always wanted to ride.

ELIZA beams a helpless smile at MAX, inclines her head and hunches up shoulders in acceptance of her disappointment.

MAX takes the bait, breaks into a grin. He comes out with what he thinks is his idea.

MAX

You're not too young now. . .

ELIZA effects surprise. Ensnares MAX with her blue eyes.

ELIZA

I believe you could be right. . . !

FADE OUT

FADE UP TO

21. EXT. HORSES' EXERCISE YARD. ELIZA. MAX. 'GEORGE'. DAY.

ELIZA perched high on horse's saddle, MAX holding the reins, scampers around the exercise track, the steed trotting to keep up. ELIZA cries out in delight.

MAX (calls to ELIZA)

Yer doin' real fine, Miss!

CUT TO

22. EXT. EXERCISE YARD. MAX. DAY.

CLOSE ON MAX

His brow is beaded with perspiration as he leads George the horse around the track on the trot.

A few beats

MAX

Starts to run out of wind.

CUT TO

23. EXT. EXERCISE YARD. MAX. ELIZA. 'GEORGE'. DOG. DAY.

As MAX continues to lead ELIZA and George, a household hound joins in the activity, scampering beside the horse.

ZOOM TO FAVOUR ELIZA

She leans forward and calls to MAX.

ELIZA

That's enough, Max!

Take a rest!

PAN TO MAX

MAX

Slows to a halt.

Turns, walks back to ELIZA.

The dog scurries around, enjoying himself.

ELIZA reaches down to MAX who is holding the reins.

ELIZA

I think I've got the hang of it!

Here, let me have the reins. . .

MAX hesitates, unsure.

MAX

Er, I dunno 'bout that, Miss. . .

ELIZA (pouts)

Oh, Max. Please. Pretty Please!

MAX still hesitates.

CONTINUED

23. EXT. YARD. MAX. ELIZA. 'GEORGE'. DOG. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA (Cont.)

I'll just trot George around the yard. . .
I promise.

MAX shrugs, still not happy.

A beat

MAX finally passes up the reins.

MAX

Well, Miss . . Take it slow now. . .

ELIZA rewards MAX with a dazzling smile as she takes the reins.

ELIZA

I promise. Cross my heart!

24. EXT. YARD. ELIZA. 'GEORGE'. DOG. DAY.

ELIZA trots the horse around the yard, clearly enjoying herself.

DOG decides to keep that pair company, paces along beside 'George.'

CUT TO

25. EXT. MAX. DAY.

SFX Beat of trotting horse (off)
Yelping of hound (off)

CLOSE ON MAX

MAX

His eyes track ELIZA'S solo
ride around the yard.

MAX nods to himself, looks a
touch more at ease.

CUT TO

CONTINUED

26. EXT. YARD. ELIZA. 'GEORGE'. DOG. DAY.

ELIZA gives reins a shake, clearly wants to crank up the pace. She is very pleased with herself.

PAN Down to 'George's' legs as he responds to the command.

SFX Increasing beat beat of hooves.

The DOG yelps louder as his excitement rises with the thudding tempo of 'George'.

CUT TO

27. EXT. YARD. 'GEORGE'. DOG. DAY.

CLOSE ON DOG

The DOG races along, close to the blurring legs of 'GEORGE!.

CUT TO

28. EXT. YARD. MAX. DAY.

ECU on MAX

SFX galloping horse (off)
yelping hound (off)

MAX

Reacts growing alarm. Licks dry lips as he tracks ELIZA. (off)

CUT TO

29. EXT. YARD. ELIZA. 'GEORGE'. DAY.

CLOSE ON ELIZA as she gives the reins another flick.

ELIZA

Reacts the time of her life.

CUT TO

30. EXT. YARD. 'GEORGE'. DOG. DAY.

CLOSE ON DOG . . The excited hound races along
beside pumping legs of 'GEORGE'.

A few beats

TRACK

DOG draws ahead of the galloping horse, decides
to veer across the path of 'GEORGE'.

CUT TO

31. EXT. YARD. ELIZA. 'GEORGE'. DOG. DAY.

'GEORGE' rears up to avoid trampling the DOG.

SFX Frantic whinny of alarm

ELIZA Loses her grip, slides from saddle.

ELIZA

Screams

CUT TO

32. EXT. YARD. MAX. DAY.

ECU MAX

MAX (horrified)

Miss Eliza . . . !

CUT TO

33. YARD. ELIZA. 'GEORGE'. DAY.

CLOSE ON ELIZA

ELIZA'S leg jammed in stirrup.
She is dragged along the ground.

CUT TO

34. EXT. YARD. MAX. DAY.

MAX runs to intercept 'George' (off).

CUT TO

35. EXT. YARD. ELIZA. 'GEORGE'. MAX. DAY.

ECU on ELIZA'S jammed foot.

A few beats

The trapped foot comes free of the stirrup.

OPEN SHOT

ELIZA slews to a bumping stop in the dirt.

'GEORGE' draws out of frame.

ELIZA lies motionless on her back.

MAX runs into frame, drops to his knees beside ELIZA.

MAX

Oh, my god! Miss Eliza . . . !

FAVOUR ELIZA

She lies motionless on the ground, eyes closed, hair awry. ELIZA'S face is partially dirt-caked and bears abrasions. There are traces of blood smears on her tresses.

MAX (frantic, yells ~~whoever~~)

Help! Somebody! Come quick!

FAST FADE

FADE UP CLOSE ON ELIZA

35. INT. ELIZA'S BED CHAMBER. DR. SEDGEWICK. ELIZA. DAY.

ELIZA lies still. Her face has been cleaned up, though shows a few bruises. ELIZA'S head is lightly bandaged.

CONTINUED

35. INT. ELIZA'S BED CHAMBER. DAY. CONT.

DR. SEDGEWICK (softly, over)

Eliza. Can you hear (me) ?

A few beats

ELIZA'S eyelids twitch.

DR. SEDGEWICK (louder, over)

Eliza. . !

ELIZA'S eyes flutter open. She is disorientated.

CUT TO

36. INT. BEDCHAMBER. ELIZA. DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY.

DR. MALCOLM SEDGEWICK stands close by ELIZA's bed. His leather and open black medical bag is perched on a nearby chair. He looks down to ELIZA.

DR. SEDGEWICK (smiles)

That's more like it. . . !

FAVOUR ELIZA

ELIZA

Roving eyes struggle to take
in her surroundings.

FRAME ELIZA and DR. SEDGEWICK

SEDGEWICK leans over and gently places a
hand on ELIZA'S shoulder.

DR. SEDGEWICK

You're safe at home. Everything is
going to be alright. . . .

ELIZA looks up to SEDGEWICK. She tries to speak,
but words won't come.

CONTINUED

36. INT. BEDCHAMBER. ELIZA. DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY. CONT.

DR. SEDGEWICK (cont.)

I'm Doctor Sedgewick, Eliza.
I live close by. You had a
fall.

ELIZA nods as recall returns. The tip of her
tongue runs over a swollen lower lip

DR. SEDGEWICK (cont.)

All you need to do now, is rest,
young lady. .

ELIZA finds her voice. She reaches up and fingers
the head bandage.

ELIZA (just above a whisper)

What is this (on my head) ?

DR. SEDGEWICK (reassuringly)

You have a little cut up there.
Nothing to worry about.

ELIZA lowers her probing hand back to the bedcover.
She then tries to raise herself.

ELIZA

She winces with pain. Looks
uncertain.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Hey! Not quite so fast! You
sprained your ankle. Just lie still.
Give it some time to settle down.

ELIZA (now coming out of it)

How long will it (take to get better) ?

CONTINUED

36. INT. BEDCHAMBER. ELIZA. SEDGEWICK. DAY. CONT.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Oh, perhaps a week. Your ankle is swollen. . give it a rest.

DR. SEDGEWICK retrieves his bag which he closes.
ELIZA watches, clearly unhappy with the news.

ELIZA

You mean I shall be here for a week?
Just . lying . . here . . . ?

DR. SEDGEWICK (seeks to make light of it)

Tell you what. I have a daughter.
Vicky's about your age. You may have
seen her about. . ?

ELIZA (cautious)

I'm, er, not sure (if I have)

DR. SEDGEWICK (soldiers on)

No matter. Vicky knows about you, Eliza.
And I happen to know she wants very much
to meet you.

ELIZA

Is curious. Remains silent.

DR. SEDGEWICK

What about I have Vicky come to visit ?
I'm certain you'll have lots to talk
about. And as I said, Vicky would love
to come. .

ELIZA considers the offer.
A few beats

ELIZA

Looks up. Nods.

FAST FADE OUT

37. INT. STAIRS. DR. SEDGEWICK. JAMES. DAY.

DR. SEDGEWICK and JAMES stand on landing atop the Grand Staircase which curves downwards to the main entrance chamber.

DR. SEDGEWICK

She's had a lucky escape. Should your daughter been clipped by the animal's hooves . . well, it might well have been a different story.

JAMES (relieved)

I'm most grateful that you could come so promptly, doctor.

DR. SEDGEWICK (lightly)

I'm just around the corner.
After all, what are neighbours for,
Your Honour. . ?

JAMES

I don't seem to sit on the judicial Bench much these days. And it's James.

DR. SEDGEWICK (in good humour)

I thought: Once a judge, always a judge, eh -- James ?

They shake hands.

DR. SEDGEWICK (cont.)

And it's Malcolm !

TRACK

JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK start to descend the Grand Staircase, still in conversation.

DR. SEDGEWICK (cont.)

Eliza should keep off that leg for about a week, James. It's quite swollen -- and painful.

CONTINUED

37.INT. STAIRCASE. DR. SEDGEWICK. JAMES. DAY. CONT.

JAMES (sceptical)

A week, you say. That might take
some doing. . .'

DR. SEDGEWICK (ruefully)

Yes. I have formed that opinion.
With that in mind, I took the liberty
of suggesting that my daughter, Vicky,
should call on her. She's about the
same age..

JAMES (likes the idea)

That sounds like a capital idea, Malcolm!

JAMES and SEDGEWICK reach the bottom of the stairs,
pause in the main Entrance Chamber as the Doctor prepares
to take his leave.

DR. SEDGEWICK

I'll call tomorrow. ~~to~~ check on our patient.

JAMES

I'm most appreciative. . .

DR. SEDGEWICK (an afterthought)

I'm told that you're an old India hand,
James. . . ?

JAMES (smiles)

Word does get around, eh? Spent
half my life on the sub-Continent.
What about you, Malcolm. . . ?

DR. SEDGEWICK (broad grin)

Would you believe. . . fifteen years.
Mostly in Delhi! Moved here in 28.

JAMES (shakes head)

Well. I'll be blessed!

CONTINUED

37. INT. STAIRCASE. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. SEDGEWICK. JAMES. DAY. CONT

JAMES (cont.)

Looks like I should have more
than young Vicky come to visit, eh ?

DR. SEDGEWICK

Sounds like a promising suggestion, James!

JAMES and SEDGEWICK again shake hands. It's a warm
sort of handshake.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Now, if you'll excuse me. . ?

JAMES

Of course. And, er, thank you.
for everything.

DR. SEDGEWICK walks towards Main Entrance.

CUT TO

38. INT. STAIRCASE. ENTRANCE CHAMBER JAMES. DAY.

ECU ON JAMES.

JAMES (thoughtful smile)

He watches DR. SEDGEWICK's departure.
It's clear that he has found a new
friend. And with things in common.

A few beats

SACHI (off)

Can you spare a few moments, Sir?

JAMES snaps out of his private moment. He turns to face
SACHI (off).

CUT TO

38. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. JAMES. SACHI. DAY.

POV JAMES

SACHI has approached following DR. SEDGEWICK's departure.

SACHI

It's dreadful about Miss Eliza, Sir!

~~PAN to~~ JAMES

JAMES

Could have been worse. The physician says she'll be up and about in a few days.

SACHI is taken aback.

SACHI

Oh, er, that is good news.

JAMES (rueful smile)

I'm inclined to agree with you there, Sachi.

SACHI gets to the point of his presence.

SACHI

May I suggest, Sir, what now remains is the punishment of the party responsible for the accident.

JAMES (mildly)

Hmm. From what I've been told; the party -- as you put it -- was most probably the dog!

SACHI

With respect, Miss Eliza should not have been permitted to ride that horse!

JAMES

Eliza has been pestering me for ages to ride. I suspect she talked the stablehand into it.

SACHI wants a culprit.

CONTINUED

38. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. CONT.

SACHI

The stablehand Max was in charge of the animal. It was he who permitted Eliza to ride the horse.

JAMES is becoming weary of the subject.

JAMES

What is it do you expect here, Sachi?
To flog Max at the stake . . . ?

SACHI

May I suggest it is simply an issue of discipline. An example of which ought to be established for the benefit of the remainder of the household.

JAMES

Are you telling me that the servants wish to have the stablehand disciplined, or punished in some manner? Is this what you mean . . . ?

SACHI (reassuringly)

The staff do indeed welcome maintaining good order. And it's reassuring for them to feel that when things occur which threaten good order, some form of closure . . . resolution . . . is established.

JAMES (the issue becomes tiresome)

Well. . . if the rest of the servants wish a display of discipline . . . though why I cannot imagine. . . you may take the matter up with them.

SACHI , veiling his delight.

SACHI

You may depend upon me, Sir.

CONTINUED

38. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. CONT.

JAMES decides to put SACHI on a leash.

JAMES

I do expect you to handle things
responsibly -- and with understanding.
We seek a reprimand, not a hanging. Do
you understand ?

SACHI

Exactly what I had in mind.

39. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZA. SARAH. VICKY. DAY.

ELIZA lies in bed propped on pillows, listlessly scanning
a book that clearly has not captured her interest.

A few beats

SFX Tapping on door (off)

ELIZA lays book aside, looks to door (off)

ELIZA (calls)

Yes. Who is it . . ?

PAN TO DOOR

SFX Door opening

SARAH pokes her head in.

SARAH

Visitor for you, Miss.

CUT TO

POV ELIZA

Before SARAH can announce the visitor, VICKY pushes into
open doorway.

CUT TO

40. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY.

OPEN ON ELIZA

ELIZA(to SARAH, off)

Thank you, Sarah.

SFX DOOR CLOSSES

PICK UP VICKY She joins ELIZA, stands by bed, a small
colourfully wrapped package in hand

VICKY (playfully)

I believe you have met my father!

ELIZA (rueful smile)

Yes. I'm here because of his doctor's
orders!

VICKY nods, extends both hands for ELIZA to grasp

VICKY

Daddy means well. He's concerned
about your, er, leg -- isn't it?

ELIZA accepts the double hand clasp

ELIZA (nods at lower bedcover)

It's my ankle.

VICKY a knowing smile

VICKY

I understand you're quite a horsewoman.

ELIZA becomes ensnared by VICKY's breezy, outgoing manner

ELIZA

Well, I was doing quite well -- for
the first five minutes!

VICKY parks herself on side of bed. She holds up her
package.

CONTINUED

40. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY. CONT.

VICKY Pretends to study the package, then looks back to ELIZA.

VICKY

Hmm. Thought you looked like someone who likes Swiss chocolates.

ELIZA

Oh. . and how might you know how (I looked) ?

VICKY (cuts in)

Saw you the day you arrived here. I was peeping from a window as your carriage passed by.

ELIZA (taken in)

Really . . . !

VICKY (nods)

And I said to myself : Vicky, that girl could make a nice friend one day.

VICKY flashes engaging smile

VICKY (pouts)

So there. . !

ELIZA (reflective)

Yes. We moved in -- let me see -- about six months ago. You ought to have come by.

VICKY

Wanted to. But Daddy said we hadn't been introduced. And so many things have been done to your home, I suppose we did not wish to intrude. Must say, the place looks lovely.

ELIZA (her turn to tease)

How did you know I might not have been horrid . . ?

CONTINUED

40. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. CONT.

VICKY

Anyone who likes fine chocolate
can't be all bad.

ELIZA laughs. VICKY is indeed a tonic

VICKY (hands over chocolates)

Daddy gets them at a store in town.
It sells all kinds of yummy things.
Specially imported from civilisation.

ELIZA

You mean the Colony is not civilised?

VICKY ponders a beat

VICKY

Well, it has kangaroos in the bush.
Beautiful parrots in the trees.
Lots of fish in the waters.
ELIZA nods for VICKY to continue

VICKY (cont.)

And . . . it has us!

ELIZA (mock solemnity)

So . . . We make it civilised. . ?

VICKY (mock evaluation)

Hmmm. Well . . . It could be the parrots!

ELIZA and VICKY break into laughter. ELIZA goes
to raise herself. Her laughter turns into a yelp
of pain.

ELIZA (anguished)

Oh, my ankle . . . !

VICKY sees funny side. Giggles. ELIZA picks up
chocolates, raises the package and pretends to take
aim at VICKY.

42. EXT STABLES. DAY.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT - STABLES

SLOW ZOOM TO STABLES BUILDING

CUT TO

43. INT. STABLES. MAX. SACHI. DAY.

C U MAX

MAX squats on upturned box, head lowered, as if studying his boots

A few beats

MAX finally looks up. His face is sweat beaded. He is obviously distressed. MAX swallows, seeking words. He starts to find them.

MAX (softly)

Sq. . . you reckon that would be the right thing to do . . ?

I mean. . I've been happy here. I loves them horses.

SACHI (deliberate, no emotion) (off)

Yes, I do. The Master would appreciate it. And it would be the best way to resolve what has been a most unfortunate event.

MAX

I didn't mean no harm. It were an accident.

CUT TO

44. INT. STABLES. MAX. SACHI. DAY.

Max seated on box. SACHI stands close, looking down on MAX.

SACHI

The Master is most upset. Miss Eliza could have been killed!

CONTINUED

44. INT. STABLES. MAX. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

MAX looks down to his boots, shakes his head

SACHI (coldly)

You permitted her to ride the horse.

You were in charge. You were responsible.

MAX looks up

MAX

So . . . I should (leave here) ?

SACHI (cuts in)

Write a short note of apology. Inform the Master that you accept full responsibility for what happened. Say that, under the circumstances, you believe it's best that you go.

SACHI pauses to let message sink in

SACHI (cont.)

It would be the most honourable way to bring matters to an end. Believe me.

MAX (embarrassed)

But. . but I can't write. . !

SACHI

I am prepared to write such a note on your behalf.

MAX remains unsure, dejected

SACHI (cont.)

Or -- if you prefer -- I shall simply inform the Master that you are sorry, accept full blame, and will depart Camperdown Lodge.

CONTINUED

45. INT. STABLES. MAX. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

MAX (mostly to self)

I didn't mean to hurt Miss Eliza. I'd
never do that . . It were the dog what spooked
George. And the dog was only playing. . .

SACHI (unmoved)

Yes. The dog. It will be dealt with.

MAX does not like what he senses from SACHI's words

MAX

The dog meant no harm. It were my fault.
He. . he's a good dog.

SACHI

The dog is clearly dangerous. It will
be shot.

MAX is shocked

MAX (incredulous)

You gonna shoot . . the dog. . !

SACHI (ignores Max's concern)

I believe it would be best if you departed
. . . without further delay.

SACHI turns and leaves a shocked MAX perched on the
upturned box.

CUT TO

46. EXT. STABLES DRIVEWAY. THOMAS. SACHI. DAY.

THOMAS is cleaning the windows of the carriage.
His back is turned to stables building from where
SACHI is taking his leave.

CUT TO

47. EXT. CARRIAGE WINDOW. THOMAS. SACHI. DAY.

CLOSE ON THOMAS He is wiping the glass with polishing
 cloth

THOMAS

Reacts sharply to what he sees

CUT TO

48. EXT. CARRIAGE WINDOW. THOMAS. SACHI. DAY.

POV THOMAS

The window glass picks up reflection of SACHI
walking from stables.

CUT TO

49. EXT. CARRIAGE. THOMAS. DAY.

CLOSE ON THOMAS.

He swings around and looks at SACHI's departure (off)

THOMAS (to self)

Now. . . Wot's 'e been up to . . . ?

50. EXT. VEGETABLE GARDEN. MARGARET. DAY.

MARGARET's arms are full with garden greens, turnips
and carrots as she walks towards the residence's
downstairs service entry.

DOLLY with MARGARET.

She reaches service door, nudges it open with a shoulder,
and enters.

CUT TO

51. INT. KITCHEN. MARGARET, SACHI. DAY.

MARGARET bustles into kitchen, heaps her load of vegetables
onto large side table.

CONTINUED

1. INT. KITCHEN. MARGARET. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

Relieved of her burden, MARGARET shakes her hands and wiggles her fingers, regaining circulation.

MARGARET (to self)

What have those girls done with my basket. . ?
She looks up and off. Registers surprise.

PAN TO SACHI

SACHI is seen in the adjoining 'Servants' Station room, reaching up on the wall.

ZOOM ONTO SACHI

From several rows of small hooks set on wall, SACHI is inspecting each set of keys clustered on the hooks, each with an ID tag.

MARGARET (off)

Is there something I can get you, Mr. Sachi?
SACHI does not turn from his task.

SACHI (to wall)

Yes. I need the key to the firearms cabinet.

OPEN SHOT

MARGARET walks into frame (from kitchen)

MARGARET (nervous)

That key, er, cannot be given out, Sir.
At least, not without the Master's permission.

SACHI turns from his task, growing anger.

SACHI

You just keep in mind who you are speaking to!
I want that key. And I want it now !

CUT TO

CU MARGARET

MARGARET (taken aback)

I . . I'm not sure I can, er, do that, Mr. Sachi.

FADE TO

52. INT. STABLES. MAX. THOMAS. DAY.

MAX totes a bulky canvas bag slung over a shoulder by a leather strap. Some small leather pouches dangle from his belt. His dress includes a leather jacket and walking boots. He is geared up to hit the road.

TRACK

MAX walks slowly from one stall to the next, bidding goodbye to his four-legged charges. MAX reaches in and strokes each as he talks softly to the horses.

MAX (to mare)

Goodbye, Harriet girl.
You take care of yourself.

At next stall MAX produces an apple from jacket pocket. He proffers it to a small pony who eagerly accepts the fruit. It's clear that the pony is a regular recipient.

MAX (softly, growing emotion)

There you are, young Sandy.
'Fraid you'll have to find someone
else for your daily treat. .

MAX reaches George's stall. For some moments words won't come. He just keeps stroking the horse.

MAX (finally, in broken whisper)

Hey feller . . . it weren't your fault.
I know you've a good heart. You wouldn't
hurt a fly.

A few beats

MAX finally turns away, eyes moist. .

PAN TO THOMAS

He has been observing the farewells. He, too, is affected.

THOMAS (gathering himself)

Sure yer know what yer doin', lad?

PAN TO FAVOUR MAX

MAX (sniffs, blinks to stifle imminent tears)

Yeah. I think it's best.

CONTINUED

52. INT. STABLES. MAX. THOMAS. DAY. CONT.

A few beats

MAX and THOMAS, each awkward in the spell of unaccustomed display of emotion.

THOMAS extends his hand.

THOMAS (nodding to stalls)

We're all goin' ter miss you, boy.

MAX (nods, accepts handshake)

Yeah. Thanks for everything... .

MAX turns and makes his exit. He does not look back.

CLOSE ON THOMAS

THOMAS

Stares bleakly after MAX.

Expells deep breath, looks down to his boots.

FADE OUT

53. INT. SERVANTS' STATION. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI in a fit of fury is grabbing down keys from wall at random, tossing each to floor in a clatter after a perfunctory glance at the ID tag.

A few beats

SACHI faces a parade of empty hooks. He has run out of keys. For a few moments he is frozen, staring at wall. SACHI finally turns away, face contorted in anger.

SACHI

Enough! Tell me . . woman . . .

SACHI stops short. MARGARET is gone. He is alone in the room. He opts to complete the sentence, for his own resolve.

SACHI (cont.)

. . Just where is that key kept. . ?

CUT TO

54. INT. SERVANTS' STATION: SACHI. ANGELA. DAY

ANGELA enters from kitchen, surprised at seeing SACHI alone in the Servants' Station.

ANGELA

Oh. . Mister Sachi, Sir. . !

PAN TO SACHI

SACHI, on seeing ANGELA

SACHI (sarcastic)

Of course it's Mister Sachi, Sir!
You . . (stupid girl). !

SACHI cuts short in mid sentence as it occurs to him the scullery maid might prove useful.

SACHI (mustering a smile)

It's, er, Rose, isn't it ?

ANGELA

It's Angela, Sir.

SACHI

Yes, of course, Angela.
You're just the person who can
help me . . At least, let's hope so!

ANGELA (taken aback)

Help you, Sir. . . ?

SACHI throws a sidelong glance at keys strewn on floor.

SACHI (ruefully)

Just can't seem to put my hands on
the key to the firearms cabinet. Where
might it be kept . . ?

ANGELA (uncomfortable)

I'm not supposed to know, Sir.

SACHI (he's struck paydirt)

Yes. But you do know. Don't you, Angela ?

CONTINUED

54. INT. SERVANTS' STATION. SACHI. ANGELA. DAY. CONT.

ANGELA is a rabbit caught in a spotlight.

ANGELA

Goes to shake her head.
Bites at her lip. Agonises.

SACHI (reassuringly)

There's a good girl . . .

FADE TO BLACK

55. INT. GUN CABINET. SACHI. DAY.

BLACK SCREEN It's broken by a vertical line of
 white glare

SFX Rattle of key probing, then turning of lock.

A long beat

SFX Creaking of uncoiled hinges

BLACK SCREEN peels back from each side of what was
 vertical glare line.

The opened doors frame SACHI, who is peering within.

SACHI (likes what greets his eyes)

Aha! What have we here. . . !

CUT TO

56. INT. OPEN GUN CABINET. SACHI. DAY.

POV SACHI

The firearms cabinet reveals orderly rows of weaponry:
rifles shotguns holstered pistols on racks

SACHI (over)

Now. That's more like it!

DISSOLVE TO

57. INT. SITTING ROOM. MRS. HUMPHRIES. DAY

ECU MRS. HUMPHRIES

MRS. HUMPHRIES (incredulous)

You what . . ? Why . . . ?

CUT TO

58. INT. SITTING ROOM. MRS. HUMPHRIES. ANGELA. DAY.

ANGELA has reported to the Housekeeper news of her actions

ANGELA (distressed)

He, he made me tell (him) !

MRS. HUMPHRIES (considers)

And what was it he said about the dog?

ANGELA

Somthin' about punishin' him . . .
For hurtin' Miss Eliza.

MRS HUMPHRIES frowns, ponders what to do
a few beats

ANGELA (cont.)

Should we tell the Master . . ?

MRS. HUMPHRIES (shakes head)

He's out. Visiting the doctor.
Don't know when (he'll be back).

A beat

She comes to a decision

MRS. HUMPHRIES (cont.)

There's only one person we can tell.

59. EXT. GROUNDS. CAMP. LODGE. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI, rifle resting over his shoulder, marches towards Stables (off).

PAN TO

GORDON and ANDREW at work in the grounds. They have noticed SACHI walking by with the weapon. They stop work, react curiosity.

GORDON (looking off)

What's goin' on . . ?

ANDREW gives a don't ask me sort of shrug

CUT TO

60. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. MRS. HUMPHRIES. ELIZA. ANGELA. DAY.

ELIZA, propped up on pillows, registers alarm

ELIZA

He must intend to shoot the poor dog!

Having delivered the news, MRS. HUMPHRIES and ANGELA stand mutely by the bed.

ELIZA considers a few beats
She pulls aside the bedcovers.

ELIZA (cont.)

Here. Help me. . .

MRS. HUMPHRIES (astonished)

You're not getting up . . ?

ELIZA (reaches out)

Just give me your hand.

MRS. HUMPHRIES

But . . your injury! The doctor said (you were not to)

ELIZA (interrupts)

Fiddlesticks. Just help me up!

CONTINUED

60. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. DAY. CONT.

MRS HUMPHRIES and ANGELA exchange anxious looks.
They hesitate, unsure what to do.

61. EXT. STABLES. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI at entrance to stables. He calls :

SACHI (calls)

Thomas! You in there . . ?

A few beats THOMAS appears from within. He stops
in his tracks on seeing the rifle.

SACHI ignores his reaction.

SACHI (without ceremony)

Where is **that** dog. . ?

THOMAS (now wary)

Eh? Wot dog? We 'ave four of 'em!

SACHI (impatient)

What dog do you think, man! The brute
responsible for the accident of course!

THOMAS (indicates rifle)

Wot's that thing for . . . ?

SACHI (rising anger)

Just get that dog. . . Now!

CUT TO

61. INT. GRAND STAIRCASE. ELIZA. MRS. HUMPHRIES. ANGELA. DAY.

ELIZA struggles down the steps, an arm draped around
MRS. HUMPHRIES' shoulder. ANGELA trails behind, looking
lost. Progress is painfully slow.

ELIZA

She cries in pain when her
ankle takes some weight.

CONTINUED

61. INT. GRAND STAIRCASE. DAY. CONT.

MRS. HUMPHRIES

This is wrong, Miss Eliza!
We should stop. Now!

ELIZA

Just keep going. I'll be all right!

MRS. HUMPHRIES sighs. Shakes head in despair.

CUT TO

62. EXT. STABLES. SACHI. THOMAS. DOG. DAY.

THOMAS is stalling in producing the dog.

THOMAS

If the dog were to blame, why did
young Max 'ave ter go. . ?

SACHI (taken aback)

So, er, we have a bush lawyer here ?

THOMAS makes no attempt to produce the dog. He awaits
a response to his query.

SACHI (patronisingly)

Let me make it simple for you. The
responsible party was the stablehand.
The dog was an accessory . . after the
fact.

THOMAS (none-the-wiser)

Eh. . ?

SACHI

I shan't ask again. Fetch the dog! Now!

THOMAS (shrugs)

I'll 'ave a look around. . .

As if on cue, the dog appears from within the building.

62. EXT. STABLES. DAY. CONT.

SACHI (smirks)

Hmm. That dog looks rather familiar!

THOMAS goes to speak, deny dog is the culprit, though realises the game is up.

SACHI (cont.)

Now fetch a length of rope. And we can get this over with!

THOMAS

A rope. . ?

SACHI(exasperated)

To tie the dog up, of course!
Did you think I want to hang it?

CUT TO

63. INT. KITCHEN. ELIZA.MRS.HUMPHRIES.ANGELA.MARGARET.DAY.

The TRIO has reached the kitchen, make for the service door. ELIZA, still hopping on one foot, relies on MRS. HUMPHRIES for support. ANGELA trails behind.

A few beats MARGARET appears

MARGARET

Miss Eliza . . What's going on. . ?

MRS. HUMPHRIES (mutters)

Don't ask . . .

CUT TO

64. EXT. EXERCISE YARD.SACHI.THOMAS.DOG.DAY

The dog sits forlornly as THOMAS completes tethering him by rope to a fence post. The dog licks his hand.

CONTINUED

64. EXT. EXERCISE YARD. DAY. CONT.

SACHI indicates with rifle for THOMAS to leave the dog and stand clear.

SACHI

Now. . Out of the way!

THOMAS looks back to the dog, hesitates,

CUT TO

65. EXT. GROUNDS. ELIZA. MRS. HUMPHRIES. ANGELA. DAY.

Backgrounded by main residence, the Trio continues at snail's pace towards stables/exercise area (off).

Hold a few beats.

CUT TO

66. EXT. EXERCISE YARD. SACHI. DOG. DAY.

ECU A series of shots

- a) SACHI'S grasp on raised rifle
- b) POV down barrel to gunsight
- c) Gunsight slides onto dog, freezes on target
- d) Trigger finger starts to squeeze
- e) Striker pin quivers as trigger exerts its pull

CUT TO

67. EXT. GROUNDS. ELIZA. MRS. HUMPHRIES. ANGELA. DAY

FAVOUR ELIZA

She looks to exercise yard (off).. Is alarmed at what she sees.

ELIZA (cries)

Stop! Don't do it. . !

CUT TO

68. EXERCISE YARD. SACHI. THOMAS. DOG. DAY

SACHI, about to open fire, hesitates a beat at
ELIZA'S cry (off)

THOMAS

It's Miss Eliza . !

FAVOUR SACHI

He continues to aim rifle

SACHI (peering down barrel)

I did not hear anything.

CUT TO

69. EXERCISE YARD. SACHI. DAY.

EXTRA SLOMO

MATCHING SFX

ECU'S

- a) SACHI'S finger squeezing trigger
- b) Striker pin commences its short journey
- c) A hand grabs at barrel

SFX

Rifle shot cracks like slow rolling thunder
Stretched yelp of DOG

PULL BACK

Recoil pitches SACHI on his back into dirt
SLOMO Makes it look incongruously graceful

SFX

Rolling thunder of shot ends
Hold whimpering of DOG (off)

CUT TO

70. EXT. YARD. THOMAS. SACHI. ELIZA. MRS. H. ANGELA.DOG.DAY.

SFX

Whimpering of DOG faintly over scene

THOMAS stands over SACHI, holding rifle.

SACHI starts to struggle to his feet.

SACHI

You . . You will pay for this!

ELIZA and MRS. HUMPHRIES hobble into frame

Attracted by whimper of DOG, ELIZA looks (off)
She disentangles from MRS. HUMPHRIES' support, hobbles
awkwardly to the DOG (off)

TRACK ELIZA

ELIZA collapses onto ground beside DOG. It looks up
and licks her hand.

THOMAS (off)

Dog's all right, Miss. Just scared
by all the noise.

PAN to THOMAS and SACHI

SACHI, now on his feet, reaches out to rifle held
by THOMAS.

SACHI

Hand it over. . !

WHIP PAN to ELIZA and DOG

ELIZA (calls)

No, Thomas. You keep it!

CONTINUED

70. EXT. YARD. DAY. CONT.

PAN to THOMAS and SACHI

SACHI's hand still outstretched to receive rifle

SACHI

No more stupid games! The rifle! Now!

THOMAS hesitates a beat.

He considers, then shakes head.

THOMAS

You 'eard the Mistress!

MRS. HUMPHRIES and ANGELA stand in open mouthed
astonishment

THOMAS glances sideways at the women, rifle in hand

THOMAS (to the women)

You better tend to Miss Eliza.

FAVOUR SACHI

He is lost for words. Reaches up and fingers moustache

FREEZE ON SACHI

ELIZABETH (over)

It was a defining moment for Mistress Eliza.
In the absence of her father, she established
her authority. That day, despite her years,
she became a woman.

FADE OUT

71. EXT. BAILEY COTTAGE. CHURCH. ST. NEWTOWN. DAY.

FADE UP ON COTTAGE

AN ESTABLISHMENT SHOT.

A few beats

CLOSER ON COTTAGE

DISSOLVE TO

72. INT. BAILEY COTTAGE. PARLOUR. BAILEY SISTERS. MOORE. DAY.

As the trio sit around the small table, ELIZABETH continues her account of things past.

FAVOUR ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH

Miss Eliza was upset to discover Max had gone.

FAVOUR MOORE

MOORE

What did become of the young stablehand?

FAVOUR TRIO

ELIZABETH

I'm not sure. Rumour was he went to New Zealand. We never saw him again.

SARAH

But some good came from Miss Eliza's accident.

ELIZABETH

That's true. Dr. Sedgewick's daughter, Vicky, became a lifelong friend to Eliza. And since Dr. Sedgewick, like the Master, once lived in India, they found much in common.

CONTINUED

72. INT. COTTAGE. PARLOUR TRIO. DAY. CONT.

CLOSE ON ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH (cont.)

As time went by, and Mr. Donnithorne's business interests flourished, he was often away. He would travel to distant parts of the land. Sometimes weeks on end . . .

DISSOLVE TO

73. EXT. DRIVEWAY. CAMP. LODGE. JAMES. ELIZA. THOMAS. DAY

THOMAS perched on driver's bench of carriage. JAMES gives ELIZA a farewell hug before climbing aboard. As carriage crunches away ELIZA stands by entrance steps, looking forlorn and lonely. She offers a wistful wave at the departing vehicle. (off)

SFX Rattle of carriage.

SFX Sound fades to total DROPOUT

ELIZABETH (over)

We did our best to comfort her, but were conscious of our station, being just maidservants, were obliged to keep our place.

74. EXT. DRIVEWAY. ELIZA. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

SOUND DROPOUT CONT.

ELIZABETH and SARAH scurry down the steps to join ELIZA. Body language and reactions portray an attempt by the maidservants to engage ELIZA in conversation. Cheer her up.

FAVOUR ELIZA

ELIZA

Musters a wan smile

FAVOUR ELIZABETH and SARAH

They exchange brief glances of helplessness, lost for what could be said to lighten the moment.

FADE TO

75. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY

SOUND DROPOUT CONT.

ELIZA and VICKY in animated conversation. Gowns, hats and bonnets strewn across bed. Each takes turn to don some headgear, adopt theatrical poses, pull faces, burst into laughter and generally clown about.

ELIZABETH (over)

Vicky would always cheer her. They would escape to the privacy of the young Mistress' room and talk endlessly on the simple things. Things so important in the world of young ladies. With life beckoning to them. Just outside the gates. .

DISSOLVE TO

76. EXT. GARDEN. FOUNTAIN. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY

SOUND DROPOUT CONT.

ELIZA and VICKY feeding birds with scraps of bread beside fountain portrayed in scene # 7. A Lorikeet lands on Vicky's shoulder, much to the delight of ELIZA.

ELIZABETH (over)

They loved the birds. I remember they would sit and paint the brightly coloured parrots which would visit.

DISSOLVE TO

77. EXT. GARDEN. TREE. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY.

SOUND DROPOUT CONT.

ELIZA and VICKY, each with armed with palette and brushes, set up under an overhanging tree, painting birds (off).

CUT TO

78. EXT. PAINTING IMAGE. ELIZA. DAY.

SOUND DROPOUT

ECU ON PARTIALLY COMPLETED PAINTING OF FLOWERS.

CONTINUED

78. EXT. PAINTING IMAGE. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA's hands reach out, grasp painting.

TRACK PAINTING

It is lifted from easel and inspected by ELIZA.

ELIZA

Critical inspection of
her efforts. She pulls
face, not entirely satisfied.

ELIZABETH (over)

Flowers, too, were among the favourite
subjects . . . sometimes with mixed
results.

DISSOLVE TO

79. EXT. DRIVEWAY. ENTRANCE STEPS. ELIZA. SACHI. THOMAS. DAY.

SOUND DROPOUT CONT.

The carriage stands on driveway, preparing to depart.
SACHI issuing instructions to THOMAS about the loading
of bags and luggage.

ELIZABETH (over)

Often the Master would have Mister Sachi
accompany him on business trips. . . .

SACHI turns away from carriage as if to see whether
JAMES had appeared. He is not overly impressed by his POV (off)

PAN TO ELIZA

ELIZA stands on entrance steps. She wears an enigmatic
smile, not wishing to miss the departure of her father's
PA.

ELIZABETH (cont.) (over)

. . . It would be like a cloud lifted
from the household.

FADE UP TO

75. INT. STUDY. JAMES. DR. SEDGEWICK. ANGELA. NIGHT.

A 'FLY ON THE WALL' APPROACH

SFX MUTED SOUND CAPTURE OCCASIONAL WORDS ADLIBS

JAMES seated at his desk with paperwork. A scatter of handsome lamps provide diffused lighting which add a touch of opulence amid the classic furnishings, framed prints and paintings ; a detailed model of a sailing vessel with sails full blown, sits on a side table.

A FEW BEATS

SFX (faint) Rapping on door (off)

JAMES looks up from desk.

JAMES

Come. . .! (muffled)

A BEAT

JAMES reacts to arrival of visitor.

PAN to JAMES POV

ANGELA the maid has opened the door, stands aside to admit DR. SEDGEWICK.

TRACK DR. SEDGEWICK

As he approaches JAMES's desk (off)

JAMES has left his chair and intercepts his visitor. Both men smile, shake hands, pleased to see each other. JAMES motions DR. SEDGEWICK to be seated in a Chesterfield style chair, then sinks onto a similar seat. A conversation is immediately struck.

ELIZABETH (over)

Dr. Sedgewick was a regular and welcome visitor. He and the Master would settle in the study and talk into the wee small hours.

FADE OUT

CONTINUED

75. INT. STUDY. JAMES. DR. SEDGEWICK. ANGELA. NIGHT. CONT.

FADE UP TIME LAPSE EFFECT
SFX STILL MUTED

JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK are now seated at a table set up in the study. They are smoking pipes, sipping brandy, a crystal decanter ensuring that their goblets are kept charged. They are animated, share conspiratorial chuckles, nods and occasional laughter.

ELIZABETH (over)

They would puff away at their pipes, sipping fine brandy, and talk about India, old times, their adventures as young men . . . And of doing business and life in the Colony.

JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK pause in conversation, look up and off.

ANGELA bustles into frame, places a tray with two plates of supper, a teapot and two cups on the table before them. With a short bow, ANGELA takes her leave, clasp the tray.

JAMES watches the maid's departure, then turns back to his guest to resume their conversation.

FADE OUT

FADE UP TO

76. INT. BAILEY COTTAGE. PARLOUR. BAILEY SISTERS. MOORE. DAY.

ELIZABETH, SARAH and MOORE seated around the small table in the Newtown cottage.

ELIZABETH

The years seemed to just fly by.
Miss Eliza had completed her education
at the Anglican College for Young
Ladies . . . I well remember the day
she arrived home from school for the
last time. The Master was so proud.

SARAH

He had all the household out to greet her.

CONTINUED

76. INT. BAILEY COTTAGE. PARLOUR. DAY. CONT.

MOORE

How old would she have been (then) ?

ELIZABETH

She, er, yes . . not long turned 17.

SARAH (wistful)

And she was so lovely. . .

FAST FADE TO

77. EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY.

With MRS. HUMPHRIES at the head of the line, the household staff are lined up as the carriage bearing ELIZA from College for the last time rattles to a stop at the main entrance.

Former stablehand MAX is now replaced by KEVIN, who takes his place in the lineup.

SACHI lurks in the main doorway, away from the rest. JAMES stands by the door of the carriage. As ELIZA, in school uniform and straw boater with the college headband alights, JAMES ceremoniously shakes her hand.

Then with a laugh he scoops her up in his arms and twirls his daughter around.

JAMES (muted sound)

Welcome home from school, my dear. . . !

The HOUSEHOLD LINE starts to applaud. Sitting on his driver's perch THOMAS removes his cap and waves it around in the air. JAMES lowers ELIZA to ground.

CUT TO

77. EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE. ELIZA. DAY.

CU ELIZA

ELIZA

Rewards the gathered household with a dazzling smile.

A FEW BEATS

GATHERED HOUSEHOLD : Three hippy hoorays (off)

78. EXT. BAILEY SISTERS* COTTAGE. NEWTOWN. DAY.

FADE UP TO
ESTABLISHMENT SHOT THE COTTAGE

A FEW BEATS DISSOLVE TO

79. INT. COTTAGE. PARLOUR. ELIZABETH, SARAH. MOORE. DAY.

TRIO sits around table as story unfolds
FAVOUR COLBERT MOORE

MOORE

This must have been a happy time
for your Mistress. . .

FAVOUR ELIZABETH

She hesitates a beat

ELIZABETH

Yes . . but we sensed that Miss Eliza
wanted to establish a life of her own.

MOORE

Oh . . . ?

ELIZA

Well, Mr. Moore, if it had not been for
her friendship with Vicky Sedgewick. .
There would have been no one to confide in.

MOORE (unsure)

Confide in . . ?

ELIZABETH

Yes. Share the dreams and desires of
young women on the threshold of life.

CONTINUED

78. INT. COTTAGE. PARLOUR. ELIZABETH. SARAH. MOORE. DAY. CONT.

SARAH

Good man that he was, the Master
was over-protective.

ELIZABETH

Miss Eliza could go nowhere without
his approval. Trouble was, no one
was good enough for her.

FAVOUR SARAH

SARAH

Especially young men. She went
nowhere without one of us chaperoning
her. . . kept her on a short leash,
he did.

DISSOLVE TO

79. INT. STORE. SYDNEY. SHOP ASSISTANT. ELIZA. MARGARET. DAY.

ELIZA and MARGARET stand at the counter while a female
shop assistant completes depositing foodstuffs into a
bag.

ELIZA glances absently about the store, disinterested in
what's going on with the purchases.

ELIZA

Reacts to something (off).

CUT TO

80. INT. STORE. YOUNG MAN. DAY

POV ELIZA

A YOUNG MAN is watching her.

YOUNG MAN

He smiles. It's a message of
admiration -- and approval

81. INT. STORE. ELIZA. DAY.

CU ELIZA

ELIZA

A touch flustered, she
looks hurridly away.

CUT TO

82. INT. STORE. ELIZA. MARGARET. SHOP ASSISTANT. DAY.

SHOP ASSISTANT hands over bag to MARGARET who nods a
thank you. MARGARET turns, motions to ELIZA it's
time to go.

ELIZA

Still taken aback, does
not immediately respond to
MARGARET.

MARGARET (unsure)

Time to go now, Miss.

As ELIZA and MARGARET exit the store, ELIZA hangs
back.

A BEAT

ELIZA glances back into store.

CUT TO

83. INT. STORE. YOUNG MAN. DAY.

POV ELIZA

YOUNG MAN

A knowing sort of smile.
He nods, as if acknowledging he
knew ELIZA was interested in
the fleeting encounter.

CUT TO.

84. INT. STORE. DAY. ELIZA. DAY.

From beneath a titled bonnet ELIZA rewards the YOUNG MAN with an uncertain smile. She hurriedly looks away, walks in the wake of the departed MARGARET.

CUT TO

85. EXT. STORE. STREET. ELIZA. MARGARET. THOMAS. DAY.

As ELIZA appears belatedly from store, MARGARET studies her, curious what might have kept her.

ELIZA

Flustered. Still wears shadow of a smile. She is rather pleased with herself.

MARGARET

Everything all right, Miss . . . ?

ELIZA snaps back, gathers herself

ELIZA

Everything is, er, wonderful. Extremely so.

MARGARET (suspicious)

If you say so, Miss Eliza.

Their carriage clip clops into frame, creaks to a stop. THOMAS hops down to open door for ELIZA and MARGARET.

CUT TO

86. INT. EXT. CARRIAGE. ELIZA. MARGARET. YOUNG MAN. DAY

ELIZA and MARGARET seated in carriage as it draws away from store front (glimpsed through door window).

A FEW BEATS

ELIZA cranes back to peer through vehicle's small rear window.

PAN with and beyond ELIZA to pick up her POV through window.

YOUNG MAN stands on side of street. He watches as carriage draws into distance.

PAN with ELIZA as she turns back from window. MARGARET eyes her closely.

ELIZA

Enigmatic smile is back.

FADE UP TO

87. INT. LIBRARY. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. JAMES. ELIZA. DAY.

SOUND DROPOUT

JAMES on the steps of a wheeled ladder, locating a book on a high shelf in the library.

ELIZA at foot of steps, looking up, addressing her father.

ELIZA (pleads)

She is asking JAMES if he will approve of her doing something, such as going on an outing. Her demeanor/body language establishes it's about something important to her.

JAMES, unmoved, continues to seek out a volume. He appears disinterested in what ELIZA is asking of him.

ELIZA continues to look up at JAMES on the ladder, awaiting a response. She looks anxious what the verdict might be.

JAMES eventually selects a volume, snaps it open, flips through some pages. He closes the book, tucks it under an armpit. Before descending the steps he looks down to ELIZA.

JAMES (purges his lips)

Slow shake of head.

ELIZA (picture of dejection)

Lowers her gaze.

88. EXT. GARDEN PATHWAY. GAZEBO. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY.

ELIZA and VICKY in conversation as they stroll along pathway towards an ornate gazebo (off)

DOLLY WITH ELIZA and VICKY

FAVOUR VICKY

VICKY

I suppose you told him things like :
You're now a young woman. There are
things you want to do. Decisions you
ought to make for yourself. Right?

CONTINUED

88. EXT. GARDEN PATHWAY. GAZEBO. ELIZA. VICKY.DAY.CONT.

FAVOUR ELIZA

ELIZA (taken aback)

Why, yes. Matter of fact I did!

FAVOUR VICKY

VICKY

No wonder he thinks he might be losing
his one and only, precious little daughter!

FAVOUR BOTH

ELIZA

I don't really understand (what you are)

VICKY cuts ELIZA short

VICKY (touch exasperated)

Dearest Eliza. I sometimes wonder (about you).
Your father is a lawyer. He was a judge.
You need to . . . to make out a case. Mount
an argument. . why it would be of **benefit**
for **both** of you -- if he would give his
blessing.

ELIZA defensive)

But . . but I have made it clear to Father
that I'm now mature enough (to be trusted to)

VICKY shakes her head, cuts in

VICKY

Exactly, my dear friend. You have just
told him what you think is right.

ELIZA and VICKY have reached the gazebo, standing in
a grotto-like setting.

TRACK them as they mount steps and enter the gazebo's
shaded and tranquil interior.

ELIZA

So . . Just what are you suggesting
I do. . . ?

The pair settle on wrought iron seats set on spindly legs.

A FEW BEATS

VICKY considers, searching for the
right words.

88. EXT./ INT. GAZEBO. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY. CONT.

VICKY

Let's see now . . What about something like this :
You will be engaged in good works.
Your position on the church restoration committee will reflect **benefit** and **esteem** on your household -- meaning your father!
And . . you will be working with a group of . . let's see . . er . . decent Christian parishioners.

VICKY pauses , produces a sly smile

VICKY (cont.)

No need to mention the probability of meeting some interesting young and eligible gentlemen.
Eh. . ?

ELIZA, ensnared by VICKY'S characteristic optimism

ELIZA (smiles)

I hadn't thought about the young men!

VICKY

And let's hope your father doesn't either!

VICKY decides to wind up her case for the defence

VICKY (hams it)

And in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen of the jury : Miss Eliza will be under the supervision of the most Reverend Kemp. She will be accompanied by her well behaved and virtuous friend, Miss Vicky. .

VICKY stands up and takes a bow. Then resumes her seat.

VICKY (cont.)

And last but by no means least, she will be conveyed to the holy temple in the safety and comfort of the Sedgewick family carriage!
(a pause) What do you think?

CONT.

88. EXT./INT. GAZEBO. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA lowers head, considers a FEW BEATS.
ELIZA looks up, crooks head

ELIZA

I think that you are a clever, devious
little schemer!

VICKY (pouts)

Talented, too!

ELIZA

And modest. . !

They burst into laughter, throw arms about each
other in a spontaneous Bearhug.

CUT TO

89. EXT./INT. GAZEBO. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY.

CLOSE ON VICKY VICKY'S chin rests on ELIZA'S
shoulder in the Bearhug.

VICKY (into ELIZA's ear)

Oh, I almost forgot. A character
witness will be needed.

ELIZA and VICKY break the Bearhug.

ELIZA gives VICKY a Please explain sort of look.

FAVOUR VICKY

VICKY

I'll have Daddy mention it to the judge.
They're thick as thieves you know!

FADE OUT

89. INT. JAMES' STUDY. JAMES. SACHI. DAY.

JAMES selects some papers from his desk beside which he is standing, turns back to face SACHI (off)

CLOSE ON JAMES

JAMES (indicating his papers)

So. . that's the situation. And the acquisition of St. Agnes Station illustrates the the position we're in.

OPEN SHOT JAMES and SACHI

SACHI

I understand, Sir. The pressures of administration and implementation of your various corporate entities does indeed increase the workload.

JAMES

True, indeed. And that's where you come in.

SACHI

I do understand. And. . I should welcome the opportunity of playing an, er, wider role.

JAMES turns and replaces papers on desktop.

JAMES

So that's it then. From now on we'll expand your involvement. Aside from the bookwork, you will be responsible for supervising receipt of income, payment of salaries and operating costs, general liabilities and statutory requirements.

SACHI puffs up, delighted with the gift of more power and influence.

SACHI

You may depend upon me, Sir!

JAMES

First off, we shall need to pay a visit to St. Agnes. Assess its management and examine the status of the operation.

88. INT. JAMES' STUDY. JAMES. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

SACHI

When do you wish to depart (for St. Agnes Station) ?

JAMES

Before week's end. I'll leave it
to you to book passages on Friday's
packet to Port Philip Bay.

SACHI

And once we arrive in Melbourne. . . ?

JAMES

We proceed by coach. It's a long haul.
Along the track to the Bendigo goldfields.

JAMES consults his fob watch.

JAMES

I understand Mrs. Humphries will be
waiting outside. As you leave, ask
her to step in.

SACHI does not like what he hears. What might the
Housekeeper be up to?

SACHI

Perhaps I ought to remain . . . ?
Be of some assistance. . . ?

JAMES (dismissively)

You have enough to keep you busy..
Now off you go.

CLOSE on JAMES as he flips through some papers from
his busy desktop.

SFX DOOR OPENS

CUT TO

89. INT. OUTSIDE JAMES' STUDY. MRS. HUMPHRIES. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI emerges from within study. MRS. HUMPHRIES is
waiting for her appointment with JAMES. Their eyes
lock in mutual hostility. A FEW BEATS, SACHI indicates
with a curt nod for MRS. HUMPHRIES to enter.

CUT TO

90. INT. JAMES' STUDY. JAMES. MRS. HUMPHRIES. DAY.

SFX. DOOR CLOSES

JAMES rises, motions MRS. HUMPHRIES into the visitor's chair on far side of desk.

JAMES

Please be seated, Mrs. Humphries.

CUT TO

91. INT. OUTSIDE STUDY DOOR. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI looks around, satisfies himself the coast is clear, then presses an ear against the door.

CUT TO

92. INT. JAMES' STUDY. JAMES. MRS. HUMPHRIES. DAY.

JAMES leans back in his chair, digests what the Housekeeper has told him. A FEW BEATS

JAMES

Are you sure there's nothing we can do?
Are you unhappy with your conditions here?

MRS. HUMPHRIES (shakes head)

No, Sir. It's personal. I shall need to leave service at Camperdown Lodge. I make the decision with much regret.

JAMES (shrugs regret)

Well, I am sorry to lose you, Mrs. Humphries.
You will be missed, I'm sure.

A BEAT

But perhaps there's something you might do for me ?

MRS. HUMPHRIES (uncertain)

I, er, should be pleased to do what I can, Sir. . .

JAMES

Fine. I am about to undertake a journey. It will mean my absence for about three weeks. You will not be easy to replace. . . so if you could remain (on for a period of) ?

CONTINUED

92. INT. JAMES' STUDY. JAMES. MRS. HUMPHRIES. DAY. CONT.

MRS. HUMPHRIES (hurridly)

Of course I shall, Sir. I am prepared to remain until you have selected a successor.

JAMES

I am most grateful. And aside from your due wages, there will be an ex gratia payment. To assist in your new endeavours. Whatever they may be.

MRS. HUMPHRIES (touched, blinks back tears)

You . . you are most kind, Sir . . .

CUT TO

93. INT. OUTSIDE STUDY DOOR. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI

Hurridly ceases evesdropping.
With a quick glance in both directions,
he makes himself scarce.

FADE OUT

94. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. NEWTOWN. DAY.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT CHERRYPICKER

ELEVATED SHOT MOVES IN SLOWLY TO CHURCH

REV. KEMP (over shot)

That's all for today, valued members
of our Restoration Committee.
If you would kindly hand in your pieces
for mailing . . . hopefully to generous
donors . . . we shall adjourn until next
week.

FAST DISSOLVE TO

95. INT. ST. STEPHENS. REV. KEMP. DAY.

CLOSE ON REV. KEMP.

We see a handsome, engaging young man of about 30.
He addresses restoration committee members (off)

REV. KEMP (warm smile)

Once again, thank you for your
attendance today. Believe me,
your valued efforts are greatly
appreciated.

CUT TO

96. INT. ST. STEPHENS. REV. KEMP. ELIZA. VICKY. OTHERS. DAY.

REV. KEMP stands before altar. Between altar area and
start of pews, tables have been placed for the working
group. Committee members sealing the last of their
appeal notices, destined for the mail, commence to
depart.

SFX Scraping of chairs, scuffling of feet, murmured
 remarks as the volunteers depart.

REV. KEMP walks up aisle towards main entrance (off)

FAVOUR ELIZA and VICKY

As ELIZA and VICKY rise from their chairs ELIZA glances
about the thinning group.

ELIZA

Reacts to something (off).
It raises a smile

VICKY picks up on ELIZA's changed demeanor, turns
to see what is amusing her friend.

CUT TO

97. INT. ST. STEPHENS. GROUP MEMBERS. 3 YOUTHS. DAY.

POV ELIZA and VICKY

CONTINUED

97. INT. ST. STEPHENS. GROUP MEMBERS. 3. YOUTHS. DAY. CONT.

PAN OVER DEPARTING COMMITTEE MEMBERS

SHOT simulates the gaze of ELIZA and VICKY.
It settles in turn on each of three YOUNG MALES.

YOUNG MALE # 1, about 14. He smiles in their direction
(at CAM), displaying generous gums conspicuous by lack
of teeth,

YOUNG MALE # 2, about 17, thin as a beanpole, peers
through thick pebble lenses which magnify his eyes.
The glasses rest on a nose twisted awry by some
prior accident or pugilistic encounter.

YOUNG MALE # 3 is about 13, sports juglike ears which
frame a countenance liberally inhabited by a rash of
pimples.

CUT TO

98. INT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY.

CLOSE ON ELIZA and VICKY

ELIZA

What was it you said about meeting
eligible and attractive young men . . ?

VICKY (works at keeping straight face)

Don't be so horrid!
After all, nobody's perfect!

They each break into laughter, attracting some
curious glances by the few people still present.

99. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. VICKY. REV. KEMP. OTHERS. DAY.

REV. KEMP on main steps, farewelling departees. He
shakes hands of males, smiles and exchanges pleasantries
with the femmes.

ELIZA and VICKY emerge from the church.
REV. KEMP beams warm smile

REV. KEMP (to ELIZA)

I trust you enjoyed your first
day with us, Miss Eliza . . ?

CONTINUED

99. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. VICKY. REV. KEMP. OTHERS. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA turns on her trademark dazzling smile to the attractive young clergyman.

ELIZA

Very much, Reverend!

REV. KEMP (to VICKY)

You make sure you bring
her back (next week).

VICKY with eye-fluttering gaze

VICKY

You can count on it!

CUT TO

100. EXT. GATES. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. VICKY. CARRIAGE DRIVER. OTHERS. DAY.

CHERRY PICKER

ELIZA and VICKY step into the Sedgewick household carriage.
DRIVER closes door after them, promptly clambers up to
his driver's perch. A firm shake of the reins and the
carriage moves off, passing some stragglers from the church.

CAM ELEVATES HOLDS ON CARRIAGE as it slowly draws away
OVER we hear

VICKY (over)

That Reverend Kemp is rather yummy. Eh?

ELIZA (over)

Vicky! He's a man of the Cloth!

VICKY

Hmm. He's still a man!

They share a conspiratorial chuckle.

CARRIAGE is retreating into distance

A FEW BEATS

CONTINUED

100. EXT. CARRIAGE. DAY. CONT.

As carriage continues to shrink into the distance,
the voice of ELIZABETH is heard over.

ELIZABETH (over)

In looking back to those days,
I suppose the happiest for Eliza were
those when she was with her special
friend, Vicky Sedgewick.

Vicky could make the sun shine on the
darkest of times. She was, well, irrepressible.

If only those days could have stayed forever.
Of course, nothing is forever.

And not even Vicky could shield Eliza from
the fate that awaited.

FREEZE ON CARRIAGE, NOW A DISTANT SPECK, OBSCURED
BY INTERVENING TRAFFIC ON KING STREET.

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS

END OF PART TWO

#

ELIZA

a screenplay by Alan Wardrope

PART THREE

1. EXT. FIELD. TWICKENHAM. EDWARD. HORSE. MORNING.

PANORAMIC SHOT Light morning mist softens the scene

EDWARD DONNITHORNE canters his mount across the landscape of a large and open field, fringed by trees and the glimpses of distant residences in b/g.

SFX Muffled and rhythmic thump of galloping horse

SLOW PAN TRACK EDWARD Until he rides out of frame

HOLD ON EMPTY FIELDSCAPE

WIPE ON TITLE

Royal Borough of
Twickenham, 1844

A FEW BEATS

WIPE OFF TITLE

CUT TO

2. EXT. LANEWAY. TWICKENHAM. EDWARD. HORSE. MORNING

TRACK EDWARD.

He is a handsome man in his mid 30's. EDWARD reins his mount back to a brisk trot as he rides between the stone walls of a cobbled lane.

SFX Echoing clip clopping of HORSE in confines of the lane.

CUT TO

3. EXT. COLNE LODGE. TWICKENHAM. EDWARD. STABLEMASTER RIDLEY. DAY

EDWARD guides his mount into Service Entry of Colne Lodge.

DOLLY EDWARD rides up the paved driveway, coming to a halt at the Residence's stables.

RIDLEY, the Grand House's Stablemaster is awaiting the return of EDWARD. RIDLEY is elderly, grey-haired retainer who stands ramrod straight.

In b/g Colne Lodge rears its bulk.

CONTINUED

3. EXT. COLNE LODGE. EDWARD. RIDLEY MORNING. CONT.

EDWARD passes the reins down to RIDLEY, then dismounts.

RIDLEY (taking reins)

Fine morning for a gallop, Colonel.

EDWARD (brushing at his riding breeches)

It's always a fine morning to blow away
the cobwebs, Ridley.

EDWARD gives his horse a pat.

EDWARD (cont.)

Like me, Roger here should be ready
for his breakfast, eh . . ?

RIDLEY (relaxed formality of senior retainer)

It's ready and waiting for him.
As I trust is yours, Sir.

EDWARD

Well, Ridley, I'm about to find out.
I'll leave you to it.

CUT TO

4. INT. ENTRANCE DOOR. COLNE LODGE. EDWARD. MORNING

CLOSED ENTRANCE DOOR from within

It opens to admit EDWARD, who then pulls door shut
as he enters the Entrance Chamber.

SFX ENTRANCE DOOR Opens and closes

TRACK EDWARD to a timber peg rack set inside an alcove
on one side of the Entrance Chamber,

CONTINUED

4. INT. ENTRANCE AREA. COLNE LODGE. EDWARD. MORNING. CONT.

EDWARD shrugs off his riding jacket, hooks it onto a vacant peg.

ECU

On an adjoining peg hangs the regimental coat of an officer of the Royal Scots Greys. Close by a cavalry sword in its sheath dangles from a peg.

CUT TO

5. INT. MORNING ROOM. EDWARD. ELIZABETH. PENELOPE. HENRIETTA. DAY.

ELIZABETH and daughter PENELOPE are seated at a table set for breakfast. ELIZABETH is attractive, early 30's. PENELOPE is a studious-looking 14 year-old, who peers at the world through thick-lensed glasses. She is dressed in her College uniform : striped jacket, the broad flaps of her white collar secured by a school tie ; black stockings and skirt reaching below the knees, above well shined leather shoes with brass buckles complete the outfit.

ELIZABETH and PENELOPE look (off) as EDWARD appears (off) in the Morning Room.

EDWARD breezes in, rubbing the circulation back to his chilled hands.

TRACK EDWARD to table

ELIZABETH (a touch motherly)

Why don't you wear gloves, Edward?
It's still chilly these mornings.

EDWARD settles on a chair.

EDWARD (playfully)

Soldiers are not supposed to be molly-coddled. You know that, Elizabeth.

PENELOPE (deadpan)

You're an officer, Father. Not a soldier.

HENRIETTA the maid appears, hovers in b/g, awaiting to serve breakfast.

CONTINUED

5. INT.MORNING ROOM.MORNING. CONT.

EDWARD (to Penelope)

My child, the only difference between
an officer and a soldier, is that the
officer is supposed to be a gentleman.

ELIZABETH

And gentlemen are supposed to wear gloves!

EDWARD spreads his hands and in a theatrical response
looks heavenwards, acknowledging the rebuke.

EDWARD (changing the subject)

Aha! I see that Henrietta is awaiting to
ascertain this morn's gastronomical desires.

HENRIETTA looks uncomfortable at the conversation being
steered in her direction.

PENELOPE (deadpan)

Father means breakfast, Henrietta.

HENRIETTA musters a nervous smile.

PENELOPE (rises from table)

Now I must be going. Can't afford to be
late.

EDWARD

What! No breakfast?

PENELOPE

Already had it.

ELIZABETH

She means a glass of cranberry juice
and a cold muffin.

CONTINUED

5. INT. MORNING ROOM. MORNING. CONT.

EDWARD

That's not breakfast!

PENELOPE comes to EDWARD'S side of the table, pecks her father on the cheek.

PENELOPE

Goodbye, Father. Ridley will be waiting with the carriage.

EDWARD shakes his head in disapproval.

As PENELOPE takes her leave ELIZABETH fumbles about to produce a heavily bound letter.

ELIZABETH

Oh, I almost forgot. This came for you, Edward.

EDWARD reaches for the letter.

ELIZABETH (cont.)

I gather it is from your Father.

EDWARD

So . . . A report from the Colonies!

CLOSE ON EDWARD He picks up a knife from the table to break the letter's protective bindings.

ELIZABETH (off)

I shall have the usual, Henrietta.

A beat

ELIZABETH (off)

What about you, Edward?

CONTINUED

5. INT. MORNING ROOM. EDWARD. ELIZABETH. HENRIETTA. MORNING.CONT.

CLOSE ON EDWARD

EDWARD (absently, into letter)

Oh, er. . Yes. The usual.

ELIZABETH (to HENRIETTA, off)

And fetch a new knife for the Colonel.

FAVOUR-EDWARD and ELIZABETH

A FEW BEATS

ELIZABETH (a touch impatient)

Well? What does it say ?

A FEW BEATS

EDWARD finally looks up from letter

EDWARD

Father's enterprises continue to multiply.
Therefore, all's going well, evidently.
And since Eliza will be 18 later in the
year, Father is thinking of throwing a
Coming Out Party.

EDWARD looks back to letter

EDWARD

Father, of course, would like us
to attend.

ELIZABETH

Hmm. Aside from undertaking a journey
to the other end of the Earth. . Would
the Royal Scots Greys approve of Colonel
Donnithorne taking a six months absence?

EDWARD (placing letter aside)

Afraid not. Might lose the Empire
in that time.

ELIZABETH considers a beat.

CONTINUED

5. INT. MORNING ROOM. EDWARD. ELIZABETH. MORNING. CONT.

ELIZABETH

You know, I think it would make more sense for Eliza to be here. In London. In time for the coming Season.

EDWARD

I see. Lots of parties, balls, receptions, country weekends, and . . .

ELIZABETH (cuts in)

And eligible young men.

EDWARD (smiles, shakes head)

Father has his own ideas about an acceptable suitor for my young sister.

ELIZABETH (accepts the verdict)

Just a thought, darling. But I do believe Eliza ought to visit.

EDWARD (indicates letter)

Father asks to be remembered to the Arundels. Suggests we invite them to our next soiree.

ELIZABETH

Why would he do that ? Father's not that close to Lord and Lady Arundel, surely?

EDWARD (conspiratorial)

Well . . . I have reason to believe Father is more interested in their son and heir!

ELIZABETH (taken aback)

Charles . . . ?

EDWARD nods, a knowing smile

ELIZABETH (disbelief)

Oh, no! Not Charles Arundel! Not for Eliza!

CONTINUED

5. INT. MORNING ROOM. EDWARD. ELIZABETH. MORNING. CONT.

EDWARD (amused)

After all, they **do** live in a castle!

ELIZABETH

Yes. And so did Henry the Eighth !

EDWARD breaks into a chuckle.

ELIZABETH's indignation melts, and she joins in EDWARD'S mirth.

FADE OUT

TO

6. EXT. WATERFRONT. PORT PHILLIP BAY. DAY.

WIDE SHOT Take in a scatter of vessels of varying sizes and types berthed along a line of large shed-like buildings of the Port of Melbourne.

WIPE ON TITLE

PORT PHILLIP BAY

VICTORIA

HOLD A FEW BEATS

WIPE OFF TITLE

CUT TO

7. EXT. WATERFRONT STREET. PORT PHILLIP. JAMES. SACHI. PORTERS. DAY.

Backgrounded by wharf buildings over which soar the masts and rigging of vessels berthed along waterfront, JAMES and SACHI emerge from wharf gates, trailed by two PORTERS bearing their baggage.

CONTINUED

7. EXT. WATERFRONT STREET. DAY. CONT.

On the street horse-drawn vehicles, including those hauling items of cargo, rattle by. Pedestrian traffic consists mostly of waterside workers, seafarers, along with a few more formally attired businessmen types.

JAMES and SACHI and their two PORTERS successfully cross the busy street.

MOVE IN CLOSE on JAMES and SACHI

SACHI indicates a building (off)

SACHI

I believe that is where our transport awaits, Sir.

JAMES looks to the Coach Station (off)

CUT TO

9. EXT. WATERFRONT STREET. COACH STATION. DAY.

POV JAMES and SACHI

A few doors up the street two coaches stand outside a barnlike building, each with four-horse teams in harness. Large and open water troughs stand outside.

STEADY ZOOM TO FRAME BUILDING

To one side the the building is a modest office extension. Above the entrance a swinging wooden sign proclaims the business name :

Cobb and Co.

Coach Lines

A smaller sign adjacent to the office door announces :

By Royal Appointment

H. M. Mails

CUT TO

10. INT. COBB & CO. OFFICE. JAMES. SACHI. CLERK. DAY.

SHOT CLOSE BEHIND CLERK

CLERK is standing at cluttered counter, facing the street (outside). Door swings open to admit JAMES, followed by SACHI.

As door swings shut we glimpse two PORTERS with baggage standing outside.

CLERK

What can I do for you gentlemen. . ?

FAVOUR SACHI (facing Clerk)

SACHI

The name is Donnithorne.
We hold reservations for Kyneton.

CUT TO

11. INT. COBB & CO. OFFICE. JAMES. SACHI. CLERK. DAY.

CLOSE ON CLERK He opens reservation book and runs a finger down the names given on the page.

... CLERK

Oh, yes. Here it is. The Bendigo run.

CLERK raises his eyebrows as he looks up from list.

CLERK (Cont.)

Well, you're on today's service.

But I say, you gentlemen have cut it
rather fine . . . The coach departs inside
the hour.

CONTINUED

11. INT. COBB & CO. OFFICE. JAMES. SACHI. CLERK. DAY. CONT.

SACHI (tersely)

The point is that we are here (on time)!

CLERK a bit taken aback by SACHI's demeanor

JAMES (affably)

Our packet encountered strong head winds
on the run down the coast, I'm afraid.
We had expected to have landed by late
yesterday.

CLERK (restricts response to JAMES)

I see. Well, there's a tea shop over the
way, Sir. You can make yourself comfortable
while we take care of your baggage.

JAMES

Fine. We'll be back by, er . . .

CLERK

. . . By 10 am, Mister Donnithorne.

JAMES nods in acknowledgement, turns to SACHI, indicates
it's time for tea.

12. EXT. COACH. VARIOUS TRAVELLING SHOTS. DAY.

SHOTS COULD INCLUDE :

A PANORAMIC Coach rocking over a plain, leaving
a spreading cloud of dust in its wake.
SLOW PAN on coach and team until coach draws out
of frame.

CONTINUED

12. EXT. TRAVELLING SHOTS. DAY. CONT.

B The narrow road, virtually two-wheel tracks,
curves down to a rickety wood bridge spanning
a stream.

The coach lurches from around a bend, dips
down to the bridge, setting its wooden planks aflutter.

C. A new team is harnessed to coach, watched by
PASSENGERS, including JAMES and SACHI. The group
shelters from the heat in shade of a Staging Post
while the fresh horses are set in place. JAMES
and SACHI each wear broad brimmed Panama-type straw
hats.

JAMES employs his hat to discourage flies.

D. LATE IN DAY

The coach is silhouetted against reddish glare of
setting sun, streaming along behind the straining
horses. This lends itself to a SLOMO

FADE OUT

13. EXT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. ELIZA. DAY.

TRACK ELIZA She approaches main entrance of the residence,
mounting the front steps.

CUT TO

14. INT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. ELIZA. MAID BETTY. DAY.

From POV inside entrance door ELIZA is a shadowy figure
behind the stained glass panels as she reaches up to
grasp the knocker.

SFX A few raps on door

A FEW BEATS

ELIZA'S rippling, blurred image in the glass panels is
reaching up to the knocker again.

MAID BETTY walks into SHOT, opens door to reveal ELIZA.

MAID BETTY

Oh, good afternoon, Miss Eliza.

CONTINUED

14. INT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA

Hello, Betty. Is, er, Miss Vicky waiting.
Or ought I come in . . ?

BETTY

I understand she is unwell, Miss Eliza.

ELIZA

Oh, dear. Is it something (serious) ?

DR. SEDGEWICK (cuts in) (off)

Thought it might be you calling, Eliza.

CUT TO

15. INT. ENTRANCE. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. ELIZA. BETTY. SEDGEWICK. DAY.

DR. SEDGEWICK appears from within.

BETTY opts to take her leave with a fleeting smile
for ELIZA.

DR. SEDGEWICK .

I'm afraid Vicky has been confined to bed.
She's come down with a heavy dose of influenza.

ELIZA (concerned)

Oh, I'm so sorry (to hear that). . .

CONTINUED

14. INT. ENTRANCE. MONT EAGE HOUSE. DAY. CONT.

DR. SEDGEWICK (reassuringly)

She will be all right . . . If she follows doctor's orders for a couple of days!

ELIZA

Well, please tell her I shall be around to see her. . . When she feels up to it.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Of course. Just give her a few days.

ELIZA

I suppose I ought to be off now.

DR. SEDGEWICK (teuch surprised)

Aren't you supposed to be off to the Restoration Committee. . . ?

ELIZA

I was, but now that Vicky is indisposed . . .

DR. SEDGEWICK crooks his head, sports a knowing, conspiritorial smile.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Why not go, anyway ? I seem to have forgotten to stand down the carriage. So . . your transport is waiting.

ELIZA

I, er, I'm not really sure . .

CONTINUED

14. INT. ENTRANCE. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. DAY. CONT.

DR. SEDGEWICK (playfully sly)

If your Father returns from his travels
and is concerned about your adventure in
going alone to the church You
can tell him it was all my idea.
Fair enough . . . ?

ELIZA hesitates a beat.

She then beams one of her dazzling smiles

ELIZA

Slowly inclines her head in agreement.

FADE TO

15. EXT. BAILEY COTTAGE. CAMPERDOWN. DAY

AN ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

MOVE IN CLOSER ON COTTAGE

A FEW BEATS

WIPE ON

CHURCH STREET
NEWTOWN

WIPE OFF TITLE

16. EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN. ELIZABETH. SARAH. MOORE. DAY

COLBERT MOORE and elderly ELIZABETH and SARAH BAILEY seated
in small walled garden of the cottage. In the relaxed
environment of the small garden, the BAILEY SISTERS continue
to recount the story of ELIZA to the young journalist MOORE.

ELIZABETH

It was to prove a fateful decision, Mister Moore.
It would change the life of Miss Eliza. And the
lives and fate of many others.

CONTINUED

16. EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN. NEWTOWN. DAY. CONT.

MOORE (a touch unsure)

You mean that simply going to the Church meeting on a Saturday afternoon would be the catalyst for . . . well, for what happened? Over the next 40 years ?

ELIZABETH and SARAH exchange knowing glances. SARAH nods a sort of confirmation and cue for ELIZABETH to elaborate.

ELIZABETH turns back to MOORE

ELIZABETH

I realise it might be difficult to grasp, Mister Moore. But to put it simply : Eliza's friend Vicky was ill. Her father was absent on business in distant Victoria. She was encouraged by Dr. Sedgewick to attend the meeting. Unaccompanied.

MOORE (gets it)

So . . . That which James Donnithorne wanted to avoid at all costs . . . was to happen.

SARAH

It was one of the few occasions, when as a young woman, she was out and about, and. . .

ELIZABETH (adds)

And alone. And, I suppose one could say:
And vulnerable.

MOORE digests the situation, tapping his pencil on an opened notebook.

A FEW BEATS

MOORE LOOKS UP

MOORE

Well, then. Just how did it start. . . ?

FADE TO

17. EXT.ST.AGNES STATION. JAMES.SACHI.WILLIAM KELLY. DAY.

CLOSE ON JAMES and SACHI

They look to St. Agnes Station (off), taking in JAMES' latest acquisition.

In b/g carriage draws out of frame

SFX Departing carriage

OPEN SHOT

Pick up WILLIAM KELLY

KELLY stands to one side, a few paces behind JAMES and SACHI, burdened by the baggage.

JAMES and SACHI continue to eyeball the country station.

JAMES (a touch proud)

Well. That's St. Agnes Station!

SACHI

If I may say so. . . most impressive.

JAMES (nods, eyes still on property)

Indeed you may, Sachi!

CUT TO

18. EXT. ST.AGNES STATION.ANNA KELLY.ROSTABOUT TOBY.DAY.

POV JAMES and SACHI

St. Agnes Station is not your run-of-the-mill country farmhouse.

It consists of a handsome residence, a substantial brick and tile homestead, featuring glassed bay windows, finely laced wrought iron trim and slender pillars supporting a welcoming verandah which skirts and protects the home from the worst of Australia's sun.

Set behind the residence is a walled compound housing the station's stables, coach house, storage buildings, and the quarters for domestic and outdoors retainers. ANNA KELLY and ROUSTABOUT TOBY stand by the main steps.

CUT TO

20. EXT. ST.AGNES.MAIN ENTRANCE.ANNA KELLY.TOBY.DAY.

FAVOUR ANNA KELLY TOBY IN B/G

She is comely, well built, with a commanding air that suggests self confidence and authority. ANNA takes a step forward, smiles a welcome.

ANNA KELLY (to JAMES) (off)

Welcome to St. Agnes, Mister Donnithorne!

CUT TO

21. EXT. ST. AGNES. JAMES. WILLIAM. SACHI. DAY.

CLOSE ON JAMES

JAMES (returns ANNA'S smile)

Mrs. Kelly (I presume) ?

PICK UP SACHI and WILLIAM (baggage at his feet) in B/G

CUT TO

22. EXT. ST. AGNES. ENTRANCE STEPS. ANNA KELLY. DAY.

ANNA KELLY clearly impressed by the dignified and handsome gentleman who has arrived in her domain.

She nods affirmation to JAMES (off), gives a short curtsey that maintains her dignity; no suggestion of fawning here.

ANNA KELLY

We are honoured by your visit. I trust
you had a comfortable journey.

CUT TO

32.EXT. ENTRANCE. ST. AGNES . JAMES. ANNA KELLY.DAY.

CLOSE ON JAMES

JAMES (to ANNA KELLY) (off)

A tolerable journey, Mrs. Kelly.
Though it looks pleasant to be here
at last.

OPEN SHOT

PAN as JAMES approaches steps to come to a halt
before ANNA KELLY.

ANNA KELLY (quietly)

We are pleased that you like
what you see, Sir.

JAMES

We, er, do indeed, Madam.

A FEW BEATS JAMES and ANNA KELLY continue to
eyeball each other.

CUT TO

33. EXT. ST.AGNES. SACHI. WILLIAM KELLY. DAY.

FAVOUR SACHI

SACHI

Reacts to the meeting of his
Master with ANNA KELLY. He is
not impressed and opts to break
the spell.

FAVOUR SACHI and WILLIAM KELLY, who is trying to
cope with the baggage.

SACHI (to ANNA KELLY)

I say, perhaps someone can assist
Mister Kelly here!

CUT TO

34. EXT. ST. AGNES. ANNA KELLY. ROUSTABOUT . . . DAY.

CLOSE ON ANNA

TOBY IN B/G

ANNA half turns to the roustabout TOBY.
She is indifferent to her spouse's situation.

ANNA KELLY (casually)

Toby. Take care of the bags.

CUT TO

35. EXT. ST. AGNES. JAMES. DAY.

ECU JAMES

JAMES

Reacts : Just **who** is in charge
around here. . ? He is a touch perplexed.

FADE OUT TO

36. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. NEWTOWN. DAY.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT OF CHURCH

CAM MOVES IN ON BUILDING

OVER WE HEAR

REV. KEMP (over)

If we were in school, and
not a hard working committee . . .

CUT TO

37. INT.ST. STEPHENS. REV. KEMP. DAY

CLOSE ON REV. KEMP SMILES TO AUDIENCE (off)

REV. KEMP (cont.)

. . . I should be saying you are
all to enjoy an 'early mark' this
afternoon.

CUT TO

38. INT. ST. STEPHENS. REV. KEMP.COMMITTEE MEMBERS.DAY.

REV. KEMP stands before altar, addressing his working
group seated at tables set up in front of the leading
pews. The group includes ELIZA.

REV. KEMP. (cont.)

There is to be a wedding ceremony later,
and those involved will be arriving to
dress the church and arrange the flowers
for the nuptials.

PAN TO COMMITTEE

FAVOUR ELIZA

REV. KEMP (cont. (over)

Therefore, you may conclude your efforts
in a half hour.

ELIZA smiles, looks around to her immediate
neighbours who also react/receive the news.

REV. KEMP. (cont.) (over)

Thank you again for your attendance.
I look forward seeing you next week.

CONT.

38. INT. ST. STEPHENS. DAY.

ELIZA about to return to her chores when something ensnares her attention (off)

She reacts the feeling of being watched, a sensory scratching on the nape of the neck.

ELIZA looks up, turns her head to a line of sight from where she senses a presence.

CUT TO

39. INT. ST. STEHPENS. GEORGE CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

POV ELIZA

A young man (GEORGE CUTHBERTSON) seated in about the third line of pews returns her gaze..

From his position in the gleaming timber pews, CUTHBERTSON inclines his head in acknowledgement of their visual contact.

CUT TO

40. INT. ST. STEHPEHNS. ELIZA. DAY.

ECU ELIZA

She holds the young man's gaze with unwavering blue eyes, at first thinking CUTHBERTSON might be a family, social or business acquaintance.

A few beats

CUT TO

41. INT. ST. STEPHENS. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CUTHBERTSON returns ELIZA'S perplexed gaze with a knowing smile.

CUT TO

42. INT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. DAY.

CLOSE ON ELIZA

ELIZA decides the young man is a stranger.
She drops her gaze back to the work on hand,
her composure now a touch flustered.

CUT TO

43. INT. ST. STEPHENS. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CUTHBERTSON continues to eye ELIZA (off) with
obvious approval, showing the ghost of a smile.

44. INT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. FEMALE GROUP MEMBER. DAY.

ELIZA tries to concentrate on her work, disturbed by
the impudent young man,
She looks up to respond to a query/remark by a
neighbouring FEMALE COMMITTEE worker (ad lib)

When the brief exchange ends, ELIZA employs the
situation to shoot another glance in CUTHBERTSON'S
direction.

CUT TO

45. INT. ST. STEPHENS. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

POV ELIZA

CUTHBERTSON cranks up his lingering smile as he
catches ELIZA'S fleeting glance.

46. INT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. COMMITTEE MEMBERS. DAY.

ELIZA seeks to immerse herself in the paperwork.
Unsettled, she is not able to concentrate.

A few beats

CONT.

46. INT. STEPHENS. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA comes to a decision. She scoops up her paperwork into a neat pile on the table, pushes back her chair.

The time has come to escape.

ELIZA (scrapes chair back into place)

A few excuse me's as she extracts herself from the working group.

ELIZA makes for a side entrance, eschewing the course to the main entrance via the pews.

FAST FADE

TO

47. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. KING STREET GATES. DAY

ELIZA at main gates. Traffic is light on King Street mid Saturday afternoon. There is no sign of the Sedgewick carriage.

CLOSE ON ELIZA

She reacts to the crunch of a footfall on the gravel driveway behind her.

ELIZA pretends to look out to King Street but shoots a sidelong look from the corner of her eye.

CUT TO

48. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

POV ELIZA

It is the young man who watched her from the pews.

49. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. ENTRANCE GATES. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

ELIZA feigns to be unaware of the young man's approach until his shadow falls upon the drive beside her

PAN ELIZA turns to confront CUTHBERTSON and again their eyes meet.

CONT.

49. EXT.ST.STEPHENS. ENTRANCE.ELIZA.CUTHBERTSON.DAY.CONT.

CUTHBERTSON(Friendly, disarmingly)

"Look, I know we should be formally introduced. But since we have no mutual acquaintances to do this. . I seem to be obliged to do the honours, so to speak.

ELIZA (cooly)

And what prompts you to imagine that we ought to be introduced? You're a perfect stranger.

CUTHBERTSON (shrugs)

Of course, you are absolutely right.

CUTHBERTSON pauses a few beats, as if uncertain how to proceed. Another shrug and he smiles, displaying even white teeth.

CUTHBERTSON (soldiers on)

Seeing I've gone this far . . . The name is Cuthbertson. George Cuthbertson.

ELIZA (not letting him off the hook)

Well, Mister Cuthbertson, I'll ask you again: Why do you believe introductions are in order?

CUTHBERTSON (running out of ammunition)

Because . . . because if we are not introduced, I shall never have the opportunity of making your acquaintance.

ELIZA

Next you shall be saying that you came here today just to make the acquaintance of a stranger.

CONT.

49. EXT. STEPHENS. ENTRANCE. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. CONT.

CUTHBERTSON

Actually, I heard about the work of
the parishoners of this fine old church.
I thought I'd come along and see for myself.

ELIZA (now toying with him)

Hmm. And have you been inspired by what
you have seen today?

CUTHBERTSON (meaningfully)

More than I ever imagined. . .

ELIZA supresses a smile, deflects to compliment.

ELIZA

We can always use willing hands in
the cause, Mister Cuthbertson.

CUTHBERTSON

Please call me George. . . It's er,
not so formal. .

ELIZA

We have a horse called George. He
was the cause of some pain and trouble.

CUTHBERTSON

Well I promise to be better behaved
than my equestrian namesake!

CONT.

49. EXT. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA (reflective)

As I recall, I was the party guilty
of poor behavior. . .

A FEW BEATS

CUTHBERTSON Looks none-the-wiser

ELIZA comes back to the present

ELIZA

I'm Eliza . .

CUTHBERTSON (quietly, almost to self)

Eliza. . . It's a beautiful name.

SFX Creaking, clip clopping of approaching carriage
about to come to a stop.

ELIZA (indicates carriage) (off)

That's my transportation.

CUT TO

50. EXT. KING ST. CARRIAGE. DAY.

The Sedgewick household carriage coming to a
stop near the entrance gates.

CUT TO

51. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. GATES. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CUTHBERTSON is taken aback, realises he is running out of time.

ELIZA (extends gloved hand)

It's, er, been nice to chat.

CUTHBERTSON (accepts the contact)

The pleasure has been mine.
Will you be . . here . . .next
week, Eliza. . ?

ELIZA (non-committal)

The committee meets most Saturdays.

ELIZA retrieves her hand

Now I'm afraid I should go.

52. EXT. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. CARRIAGE DRIVER. DAY.

Disconsolate, CUTHBERTSON watches ELIZA approach the waiting carriage. The DRIVER has alighted, holds open the door.

CUT TO

53. EXT. GATES. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CLOSE ON CUTHBERTSON . . . He watches ELIZA'S DEPARTURE (off)

CUTHBERTSON (softly, to self)

If she looks back, I have a chance.

PAN DOWN to CUTHBERTSON'S HAND.

His fingers are crossed.

54. EXT. CARRIAGE. ELIZA. DRIVER DAY.

POV CUTHBERTSON

ELIZA mounts carriage steps, door held open
by DRIVER.

She is about to enter, hesitates a beat.
ELIZA lowers head (so bonnet does not snag)
and is lost to sight.

DRIVER pushes door shut, then clambers up to
take the reins. With a quick tug of the reins
the carriage moves off.

CUT TO

55. EXT. ST. STEPHEN'S GATES. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CLOSE ON CUTHBERTSON

CUTHBERTSON is a picture of disappointment as he
watches the departing carriage. (off)

SFX Departing carriage

CUT TO

56. EXT. GATES. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

ECU

CUTHBERTSON'S hand.

His fingers uncross

CUT TO

57. EXT. CUTHBERTSON. COMMITTEE (EXTRAS). DAY.

CUTHBERTSON stands by the gates, looking to the departing carriage (off).

SFX creaking of carriage, clipclop of hooves

COMMENCE STEADY REVERSE ZOOM PULLBACK -- simulate
POV as if from departing carriage.

Some committee members appearing from St. Stephens,
walk through gates.

CUTHBERTSON'S figure shrinks into growing distance,
becoming interspersed with COMMITTEE characters now
exiting church.

Hold a few beats

FADE OUT

TO

58. INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. DAY.

VICKY sits bolt upright in bed, discarding the
pillows arranged at bedhead to support her.

VICKY'S eyes are bright with interest -- despite
her bout of flu -- as she addresses ELIZA (off).

VICKY

And how old would this George be. . ?

CUT TO

59. INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM. VICKY. ELIZA. DAY.

ELIZA shakes head, affecting impatience, though relishing
the opportunity of sharing the encounter with her best
friend.

ELIZA

He is a stranger. It was a polite
exchange. And he seemed interested in
the work of the committee.

CONT.

59. INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM. VICKY. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

VICKY (not buying it)

Fiddlesticks! He was chatting you up!
Now. . . , how old would he be . . . ?

ELIZA

About 21. Perhaps 22. And I am sure he
was not (chatting me up).

VICKY (considers a beat)

Twenty two. Hmmm. About the right age.
The man ought to be older.

ELIZA

Really, Vicky. You make it sound like
. . . well . . . as though it was something
else.

VICKY brushes aside ELIZA'S reticence

VICKY

Oh, you silly Ninny! Your George Cuthbertson
doesn't give a hoot for the committee.
It's you he's interested in!

ELIZA starts to shake her head. VICKY pushes ahead.

VICKY (cont.)

And you will be seeing him on Saturday!
How delicious. . . !

VICKY crosses her arms about her knees and hugs
herself in excitement.

ELIZA (a touch primly)

He is not my George. And I did not
give him any encouragement!

CONT.

59. INT. VICKY'S BEDROOM. VICKY. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

VICKY (relentless)

Then you **must** give him some encouragement!

VICKY, still gripped with excitement.

VICKY (cont.)

Oh, I can hardly wait!

ELIZA (unsure)

Hardly. . wait. . ?

VICKY (tosses red hair in gesture of
impatience)

For next Saturday, silly!
You must introduce me to your George.
I wish to approve him!

ELIZA sees humorous aspect to VICKY'S earnestness.

ELIZA

Again . . . he's not my George.
And what makes you so sure he will
be there, anyway ?

VICKY sinks back in the pillows, seemingly exhausted.

VICKY (breathes softly)

Oh, he'll be there, dear Eliza. George
will turn up. . . Just you wait and see.

ELIZA smiles wanly, crooks her head in a gesture of
compassion for her bedridden special friend.

60. EXT. ST. AGNES STATION. NIGHT.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT of main residence. Lights
glow within.

SFX crickets/frogs/night sounds

CONT.

60. EXT. ST AGNES STATION. NIGHT. CONT.

FADE UP TITLE

**ST. AGNES STATION
VICTORIA**

A beat

FADE OUT TITLE

CLOSER on Residence FAVOUR dining room window

ANNA KELLY (over)

I trust the past days have
proven satisfactory to yourself
and Mr. Sachi, Sir ?

JAMES (over)

Indeed they have, Mrs. Kelly.
In fact, we shall be departing
for Sydney the day after tomorrow.

CUT TO

61. INT. ST.AGNES.DINING ROOM.KELLYS.JAMES.SACHI.NIGHT.

Dinner has come to an end in the comfortable and brightly
lit room.

JAMES pats his lips with a table napkin, glances around
the table.

JAMES (to William Kelly)

Now that all paperwork, book keeping and
general records are to be the responsibility
of Mr. Sachi, you should have more time
for the productivity changes we have discussed.

WILLIAM (anxious to please)

Certainly, Mr. Donnithorne Sir. Things will
be done as you wish. I have always liked
'doing' farming instead of, er, 'writing'
farming.

CONT.

61. INT. ST. AGNES. DINING ROOM NIGHT. CONT.

JAMES

A quaint way of putting it, Mr. Kelly.
But an adequate description.

WILLIAM (grateful)

Thank you, Sir.

JAMES

Just ensure that the raw numbers and
details are received by Mr. Sachi each
month. He will take matters from there.
And sort out any problems.

SACHI pumps up, smiles, as his enhanced role is
enunciated.

ANNA KELLY (to James)

You must have many matters of business
awaiting your return to Camperdown Lodge,
Sir.

JAMES.

Too true, Mrs. Kelly. And not all issues
involve business.

ANNA KELLY smiles, raises an eyebrow; a prompt for
JAMES to unburden himself.

JAMES (cont.)

Well, I have the matter of finding a new
housekeeper. Our present incumbent, Mrs.
Humphries, an excellent woman -- as Mr.
Sachi here will attest . . .

JAMES pauses, looks to SACHI for a response.

SACHI (unenthusiastic)

Oh, er, yes. Most excellent.

JAMES, oblivious to SACHI'S lukewarm endoresement,
elaborates.

CONT.

61. INT. ST. AGNES. DINING ROOM. NIGHT. CONT.

JAMES (to Mrs. Kelly)

Mrs. Humphries is leaving us for personal reasons. She will be missed. As you are aware, I have a teenage daughter, Eliza. And while we enjoy a close relationship, Eliza needs a -- how best can I put it? -- yes, needs a maternal influence. A role model of sorts. And to guide her when I am absent.

ANNA KELLY (warmly sympathetic)

I understand precisely what you mean, Sir. As you say, even the most warm paternal relationship ought to be balanced -- complemented even -- by a mature maternal influence.

SACHI is a touch uneasy. Anna Kelly is receiving too much attention for her station.

JAMES

I can see that you have grasped my situation, Mrs. Kelly.

ANNA KELLY

If I may respectfully suggest, Sir . . . You require a person who is both a competent domestic manager and a governess of maturity, versed in the ways and needs of young women.

JAMES (looks heavenwards, then to Mrs. Kelly)

Aha! But pray, where does one find such a person?

ANNA KELLY beams a warm smile, then lowers her eyelashes, looks demurely down to the table.

SACHI eyes Mrs. Kelly with a calculating stare. Clearly she is a woman with an agenda. SACHI looks across to WILLIAM KELLY. He seems oblivious to the dynamics of the room, and pours himself another glass of Madeira.

62. INT. KITCHEN. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. ELIZA. DAY

ELIZA enters kitchen, looks around; reacts to locating that which she is seeking.

ELIZA crosses to a workbench where a large bowl is piled with fruit. She selects an apple, eyes it, goes to take a bite. A sound from the adjoining Servants' Station attracts her attention.

SFX quiet sobbing of woman (MRS. HUMPHRIES)(off)

TRACK ELIZA, apple in hand, moves to investigate
 She comes to a stop at the arched entrance
 to Servants' Station.

CUT TO

63. INT.SERVANTS' STATION.ELIZA.MRS.HUMPHRIES.DAY.

POV ELIZA

Seated in chair with back to entrance is MRS. HUMPHRIES

MRS. HUMPHRIES

Sniffling sob

ELIZA (hesitant)

ELIZA (off)

Mrs. Humphries . . ?

Body language visible above chairback is of
MRS. HUMPHRIES fumbling to dab at her face.

CUT TO

64. INT. ENTRANCE SERVANTS' STATION. ELIZA. DAY

CLOSE ON ELIZA

ELIZA (concerned)

Are you all right, Mrs. Humphries ?

CUT TO

65. INT. SERVANTS' STATION. ELIZA.MRS.HUMPHRIES.DAY

MRS.HUMPHRIES rises awkwardly from chair, turns to face ELIZA. Her eyes are red, face powder smeared by tears.

MRS. HUMPHRIES (strives to appear all's well)

Oh, Miss Eliza. I see you have, er,
an apple . . .

ELIZA

What has upset you so, Mrs. Humphries?

MRS. HUMPHRIES

It's nothing, really. Just an old
woman's thing . .

PAN TO ELIZA TRACK HER TO MRS. HUMPHRIES.

ELIZA produces a lace handkerchief and dabs gently at MRS. HUMPHRIES' tear stained face, having put apple aside.

ELIZA (softly)

You are not an old woman. Far from
it. Though something's amiss. Let's
see if we can sort things for you.

ELIZA leads MRS. HUMPHRIES to kitchen, guides her to a chair at table. Once MRS. HUMPHRIES is seated, ELIZA draws up chair for herself.

ELIZA

Things cannot be all this bad, surely.

MRS. HUMPHRIES(A few sniffs, composure returning)

It's just that. . . well, I shall miss
Camperdown Lodge so. I've had many happy
moments here. Everyone has been so kind.

ELIZA (playfully sly)

Well, perhaps not everyone, eh . . ?

CONT.

65. INT. SERVANTS' STATION/KITCHEN, DAY, CONT.

MRS. HUMPHRIES taken aback by ELIZA'S directness,
looks uncomfortable, not sure how to respond.

ELIZA (pulls face, conspiritorially)

We all know just who the dark presence
in the household is.

MRS. HUMPHRIES (instinctively diplomatic)

Well, Mr. Sachi has assumed many
responsibilities to lighten the burden
of your good father, Miss Eliza.

ELIZA

Yes. And in the process has assumed
much influence under this roof -- and
beyond.

ELIZA hesitates a few beats.

ELIZA (cont.)

He **was** the reason behind your resignation,
was he not?

MRS. HUMPHRIES, glances around as if the walls have
ears. Looks back to ELIZA, slowly nods.

MRS. HUMPHRIES

It was becoming most difficult to
carry out my duties as Housekeeper
as I believed they should . . .

ELIZA (sympathetic)

You **would** like to remain. Yes ?

MRS. HUMPHRIES (hesitates, again nods)

Nomatter, Miss Eliza. I fear it is
far too late for that.

CONT.

65. INT. KITCHEN. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA

As my friend, Vicky, would say :
Fiddlesticks, Mrs. H!
Why not stay? You will have my support.
And I know my Father does not want to
lose you . . .

MRS. HUMPHRIES

Bless you, Miss Eliza. But . . . having
resigned . . it would be most embarrassing
and . .

ELIZA cuts her short

ELIZA

Father returns from Victoria on Monday.
So give him a homecoming present he
would much appreciate. Tell him his
search for a Housekeeper has been
resolved!

ELIZA does not give MRS. HUMPHRIES a chance
to refuse. She wraps her arms around the
Housekeeper in a warm hug.

A few beats

ELIZA releases MRS. HUMPHRIES from the embrance.
MRS. HUMPHRIES' mouth trembles, tears start again.

ELIZA produces her hankerchief again and pats at
the tears in a motherly fashion beyond her years.
ELIZA'S eyes are moist.

ELIZA (softly)

Everything is going to be all right. .
Trust me. .

MRS. HUMPHRIES musters a wan smile.

FADE OUT

66. EXT. ST. STEPHENS. DAY.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

FAVOUR MAIN ENTRANCE/STEPS

Hold a few beats

CUT TO

67. INT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY

LOW ANGLE TRAVELLING SHOT UP AISLE TOWARDS ENTRANCE (off)

CAM STREAMS PAST ROWS OF POLISHED WOODEN PEWS FLANKING
NAVE'S AISLE. PEWS ARE EMPTY.

ELEVATE TO PICK UP APPROACHING ENTRANCE

ELIZA and VICKY at entrance, taking in deserted church.

VICKY (looks around - bewildered)

Where is everyone ; .?

CUT TO

68. INT. ST. STEPHENS. DAY.

POV ELIZA and VICKY

Rows of empty pews stretching to altar

ELIZA (rhetorical) (over)

I suppose this is Saturday?

CUT TO

69. INT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. VICKY. VERGER. DAY.

VERGER enters. ELIZA and VICKY turn to acknowledge
his arrival.

CONT.

69. INT. ST. STEPHENS. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY. CONT.

VERGER . (surprised)

Oh. . Miss Vicky . . and Eliza!

VICKY

Just where is everyone today, Verger?

VERGER

Didn't you know? Today's meeting
was cancelled.

ELIZA

Cancelled ?

VERGER

As I recall, it was a last minute situation.
Just before the committee adjourned last week.

Penny drops for ELIZA

ELIZA (to VICKY)

Oh dear. Now I remember. I was, er, obliged
to depart a little early last Saturday.

VERGER

You young ladies are welcome to remain.
Perhaps to pray. Or meditate.
And, if you'll excuse me, I do have some
matters to attend to.

ELIZA

Of course, Verger.

With a smiling nod, the VERGER takes his leave.

VICKY turns to ELIZA

VICKY

Looks like I shan't be meeting George.

CONT.

69. INT. ST. STEPHENS. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA (rueful smile)

We can stay and pray. Or meditate. . .

VICKY pretends to swipe at ELIZA'S bonnet.

VICKY

I have a better idea. Let's go and
spoil Dudley's siesta!

CUT TO

70. EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE. KING. STREETS. ELIZA. VICKY. DUDLEY. DAY.

The Sedgewick carriage is parked in the shade of a tree
in the street outside St. Stephens.

ELIZA and VICKY at carriage. VICKY reaches up and raps
on window glass.

A few beats

DRIVER DUDLEY'S face appears at glass. His afternoon
nap has been cut short.

VICKY and ELIZA exchange grins as the half-asleep DUDLEY
clanders out, stands back, holds open the door.

VICKY climbs aboard. ELIZA about to follow her.

GEORGE CUTHBERTSON (off)

Eliza! Wait. . . !

ELIZA pauses, turns towards CUTHBERTSON (off), wide-eyed
reaction.

CUT TO

71. EXT. CARRIAGE. ELIZA. VICKY. DUDLEY. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CUTHBERTSON trots to carriage, stops beside ELIZA

CUTHBERTSON (can't believe his luck)

Thank goodness! I did not expect to
see you today. Understand the meeting
has . . .

CONT.

71. EXT. CARRIAGE. ELIZA. VICKY. DUDLEY. CUTHBERTSON. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA (cuts in)

Yes. It was cancelled.

CUTHBERTSON (meaningfully)

But you . . you came . .

ELIZA, aware of the excited curiosity of a wide-eyed
VICKY peering from carriage.

ELIZA

I too was unaware the meeting had
been called off. We are about to
return home.

The plural **we** alerts CUTHBERTSON to the presence
of VICKY.

ELIZA (indicating VICKY)

This is my friend. Vicky Sedgewick.

VICKY shoots a knowing smile to ELIZA, then beams
a smile at CUTHBERTSON from the carriage.

ELIZA (cont.)

And this is Mr. Cuthbertson . . .

CUTHBERTSON

It's, George, Miss Vicky. Delighted
to make your acquaintance.

An awkward silence.

ELIZA (a touch desperate)

Mr. Cuthbertson, er, George, is interested
in the work of the restoration committee.

VICKY (tries to suppress a grin)

Oh, yes. I'm sure he is.

CONT.

71. EXT. CARRIAGE. DAY. CONT.

Another silence.

CUTHBERTSON

I say, since we appear to have some
unexpected time on our hands . . Perhaps
you will both do me the honour of taking tea. . ?

ELIZA, unsure, looks to VICKY

VICKY has her own agenda

VICKY

As a matter-of-fact, I suddenly recall
something , er, to be attended to. .
Completely slipped my mind, it did.

ELIZA searches VICKY'S face for a clue to what's going on.

VICKY (to CUTHBERTSON)

But no need to keep you both. I'll be
off to do my chores.

ELIZA goes to protest. VICKY doesn't give her the chance.

VICKY (sweetly, to ELIZA)

I will send Dudley back for you later,
Eliza. No need to worry.

ELIZA

I really ought (not to stay . .)

VICKY (cuts her short)

Say . . in about an hour or so.
To DUDLEY

Understand the arrangement, Dudley?

DUDLEY

Of course, Miss Vicky.

VICKY

Fine. It's settled then.

CONT.

71. EXT. CARRIAGE. DAY. CONT.

CUTHBERTSON

Are you sure you cannot join us (for tea) ?
The tea shop is just across the way.

VICKY (nods to DUDLEY to close the door)

Perhaps next time. Very pleased to meet you,
er, George. And I hope you both enjoy the tea.

CLOSE ON ELIZA eyeing VICKY. A case of if-looks-could
kill.

FAST FADE TO

72. INT. TEA SHOP. ELIZA. GEORGE. WAITRESS. FEW PATRONS (extras) DAY.

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON seated next to window. A few patrons
at other tables. They watch in silence as WAITRESS places
their order on table : teapot, cups and saucers, table
napkins, jug of milk, sugar, cake slices on plate.
With a nod and a smile, WAITRESS departs

CUTHBERTSON (lifting teapot)

I'll be mother. How do you
like your tea, Eliza?

ELIZA

A little milk. No sugar.

CUTHBERTSON

Sweet enough, eh ?

ELIZA

That's most probably a matter
of opinion.

ELIZA watches CUTHBERTSON do the honours

ELIZA (cont.)

So. . . you're domesticated ?

CUTHBERTSON (shrugs)

Just trying to impress you

CONT.

72. INT. TEA SHOP. DAY. CONT.

An awkward silence. Both unsure what to say.

CUTHBERTSON (grasping at straws)

I like your friend.

ELIZA

Yes. And so you should.
Vicky can be quite a schemer!

CUTHBERTSON (knowing smile)

And thank goodness for that!

ELIZA faint smile, shakes her head. She then looks directly at CUTHBERTSON. The smile grows.

CUT TO

73. EXT/INT. TEA SHOP WINDOW. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON WITHIN. DAY.

SANS SOUND POV FROM STREET, LOOKING IN

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON in conversation on other side of glass.
CUTHBERTSON'S demeanor is bright, animated, as he works at breaking down the barriers.
ELIZA smiles, sometimes nods, does little of the talking
As conversation continues, ELIZA'S reserve starts to thaw.
She responds more often.

Every now and then the reflection of a passing carriage or person is captured in the reflection of the tea shop's window (to reinforce setting)

CUT TO

74. INT. TEA SHOP. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. PATRONS. DAY.

POV From far side tea shop. ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON are seen between tables and other patrons. They are now in relaxed conversation, occasionally sharing restrained laughter.
SFX Cups clinking on saucers; Murmured conversations of patrons, teaspoons stirred incups

HOLD-ON SHOT For some beats.

SLOW FADE To effect TIME LAPSE

75. INT. TEA SHOP.. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CLOSE ON

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON seated by window.

CUTHBERTSON (raising teapot)

Sure you don't want any more (tea) ?

ELIZA (shakes head)

No thank you.

CUTHBERTSON (indicates plate)

You haven't tried the cake. . .

ELIZA

We seem to have been too busy talking.

CUTHBERTSON

Afraid that's been my fault. . .

ELIZA (gently)

Not at all. It's been . . most pleasant.

A few beats of silence

CUTHBERTSON (serious, quietly)

Did you think I'd come (today) ?

ELIZA

I wasn't sure what to think.

CUTHBERTSON

I'll make a confession. It's been the longest week in my life. Thought Saturday would never arrive.

ELIZA (softly)

I'm pleased you survived the week.
They share a smile.. ELIZA glances out to street.

ELIZA (cont.)

I think it's time I went.

CONT.

75. INT. TEAT SHOP. DAY. CONT.

CUTHBERTSON

Vicky said an hour.

ELIZA

It **has** been an hour.

Dudley will start to wonder
what's happened to me.

CUTHBERTSON

This has been the shortest hour ever!

ELIZA (playfully)

Your long week . . And shortest hour.

CUTHBERTSON

True. I'll walk you to the carriage then.

CUTHBERTSON raises his hand, gives a little wave to
signal he wants the bill.

ELIZA

Thank you, George. I've enjoyed it.

CUTHBERTSON

Perhaps next time we can think of more
than having a cup of tea. . . ?

ELIZA (enigmatic smile)

Hmm. Perhaps.

FADE OUT

76. EXT./INT. ENTRANCE. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. ELIZA. MAID BETTY. DAY.

HOUSEMAID BETTY opens door to ELIZA who is standing outside.
BETTY stands aside to admit ELIZA.

BETTY

Good afternoon, Miss Eliza. I believe
Miss Vicky is expecting you.

ELIZA sweeps inside past BETTY

ELIZA

I should imagine she is!

BETTY senses something's afoot. Calls after ELIZA

BETTY

She is in the Morning Room.

ELIZA (without looking back)

Yes. I know the way.

CUT TO

77. INT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. MORNING ROOM. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY.

VICKY looks up from book she is reading to face ELIZA (off)

PAN TO ELIZA

ELIZA

Well! Aren't you the clever one!

PAN TO VICKY

VICKY (expressionless)

I gather you have come to thank me.

PAN to ELIZA who walks in to front VICKY

ELIZA (serious)

Leaving me like that! With a virtual stranger!

VICKY (slow smile)

But he is rather nice . . .

ELIZA (thaws a touch)

Lucky for you!

CONT.

77. INT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE. MORNING ROOM. DAY. CONT.

VICKY (unfazed)

So . . . Tell your friend what happened.

ELIZA drops the hapless victim act. Smiles.

ELIZA

Well, he works in an office. In the town.

VICKY

What kind of office?

ELIZA

Something about ships -- or is it shipping?
Anyway, he's a clerk.

VICKY (unimpressed)

A clerk, you say. A shipping clerk ?

ELIZA

Yes. At least it's a proper job. Not like
Father's people. Dressed in stale suits,
smelling of pomade, endless meetings, always
debating about what's written on pieces of
paper.

VICKY (smiles at ELIZA'S job descriptions)

And when are you going to see George (again) ?

ELIZA

If you must know, we are going riding.

VICKY

Riding! Hmm. That brings back memories!

ELIZA (ignores girlhood reference)

And what's more, **you** are going to be my alibi!

VICKY

Alibi? You must mean accomplice!

They break into soft laughter.

CUT TO

78 INT. CAMP. LODGE. KITCHEN. ELIZABETH. MARGARET. MRS. HUMPHRIES. DAY.

ELIZABETH bursts in on the Housekeeper and the Cook who are engaged in some kitchen chores.

ELIZABETH (touch breathless)

The Signal Station has reported the packet from Port Phillip is about to berth.
Thomas is off to collect the Master!

MRS. HUMPHRIES (to MARGARET)

They will be home in less than two hours.
They will want to be fed.

Then to ELIZABETH

You had better alert Mistress Eliza.

ELIZABETH hurries off to deliver the news upstairs.

CUT TO

80. EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE. CAMP. LODGE. ELIZA. MRS. HUMPHRIES. ELIZABETH. DAY.

ELIZA MRS. HUMPHRIES ELIZABETH

From front steps the Trio looks to approaching carriage (off)

SFX Approaching carriage in driveway (off)

ELIZA turns to MRS. HUMPHRIES and shoots a **everything's going to be fine** sort of smile.

MRS. HUMPHRIES musters a nervous nod in response.

ELIZABETH stands a few steps behind ELIZA and MRS. HUMPHRIES.

CUT TO

81. CAMP. LODGE DRIVEWAY. CARRIAGE. THOMAS. DAY.

POV. from entrance steps

The carriage creaking to a stop

CUT TO

82. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. ENTRANCE STEPS. ELIZA. DAY.

CLOSE ON ELIZA She reacts excitement, waiting for her father to appear.

SFX Carriage horse snorts after the hard run from the harbour. (off)

CUT TO

83. EXT. CMP. LODGE. CARRIAGE. THOMAS. JAMES. SACHI. DAY.

POV of watchers on steps
THOMAS holds open carriage door
JAMES is first to appear
A beat
SACHI is next to disembark
CUT TO

84. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. FRONT STEPS. ELIZA. JAMES. DAY.

FAVOUR ELIZA
PAN

Unable to contain herself, ELIZA scurries down the steps and hastens to greet JAMES, who scoops her into an embrace.

ELIZA (once free of the hug)

Welcome home, Father!

JAMES holds ELIZA at arm's length.

JAMES (broad smile)

Indeed! It's wonderful to be home!
And to look at you again!

In b/g SACHI walks away towards steps (off), having no part in the welcome.

JAMES (cont.)

I have a surprise . . .

ELIZA (wide-eyed)

You know I love surprises. . !

JAMES turns to carriage
ELIZA follows his gaze
CUT TO

85. EXT. CARRIAGE. THOMAS. ANNA KELLY. DAY.

POV JAMES and ELIZA

MRS. KELLY steps from carriage, assisted by THOMAS

JAMES (off).

May I present Mrs. Kelly!

CUT TO

86. EXT. CMP. LODGE. ELIZA. JAMES. DAY.

TIGHT ON ELIZA

ELIZA (to JAMES, puzzled)

I, I don't understand, Father . .

OPEN SHOT

FAVOUR JAMES

JAMES (beaming)

Mrs. Kelly has graciously agreed to
assume the position of Housekeeper to
Camperdown Lodge!

PICK UP ELIZA She is speechless, stunned

A smiling JAMES turns towards the approaching
MRS. KELLY (off)

CUT TO

87. EXT. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. ELIZA. DAY.

MRS KELLY joins JAMES and ELIZA

JAMES (to MRS. KELLY)

May I present my daughter, Eliza Emily,
Mrs. Kelly.

CONT.

87. EXT. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

FAVOUR ELIZA

ELIZA ignores MRS. KELLY, turns away to look back at MRS. HUMPHRIES on steps.

CUT TO

88. EXT. MAIN STEPS. MRS. HUMPHRIES. ELIZABETH. DAY.

POV ELIZA

CU MRS KELLY

Her face has collapsed. She turns, head bowed, and pushes unsteadily past ELIZABETH, to disappear within.

CUT TO

89. EXT. DRIVEWAY. ELIZA. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. DAY.

ELIZA (to JAMES)

Oh, how could you . . . ?

JAMES, taken aback, looks first to MRS. KELLY, then back to ELIZA.
MRS. KELLY loses her assumed nice to meet you smile.

ELIZA Shakes head, hurries away in the wake of MRS. HUMPHRIES.

JAMES (calls)

Eliza! What is (going on) ?

Confused, JAMES turns back to MRS. HUMPHRIES

JAMES

You will have to forgive her, Mrs. Kelly.
Something is ailing Eliza.

CONT.

89. EXT. DRIVEWAY. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. DAY. CONT.

MRS KELLY produces a sympathetic, understanding smile

MRS. KELLY

You have been away, Sir.
And young women of tender age,
do have their moments.

JAMES looks to ELIZABETH (off), then back to MRS. KELLY

JAMES

I shall have Elizabeth attend to you, Mrs. Kelly.
Help make you comfortable. And, er, after you
settle in, you may meet the household.

MRS. KELLY (soothingly)

Please. Do not concern yourself on my account.
I shall be all right. You attend to your
darling daughter.

JAMES (grateful)

You are most understanding, Mrs. Kelly.

JAMES takes his leave, motions to ELIZABETH to
attend to MRS. KELLY as he strides to the steps.

FAVOUR MRS. KELLY

Her smile is gone. Replaced by a steely glare
as she looks at her new domain.

Hold a beat

FADE OUT

90. EXT. COLNE LODGE. TWICKENHAM. NIGHT

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

The mansion is ablaze with light. Carriages arrive and depart, having disgorged elegantly attired guests.

SFX Music from within (off) clip-clop of horses (muted)
 chatter of guests (muted)

FADE UP TITLE

**Colne Lodge
Twickenham**

Hold a beat

FADE OUT TITLE

CUT TO

91. INT. BALLROOM. EDWARD. ELIZABETH. BUTLER WINSTON. VARIOUS GUESTS. NIGHT.

SFX Music and chatter up

EDWARD and ELIZABETH receiving guests as announced by head Butler WINSTON in a Town Cryer's voice.

Ad lib some arrivees, ie, EARL STANLEY JONES and MRS JONES;
SIR HORACE CHARTWELL and LADY CHARTWELL ; the HONOURABLE RIDLEY
ALEXANDER and MRS. JOANNA ALEXANDER; MR. JOHN GODL ESQUIRE & FRIEND

Hosts EDWARD and ELIZABETH exchange welcoming pleasantries with each couple before they proceed to join the throng.

WINSTON

Lord and Lady Arundel.
And the Honourable Charles Arundel.

LORD ARUNDEL, early 60s, silver-haired and dignified.
LADY ARUNDEL, late 50s, wears a Tiara and displays a waterfall of glittering diamonds with each movement of her gown.
CHARLES ARUNDEL, their son, mid-20s, tall, sparse and gawky, speaks with a lisp; sports bushy moustache which droops down each side of mouth, an effect which tends to conceal lack of a chin.

EDWARD

Delighted you could join us, My Lord.

LORD ARUNDEL (cheery)

Wouldn't miss one of your legendary soirees for all the tea in China, my dear Edward!

ELIZABETH (to LADY ARUNDEL)

So nice to see you again, Your Ladyship.

LADY ARUNDEL (looking around)

So where is your charming daughter tonight ?

CONT.

91. INT. BALLROOM. EDWARD. ELIZABETH. ARUNDELS TRIO. B/G EXTRAS. NIGHT. CONT.

ELIZABETH

Penelope is staying with friends in the country.

EDWARD (to CHARLES)

Understand you have completed at Oxford, Charles.

CHARLES

Yes, Thir. At long Lathst.

LORD ARUNDEL

Heard recently from your father, Edward.
Seems to be going great guns down in Sydney Town.

ELIZABETH

My dear father-in-law seems to be involved
in just about everything in the Colony!

LADY ARUNDEL (to EDWARD)

And how is your young sister going these days?

EDWARD

She's quite the young lady these days. Eliza
will be 18 shortly.

LORD ARUNDEL

Oh, yes. Your father mentioned something about
throwing one of your sort of soirees, Edward.
To mark her Coming Out. Looks like we're invited.

ELIZABETH

We should love to attend, but . . .

EDWARD

. . . but the Regiment might take a dim view.

LADY ARUNDEL

It could be an interesting experience for Charles
here .. Before he gets a proper job!

CHARLES (feigns indignance)

Wots wong with just being a world twaveller, Mother?

The Foursome exchange laughter.

92. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. MORNING (EARLY LIGHT).

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

CAMPERDOWN LODGE

A few beats HOLD on residence

SFX Distant crowing of rooster harsh laughter kookaburras

CUT TO

93. INT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. STUDY. JAMES. MORNING

JAMES paces about in front of his desk, hands clasped behind his back, as if seeking best approach to dealing with an issue.

A few beats

JAMES comes to a stop. With hands still clasped behind, he now stands before his desk, looking (off). JAMES takes a **here goes** sort of deep breath.

JAMES (first exhales)

Firstly, you had no right nor authority to re-engage Mrs. Humphries. Simply because she changed her mind.

Secondly, there was no way I could have possibly been made aware of what you were up to. Nor would it have made any difference to my seeking a suitable person for the position of Housekeeper.

Thirdly, we have been fortunate enough to have secured a most worthy, competent and experienced candidate, in the person of Mrs. Kelly.

CUT TO

94. INT. CAMP. LODGE. STUDY. ELIZA. MORNING.

CLOSE ON ELIZA

ELIZA stands, dejected, eyes downcast, as JAMES pursues his case.

JAMES (off)

You treated Mrs. Kelly most rudely. Frankly, I was ashamed. After all, **you** are the Lady of the House. And I did expect much better of you.

CONT.

94. INT. CAMP. LODGE. STUDY. ELIZA. MORNING. CONT.

JAMES (off) pauses a beat

JAMES (off)

You should now apologise to
our newly installed Housekeeper.

ELIZA looks up, eyes opening wide

ELIZA

Apologise! For what? I did not
say a word (to her) !

CUT TO

95. INT. STUDY. JAMES. ELIZA. MORNING

ANGLE on JAMES and ELIZA

JAMES

For your actions. You must
show respect.

ELIZA

Respect must be earned, Father.
The Kelly woman has only been
here for five minutes!

JAMES (growing anger)

You are trying my patience, Eliza.
You **must** apologise. . . And it is
Mrs. Kelly -- not the Kelly woman!

ELIZA

But . . I don't know her. I don't
even like her! And she's a, a servant!

JAMES (raises voice)

She is a most able woman. Skilled in staff
management and domestic supervision. We
are indeed fortunate to have secured her
services.

CONT.

95. INT. STUDY. JAMES. ELIZA. CONT.

ELIZA

How do you know all these
things about her . . ?

JAMES

What on earth do (you mean) ?

ELIZA has scored a point. She pushes on.

ELIZA

How long have you known this woman?
Ten minutes . . ?

JAMES IS taken aback, shocked.

ELIZA (calmly)

Now, if you will excuse me . .
I have matters to attend.

ELIZA turns away and flounces from the room.
JAMES, stunned by her defiance, leans back to grasp
the edge of the desk behind him.

CUT TO

96. INT. STUDY DOOR. CORRIDOR. ELIZA. SACHI. DAY.

ELIZA emerges suddenly from Study. Turns to close
door to find SACHI, who has been caught off guard
by the abrupt ending of the confrontation within.

ELIZA (sweetly)

Good morning, Sachi. Had your little ear
to the door again . . . ?

ELIZA leaves an abashed SACHI in her wake.

97. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. DAY.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT

CAMPERDOWN LODGE as a rundown, dilapidated, sad-looking grand lady who has seen better days. Post auction, it awaits in grounds which have started to again sprout weeds and bushes, for restoration by a new owner.

FADE UP TITLE

42 Years later

hold a beat

FADE OUT TITLE

CUT TO

98. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. CONSERVATORY. (RUIN). MOORE. ELIZABETH. SARAH. DAY.

COLBERT MOORE and the BAILEY SISTERS stroll through neglected grounds. They have come upon what's left of the once ornate Conservatory.

They survey the ruin in silence.

A few beats

Silence is broken by ELIZABETH, who shakes her head, affected by the experience.

ELIZABETH (quietly, reflective)

I never imagined I would step in these grounds again, Mr. Moore. I suppose in recalling events of the past, as we have been . . . Well, it's matter of seeking some closure.

SARAH (nods agreement)

It all looks so . . . well, so sad.

MOORE

You know, I, too, feel that I have come to know the household, and its people, as it once was.

The Trio seat themselves on what's left of a retaining stone wall.

CONT.

98. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. RUINED WALL. MOORE. BAILEY SISTERS. DAY. CONT.

MOORE sits quietly as ELIZABETH and SARAH continue to gaze at their surroundings, taking in what's left of the once manicured grounds, lost in memories.

A few beats

MOORE (quietly)

Tell me, what became of poor Mrs. Humphries ?

ELIZABETH and SARAH return to the present,

ELIZABETH (after a pause)

On the night of the arrival of Mrs. Kelly, the Master summoned her to his study. She was most upset and emotional.

SARAH

And embarrassed, I suppose.

ELIZABETH

I served them tea. The Master expressed regret that he could not re-engage Mrs. Humphries. He was most gracious; said he was sorry. But under the circumstances it was impossible. I understand Miss Eliza never knew of their meeting.

A pause

Anyway, he paid Mrs. Humphries what was her due, and more, I gathered. She left at first light. We were not to see her again.

MOORE takes it all in

MOORE

Hmm. And in view of all that, what about Miss Eliza? She would have been upset.

ELIZABETH

Of course. Yet there was now sunshine in her life. She and George Cuthbertson became close. She radiated happiness . . like I'd never seen before. Miss Eliza would have her friend Vicky Sedgewick cover for her meetings.

ELIZABETH turns to MOORE, smiles at the recollection

FADE TO

99. EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

It's a rolling countryside setting; no habitation in sight

SFX Beat of galloping horses

A few beats

From the skyline of a hilltop, ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON on horseback, slowly emerge from over the crest. As they canter by, PAN until they outstrip

ELIZABETH (over)

They would meet most weekends -- usually
when she was supposed to be at St. Stephens.

CUT TO

100. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The horses are reined back to a canter. ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON laugh, call to each other, enjoying the situation.

SFX Horses Laughter calls (muted)

CUT TO

101. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Horses now back to a trot, ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON ride across a meadow. GEORGE points to something that attracts his attention up ahead (off). ELIZA look ahead, turns back to CUTHBERTSON and nods. They urge their mounts back to a canter.

ELIZABETH (over)

They knew they were taking a gamble.
And for a time, nobody knew of their
relationship.

CUT TO

102. EXT. SHADE TREE. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY

OPEN on shade tree in a sheltered depression.

PAN (off) to PICK UP ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON approaching

SFX Growing sound of horse beats

PAN ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON reach sheltering tree,
come to a stop.

GEORGE dismounts Tethers both horses

He then reaches up to steady ELIZA as she slips clear
of saddle. As a result, ELIZA slides down into his
outstretched arms.

They freeze, face-to-face, inches apart.

A few beats

CUTHBERTSON is about to kiss ELIZA. She beats him to
it with a playful peck on his forehead. This accompanied
by a mischievous smile as she turns aside, slips clear
of his arms. CUTHBERTSON reacts momentary disappointment.

ELIZA'S actions establishes closeness while thwarting
surrender to passion.

CLOSE on CUTHBERTSON

He shrugs, develops a philosophical grin as he goes to
join ELIZA now sprawled in the shade.

103. EXT. MONT.EAGLE.HOUSE GATES.ELIZA.DUSK.

ELIZA appears at gates of Mont Eagle House. It is
coming on dark. Distant thunder and the occasional
flicker of light in the sky announces the possibility
of a storm.

ELIZA looks up and down street from shadow of the
gates, then hastens towards Camperdown Lodge (off).

CUT TO

104. INT.CAMP.LODGE.ENTRANCE CHAMBER.ELIZA.ELIZABETH.SACHL.NIGH

ELIZA slips inside, closing door quietly behind her.
As she crosses towards main staircase ELIZABETH appears.

ELIZABETH

Oh, there you are, Miss Eliza!

CONT.

104. INT. CAMP. LODGE. ELIZA.ELIZABETH.SACHI.NIGHT.CONT.

ELIZABETH glances to Grandfather Clock ticking away the seconds in a matallic beat.

ELIZABETH (cont.)

We were becoming concerned (about you).

ELIZA pauses, slips off shawl, gives it a shake.

ELIZABETH (cont.)

I was about to send Sarah to the church.
We have been holding supper.

ELIZA reaches the stairs, removing her bonnet.

ELIZA (calmly)

I wasn't at the church.

ELIZABETH reacts surprise, watches ELIZA mount the stairs.

A beat

Without looking back, ELIZA mounts the stairs.

ELIZA

And I'll take supper in my room.

ELIZABETH (calls)

That's what the Master did. .

Her voice trails off. ELIZA is out of sight.
ELIZABETH adds, quietly to self :

ELIZABETH (cont.)

Must be something in the air (tonight)

SFX Distant roll of thunder (outside, muted)

ELIZABETH looks away, shakes head. She comes face-to-face with SACHI, who emerges from the shadows.

CONT.

104. INT. CAMP. LODGE. ELIZA. ELIZABETH. SACHI. NIGHT. CONT.

ELIZABETH

Ooh! You startled me there. . !

SACHI looks upwards to the stairs.

SACHI

You are not the only one who has
been surprised (tonight).

CLOSE ON SACHI He reacts contemplation and significance
posed by ELIZA'S behavior.

SFX Crack of thunder (off)
 Flare from outside lightning, momentarily
 plays over SACHI'S face.

CUT TO

105. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. APPROACHING STORM. NIGHT.

The building is silhouetted by distant flash of lightning.
The effect is sinister, foreboding.

SFX Prolonged roll of thunder.

CUT TO

106. INT. CAMP. LODGE. KITCHEN. SARAH. MARGARET. MRS. KELLY. NIGHT.

SARAH glances to wall clock.

SARAH (to Margaret)

I had better go fetch the dishes from
the study. The Master will have finished
supper.

MARGARET

Off you go, then. And then turn down the
covers and check his room before he retires.

MRS. KELLY appears. At first it is not clear if she
has heard the conversation.

CONT.

106. INT.CAMP.LODGE.KITCHEN.SARAH.MARGARET.MRS.KELLY.NIGHT.CONT.

MRS.KELLY (almost sweetly)

It's getting late. You ladies have had
a long day. You tidy up in the study,
Sarah. I shall attend to the rest.

MARGARET and SARAH share looks of surprise.
MRS. KELLY is acting out-of-character

MRS. KELLY

Now off (you go). Before I
change my mind.

SARAH hesitates. MARGARET takes her arm and steers
her towards the door.

SFX Distant thunder (outside, muted)

CUT TO

107. INT.CAMP.LODGE.HOUSEKEEPERS QUARTERS.MRS.KELLY.NIGHT.

CAM slowly explores the lamp lit and comfortable quarters
of MRS.KELLY : Generous-sized bed, flickering fire
in grate of living area, writing desk, book case, easy
chairs, framed prints on walls. An archway to one side
leads to dressing alcove, opposite archway to bathroom.

SFX Running water, splashing (from bathroom, off)

CAM roves to bathroom

MRS KELLY rises, dripping wet, from large bathtub. She
is naked, cranks off water spiggot, reaches out to stand
to grab a towel, starts to dry her well-built, shapely
body. Still rubbing at her wet skin, she steps from
the bathtub.

CUT TO

107. INT. HOUSEKEEPERS QUARTERS.MRS.KELLY.NIGHT.

MRS. KELLY completes towelling off, standing in the warmth
of the fireplace.

CUT TO

108. INT.HOUSEKEEPERS QUARTERS.MRS.KELLY.NIGHT.

CU MRS.KELLY dabs her naked body with cologne.
 She pays special attention to armpits, nape
 of neck, crook of inner elbows and thighs.

SFX Muted rumble of thunder (outside, off)

CUT TO

109.INT.HOUSEKEEPERS QUARTERS.MRS.KELLY.NIGHT.

Still naked, sitting before mirror, MRS. KELLY combs hair
which shines in the lamplight.

She rises to her feet. Her long and lustrous hair now
falling about her strong, yet shapely shoulders. MRS.
KELLY'S sturdy, yet firm body, has been transformed into
a statuesque Reubens-like beauty.

CUT TO

110. INT.HOUSEKEEPERS QUARTERS.MRS.KELLY.NIGHT.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) From a drawer, MRS. KELLY selects a silken night
 dress. It drapes her body in a shimmering embrace,
 enhancing the attributes of the flesh beneath the
 pearl-like material.
 She draws back her hair, fastens it with a tortoiseshell
 clip, still permitting it to fall free.
- B) She inspects herself in the mirror, turning first
 this way and that. Reacts satisfaction at what
 the reflection conveys.
- C) She now drapes a shawl about her shoulders, crosses
 to the door, eases it open, peers out to ensure
 coast is clear.
- D) MRS. KELLY slips from her quarters, is lost to
 sight from within as she quietly pulls door closed
 behind her.

CUT TO

111. INT. JAMES QUARTERS.JAMES. NIGHT.

JAMES opens door, enters, pushes door closed.
He look up, reacts surprise.

CUT TO

112. INT. JAMES QUARTERS. MRS. KELLY. NIGHT.

POV JAMES

MRS KELLY! A shawl draped over a post of 4-poster bed.
She turns to confront JAMES dressed only in the diaphanous
night dress

MRS. KELLY (adopts flustered reaction)

Oh, dear! . . . It's you, Sir!
I, I did not expect you here so early!

She grabs at the shawl

CUT TO

113. INT. JAMES QUARTERS. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON JAMES He is pop-eyed

JAMES

My God! Mrs. Kelly!

PAN To MRS. KELLY

She folds her arms across and beneath her breasts in a
protective gesture. It has the effect of accentuating
cleavage, clearly revealed in the vee cut of the night
dress.

MRS. KELLY

The staff has retired. I was about to turn
in . . . After I attended to your, er, needs.

PICK UP JAMES and MRS. KELLY.

JAMES nods, unsure what to say.

MRS. KELLY (cont.)

I believe you should find everything to
your satisfaction, Sir.

JAMES (finds voice)

Yes. Everything looks, er, just, um, fine.

CONT.

113. INT. JAMES QUARTERS. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. NIGHT. CONT.

MRS. KELLY (directly into JAMES' eyes)

So . . if there is nothing else that you
may require. . ?

JAMES (hurridly)

I, er, really can't think of anything.
Everything looks, er, quite in order.

MRS KELLY smiles, turns , to take her leave.

MRS KELLY

Then if you'll excuse me . . it's time
I was going to bed.

JAMES gets the message.

JAMES

There is something else, Mrs. Kelly.

MRS. KELLY crooks her head, renews eye contact.

MRS. KELLY (softly)

And what might that be, Sir ?

JAMES (smiles)

You may turn down the lamps, Mrs. Kelly.

MRS. KELLY (hesitates)

The name is Anna. . .

JAMES (nods)

Then turn down the lamps . . . Anna.

114. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. STORMY NIGHT.

The Grand House is lit like daylight in a vivid flare of sheet lightning. Then it is plunged into darkness. A crack of thunder momentarily drowns out the moan of the wind and beat of rain.

SFX Thunder Wind Beating rain

CUT TO

115. INT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. STORMY NIGHT.

ELIZA lies in bed. She is restless as sleep escapes her because of the fury of the storm outside.

SFX Storm sounds (off)

CUT TO

115. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. TREE. ELIZA'S ROOM. STORMY NIGHT.

SFX Storm sounds up

A tree near ELIZA'S bedroom window threshes wildly in wind and rain.

A few beats

A branch breaks free in creaking, wood-splitting crash. It slams against the lead paned window, breaks the glass.

116. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZA. NIGHT.

ELIZA sits bolt upright, screams as splintered glass cascades across the room. Her terror is increased by the roar of the storm beyond the shattered window.

SFX Splintering glass Storm sounds up

A beat

ELIZA scrambles from her bed, momentarily lit by a finger of lightning. She flees the room.

CUT TO

117. INT. CAMP. LODGE. HALLWAY. ELIZA. STORMY NIGHT.

Barefoot and in her nightdress, ELIZA hastens unsteadily, still half-asleep, along a corridor, to the roll of thunder, alternatively lit by lightning and darkness. A kaleidosopic effect.

A few angles on her unsettling journey down corridors; some ancestral family portraits look down from the walls when lit eerily in the sheet lightning, assuming menacing aspects in colour ~~cast~~ from stained glass skylights.

ELIZA reaches the door to her father's quarters. She turns the knob, slips inside.

CUT TO

118. INT. JAMES QUARTERS. ELIZA. STORMY NIGHT.

CLOSE ON ELIZA

The lamps have been turned low. The chamber's soft lighting occasionally bolstered by glow of lightning outside.

ELIZA comes to a stop, stares (off) in astonishment/disbelief

SFX Over the muted storm sounds the moan of a woman

CUT TO

119. INT. JAMES QUARTERS. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. STORMY NIGHT.

POV ELIZA

Atop rumpled bedcovers JAMES is naked, heaving astride a dark-haired woman pressed into the tangle of sheets. Her legs rise to grip JAMES' torso MRS. KELLY lets out a cry of ecstasy. The room is lit by a flare from the outside storm which confirms the identity of the woman.

CUT TO

120. INT. JAMES QUARTERS. ELIZA. STORMY NIGHT.

CLOSE ON ELIZA

ELIZA struggles to come to terms at what she has uncovered.
She shakes her head, as if in denial.

A beat

ELIZA backs to the door, fascinated/replused, still in
disbelief

ELIZA

A cry of anguish

She turns and and walks unsteadily away.

CAM TRACKS ELIZA from behind as she navigates the
lightning-lit corridor and its roll call of accusory
ancestors.

121. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. STORMY NIGHT.

The Grand House standing as if in defiance of the
assault from the storm.

Hold a few beats

122. EXT. MAIN GATES.CAMP.LODGECARRIAGE.THOMAS.MORNING.

Household carriage with THOMAS, on errand, appears at
gates. A pause to ascertain road is clear, and carriage
turns onto King Street. Wheels and horses' hooves
splash through puddles, legacy of last night's storm.

SFX carriage hooves splashing puddles

TRACK THRU GATES SLOWLY UP DRIVE towards Residence

FLASH ON message

Next Morning

A few beats

WIPE OFF message.

CUT TO

123. INT. CAMP. LODGE.SACHI'S OFFICE.SACHI.MRS.KELLY.DAY.

SACHI seated in his small office, at desk, deep into paperwork.

A few beats

SFX Brief, sharp, rap on door

SACHI looks up from his work

SACHI (calls)

Come!

ANGLE TO PICK UP MRS. KELLY who lets herself in, glances around, taking in the confined quarters.

SACHI (brusquely)

You wanted to see me. . . ?

Without ceremony MRS. KELLY seats herself opposite SACHI. She doesn't waste words on opening pleasantries.

MRS. KELLY (calmly)

Yes, Mr. Sachi. It concerns my authority to run and manage the household without hindrance or obstruction.

SACHI (guardedly)

I don't understand. Nobody is hindering or obstructing you in your duties, Mrs. Kelly.

MRS. KELLY

Why, then, am I supposed to refer all matters to you ?

SACHI (reassuringly)

Oh, dear, you are mistaken, Mrs. Kelly. It's simple, really. The Master has asked me to act -- how best to put it, -- yes, act as a filter. To ease and take some pressure off his many burdens and responsibilities.

CONT.

123. INT. SACHI'S OFFICE. SACHI. MRS. KELLY. DAY. CONT.

MRS. KELLY

We are now addressing **my** burdens and responsibilities, Mr. Sachi. I accepted the position of Housekeeper on the clear understanding that I should have a free hand. To implement **my** approach to best and most efficient practices.

SACHI

Yes, I suppose there are some things to keep you gainfully employed(each day). . .

MRS. KELLY is not finished

MRS. KELLY

The issues include staff management, general catering, purchase of provisions, implementing dinner parties and receptions, daily menus, cleaning and ensuring best standards to serve domestic residents and guests. To mention a few.

SACHI (patronisingly)

Yes, I suppose you do become involved in many aspects. And rightly so, if I may say! However, it's just that **formal** approval for such matters are to be referred to **my** office. After all, Mrs. Kelly, we are all in this together! Part of the one team!

MRS KELLY Does not buy it.

MRS. KELLY

Such a procedure, in which I have no direct reference to the party employing me is out of the question. I must be free to deal directly to Mr. Donnithorne.

SACHI (drops role of politician)

You **must**, Mrs. Kelly? You do not seem to understand. At the risk of (repeating myself) . .

CONT.

123. INT. SACHI'S OFFICE. SACHI. MRS. KELLY. DAY. CONT.

MRS. KELLY (cuts SACHI short)

No, Mr. Sachi. It is **you** who does not understand. We live in a changing world. And for this Household, it will be for the better!

MRS. KELLY rises, pushes away her chair, turns and lets herself out. Her abrupt departure leaves SACHI unbalanced.

SFX Door shut firmly -- not quite a slam

SACHI sits digesting, evaluating what has been said

Asks himself, aloud

SACHI (speculatively)

Why is she so sure of herself. . ?

He ponders a few beats

SACHI (cont.)

Just what is going on . . ?

ECU SACHI

A few beats HOLD on SACHI

FADE OUT

END OF PART THREE

ELIZA

a screenplay by Alan Wardrope

PART FOUR

1. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAY. (AFTER STORM)

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT of the mansion

SFX : Tapping of hammer/sawing of timber (off)

CUT TO

2. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. TWO WORKMAN. DAY

A wooden platform, linked to the ground by ladders, support WORKMEN engaged in replacing broken window of ELIZA'S bedroom.

SFX : hammering and related activity sounds (up)

ELIZABETH (reminiscence voice, over)

The night of the great storm brought its own consequences. Way beyond some lost shingles, a few fallen trees, and Miss ELIZA'S broken bedroom window.

PAN DOWN TO

3. EXT. CAMP.LODGE.ELIZABETH.SARAH.MOORE DAY.

TRIO stand below ELIZA'S window. MOORE gazes upwards to window (off), then looks back to ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH (cont.)

The conflict of SACHI and the new Housekeeper had now come to a head. And a crisis arisen between Miss Eliza and her father.

PAN UP to window

We are back in current time zone. Scaffolding and ladders are gone, as are WORKMEN. The building in neglected condition, ELIZA'S former bedroom window partially boarded over.

CUT TO

4. EXT. GATES.CAMP.LODGE.ELIZABETH.SARAH.MOORE.CAB DRIVE. DAY.

While CAB DRIVER holds door open, MOORE assists in turn ELIZABETH and SARAH board the carriage awaiting at gates. The cab draws away to the beat of the horses' hooves. Hold on cab a few beats.

CUT TO

5. INT. CAB. ELIZABETH.SARAH.MOORE.DAY.

The trio now settled in carriage making its way along King Street.

MOORE

How did things develop, as a result of that night. . . ?

ELIZABETH

I recall Miss Eliza took breakfast in her room. The broken glass had been cleared away, but it was rather strange.

SARAH (contributes)

She remained in her room 'till well into the morning. We wondered what she might have been up to.

ELIZABETH

I found Miss Eliza at her writing desk. She was engrossed in composing something. When I brought her breakfast, she seemed oblivious of my presence.

FAST DISSOLVE TO

6. INT. ELIZA'S ROOM. ELIZA. ELIZABETH.DAY.

ELIZA seated at writing desk. In between writing on notepaper she dips her pen into an ivory and silver inkwell. She works away without pause.

ELIZABETH has entered with breakfast tray. ELIZA, without looking up from her work, indicates with a hurried arm signal for the tray to be left on a side table near the bed.

ELIZABETH (places tray on table)

Will that be all, Miss Eliza . . . ?

CONT.

6. INT. ELIZA'S ROOM. ELIZA. ELIZABETH. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA responds without looking from her handiwork

ELIZA

Yes. Just leave it . .

FAVOUR ELIZABETH

She shrugs, takes her leave

PAN Back to ELIZA

ELIZA continues to write, pause to scan her work, dip the pen in the inkwell, resumes the effort.

PAN DOWNWARDS

The carpet beneath and about the writing desk scattered with scraps of crumpled notepaper, legacy of ELIZA'S rejection of earlier drafts.

ELIZABETH continues reminiscence (over)

ELIZABETH (over)

We were to learn it was a letter.
But not your average correspondence.

CLOSE ON ELIZA

She studies her latest effort, lips moving as she reads inaudibly back to herself.

A few beats

ELIZA gives effort a private nod of approval.

ELIZABETH reminiscence (over)

ELIZABETH (over)

This, too, was to have its consequences.

CONT.

6. INT. ELIZA'S BEDROOM. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

C U ELIZA

ELIZA again reads through her effort to herself.
Her voice(over) reveals the subject

ELIZA (V/O)

Dear Mr. Kelly,

It is with some trepidation that I write
to you in the following terms. However,
upon much consideration and soul searching,
I believe that there are matters concerning
recent events with which you ought to be made
acquainted. . . .

HOLD ON ELIZA
SOUND DROPOUT

A number of beats ELIZA continues to read the
letter

CUT TO

7. INT. ELIZA'S ROOM. WRITING DESK. DAY.

OPEN ON

The scatter of crumpled notepaper on the carpet

PAN UP To desktop

Just the leather trimmed writing base, inkwell and
pen, and blotting pad remain

SFX Door clicks shut (off)

PAN over unoccupied desk to Door.

ELIZA has left the room

CUT TO

8. INT. KITCHEN. SARAH. SCULLERY MAID ROSE. ELIZA.DAY.

ELIZA hastens in, bearing an envelope. ROSE busy washing up breakfast dishes. SARAH is sorting incoming mail and outgoing correspondence into two separate piles on the main table.

ELIZA (to SARAH, a tad breathless)

I see I'm in time for the mail.
Please ensure this one goes.

SARAH glances absently from her sorting

SARAH

Leave it here. I'm off to the
Post Office shortly, Miss Eliza.

ELIZA delicately places her letter on the table.
SARAH scoops it up and places it on top of the
outgoing pile.

ELIZA hesitates a beat, then turns and takes her leave.

CUT TO

9. INT. ELIZA'S ROOM. ELIZA. ELIZABETH. DAY.

ELIZA lies flat on her bed, staring at the ceiling, deep
in thought.

SFX Knock at door

ELIZA (still staring at ceiling)

Yes. What is it . . ?

SFX Door opens

ELIZABETH enters ELIZA looks to door (off)

ELIZABETH (approaching side table)

I've come to collect . . oh, you haven't
touched your breakfast, Miss Eliza ...

ELIZA

I was not really hungry. .

CONT.

9. INT. ELIZA'S ROOM. ELIZA. ELIZABETH. DAY CONT.

A few beats

SFX Door closes.

ELIZA sits up, slides off bed. She crosses to desk, kneels down to retrieve scraps of paper from early drafts of letter. ELIZA methodically rips each piece to shreds. She rises, crosses to fireplace and stuffs the papers into the grate.

CUT TO

10. INT. KITCHEN. SACHI. SARAH. ROSE. DAY.

SARAH is about to depart for the Post Office. SACHI bustles in, pressing the flaps of a large buff envelope closed into a splodge of soft red sealing wax.

SARAH

I'm about to leave for the post, Sir.

SACHI walks to table, holding the flaps closed as the wax sets. He eyes the letters neatly stacked and ready for despatch. SACHI reacts interest, bends closer.

CUT TO

11. INT. KITCHEN. TABLE. MAIL. LETTER. DAY.

POV SACHI

Atop the mail is ELIZA'S letter. We glimpse her fine, copperplate style of handwriting.

CUT TO

12. INT. KITCHEN. SACHI. SARAH. ROSE. DAY.

SACHI looks up from table, consults his fob watch.

SACHI (to SARAH)

I see it's getting quite late. This must catch today's mail.

CONT.

12. INT. KITCHEN. SACHI. SARAH. ROSE. DAY. CONT.

SACHI glances at large envelope in his hand to confirm the wax has set. Without further ado, SACHI scoops up mail from the table

SACHI (cont.)

I had better attend to these. Just to be sure.

SARAH and ROSE react surprise. SARAH is unsure.

SARAH

There's one from Miss Eliza. She said to take special care . . .

SACHI

Oh, yes. It will receive special attention.

SACHI hurries from kitchen with the mail, leaving SARAH and ROSE to exchange bewildered looks.

CUT TO

13. ELIZA'S ROOM. ELIZA. DAY.

ELIZA sits on the edge of her bed. She looks troubled. She glances off to fireplace.

PAN to ELIZA'S POV

The torn notepaper crammed behind the grate.

A beat

ELIZA (to self) (off)

Ohh! What have I done . . . ?

PAN to ELIZA

ELIZA (bites at lower lip)

No. This is not the way!

CUT TO

14 . INT. KITCHEN. ELIZABETH. SARAH. ROSE. ELIZA. DAY

ELIZABETH reacts as ELIZA suddenly appears.

ELIZABETH (brightly)

Miss Eliza! Can I now fetch
you something (to eat) ?

ELIZA looks about, reacts relief on seeing SARAH

ELIZA (to SARAH)

Thank goodness you're still here. . .

SARAH is none-the-wiser

SARAH

Is there something wrong, Miss ?

ELIZA

Nothing is wrong. It's, er, it's just that
I need my letter back.

SARAH

Oh. The mail's gone.

ELIZA reacts shock

ELIZABETH

I'm told SACHI volunteered to do the post.

FAVOUR ELIZA Clearly distressed

ELIZA

What! Sachi! You mean he has my letter. . !

SARAH (glances up to wall clock)

He left some 20 minutes ago. He'll be at
the Post Office by now I imagine.

ELIZA seems to crumple with devastation. She shakes
her head in disbelief. The OTHERS exchange looks of
bewilderment. What might be so special about a letter?

CUT TO

15 . EXT. STREAM. ROWBOAT. ELIZA.CUTHBERTSON.DAY.

A peaceful, tree-lined stream with grassy banks and patches of reeds.

CLOSE ON WATER

SFX Bird calls, sqwark of the odd duck

A few beats

SFX Now picks up splashing of oars, creak
 of rowlocks (off)

ELEVATE Pick up approaching small rowboat, with two occupants

CUT TO

16 . EXT. STREAM. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY

CUTHBERTSON in shirtsleeves, sporting a straw hat, plies away at the oars of the small craft.

ELIZA seated in stern. Amidship is a wicker picnic basket. ELIZA wears a broad-brimmed picture hat, complete with trailing ribbons. Her skirt is delicately spread, and one of her hands trails in the water. A Gainsbrough sort of setting.

CUTHBERTSON takes a break from the oars

CUTHBERTSON (catches breath)

You're rather pensive today. . . ?

ELIZA (a tad prim)

Well, I do have some things (on my mind).

CUTHBERTSON

I see. Want to tell me . . . ?

ELIZA (shakes head)

Not really. It's just, um, family matters.

CUTHBERTSON (shrugs)

Well then. I had better get back to work.

CUTHBERTSON takes up the oars, gets back to rowing.

CONT.

16. EXT. STREAM. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY. CONT.

CUTHBERTSON (cont.)

Tell me when you see a likely spot.

ELIZA

Just keep rowing. I'll say when.

SFX Splashing and creaking of another boat grows
 out of distance (off)

CUT TO

17. EXT. STREAM. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. YOUNG COUPLE. DAY.

Another rowboat with a young MALE/FEMALE COUPLE surges into frame . It is gradually overtaking the craft of ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON.

YOUNG MALE works hard at the oars. He shoots a cheeky grin to CUTHBERTSON as he draws abreast. It's a challenge to a race.

CUTHBERTSON accepts the challenge, speeds up on his strokes. As both boats rock in response to the calls for more speed, ELIZA and FEMALE of COUPLE exchange waves.

ELIZA looks to CUTHBERTSON, motions for him to keep up his efforts.

ELIZA

Laughs with excitement

CUT TO

18. EXT. STREAM. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. YOUNG COUPLE. DAY. CONT.

ELEVATED SHOT Two boats on river. Oars rising and falling, sunlight glinting on splashing water, spreading wakes of the competing craft.

A few beats

The challenging boat of YOUNG COUPLE draws steadily ahead.

CUT TO

19. EXT. STREAM. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. BOAT DAY.

FAVOUR CUTHBERTSON

He tries to crank up his strokes. An oar misses, skids across the surface, scooping up a heavy spray of water.

PAN TO ELIZA in stern

ELIZA takes most of the flying water, drenching her picture hat and face.

ELIZA

Squeals. Part surprise. Part amusement.

FAVOUR CUTHBERTSON

He breaks into a broad grin, gives up on the oars.

YOUNG COUPLE (off)

Laughter of delight

SFX. Victorious boat drawing into distance

CUT TO

20. EXT. RIVERBANK. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

OPEN ON Rowboat nosed into reeds on bank.

PAN TO ELIZA'S hat, perched on grass, drying off in sun

PAN CONTINUES TO Open Picnic basket and remains of lunch

PAN ROVES TO ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON sitting in a secluded, sheltered spot.

CLOSE ON COUPLE

CUTHBERTSON leans close to ELIZA, dabs away an errant trickle of water that has appeared from her wet hair.

CUTHBERTSON (Gently)

I think you'll survive.

ELIZA (softly)

I'm sure I will.

ELIZA reaches up and takes CUTHBERTSON'S hand. He bends closer. They are face to face, lips a few inches apart.

CONT.

21. EXT. RIVERBANK. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY. CONT.

A few beats

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON locked in an embrace of their eyes.

Ever so slowly their parted lips bridge the inches of separation. Their lips meet. At first it's a brushing, tentative contact. It grows to a soft kiss. The kiss becomes more urgent.

ELIZA'S arms reach to embrace CUTHBERTSON around the neck. CUTHBERTSON enfolds her in his arms. They are now on the grass, lost in hunger for each other. Each pulls at the other's clothing to expedite a union of the flesh.

A few beats

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON making love. They gorge on kisses, grope at each other's body in growing and abandoned passion.

CAM ELEVATES Roves to pick up the open wicker picnic basket, then on to ELIZA'S hat still lying on the grass, finally settling on the small boat nudged in the reeds against the bank, seemingly resigned to a long wait until its occupants might return.

SFX Birds, sqwark of a duck (off)

FADE TO

22. INT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. RECEPTION CHAMBER. MRS. KELLY. SARA. NIGHT.

SARA bustles about, plumping cushions, straightening chairs, removing stale flowers from vases, general tidying up at day's end.

MRS. KELLY enters, takes in activity. She glances up to wall clock.

MRS. KELLY (to SARA)

Has Miss Eliza returned (yet). ?

CONT.

22. INT. RECEPTION CHAMBER.MRS.KELLY.SARA.NIGHT.CONT.

SARAH (shakes head)

I don't believe so, Mrs. Kelly.
She's probably with Miss Vickey
at the Sedgewicks.

MRS. KELLY (murmurs to self)

Hmm. Later and later. . . .

MRS. HUMPHRIES' eyes narrow as she again glances to wall clock.

CUT TO

23.EXT. MONT EAGLE HOUSE.CAB.DRIVER.ELIZA.CUTHBERTSON.NIGHT.

King Street is dimly lit by gas lamps on spindly, widely-spaced standards. The day has not long surrendered to the growing night. A Hansom Cab creaks to a stop near gates of Mont Eagle House.

ELIZA alights, looks back to CUTHBERTSON, who clambers out. They share a hurried embrace.

CLOSER on ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON

ELIZA (looks nervously about)

Please. I must be going.

CUTHBERTSON (also scans street)

Of course. I'll watch out for you.

PAN TO ELIZA walks hurridly down street towards Camperdown Lodge.

PAN BACK TO CUTHBERTSON. He stands by cab, watching ELIZA'S progress (off)

A few beats

CUTHBERTSON reacts satisfaction that all's well.
He re-enters cab, calls to DRIVER

CUTHBERTSON

Back to the city.

DRIVER gives a sharp pull on the reins and cab moves off.

CUT TO

24. EXT. KING STREET. CAB. DRIVER. MRS.KELLY. NIGHT.

The Hansom Cab executes a U-turn, draws out of FRAME towards Sydney Town.

SFX retreating Cab

STEADY ZOOM across street to patch of shadow cast by tree.
A woman stands in the shadows.

ZOOM to ECU on MRS. KELLY

She watches departing Cab from the shadows.

A beat She steps into feeble glow cast by street lamp.

MRS. KELLY looks back to Camperdown Lodge (off).

MRS. KELLY

Triumphant and private sort of smile

CUT TO

25. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. NIGHT.

The Grand House with lights softly glowing from a number of windows.

CUT TO

26. INT. CAMP. LODGE. STUDY. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. NIGHT.

ANNA KELLY pushes study door closed behind her. There is urgency in her demeanor.

ANGLE to pick up JAMES, rising from Chesterfield.

JAMES

Anna . . . Is, er, everything all right. . ?

MRS. KELLY (approaches JAMES)

That will be for you to decide, James.

JAMES moves to embrace her. MRS. KELLY holds back, raises hand to deflect the embrace.

JAMES (unsure)

I would say there is a problem (between us).

CONT.

26. INT. STUDY. JAMES. MRS. KELLY. NIGHT.CONT.

MRS. KELLY

Not between us, James. It's something else.
Something you should know . . .

CUT TO

27. EXT. KING STREET. VAN. DRIVER. KNIGHT.

An open horse-drawn van clatters out of the night,
DRIVER whipping horses to maintain the pace. The male
DRIVER is the sole occupant. His identity is masked by
the dimness of the night.

TRACK a few beats

CUT TO

28. INT. CAMP.LODGE.SMALL DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH.SARAH.NIGHT.

CLOSE ON An iron poker, pushed into fireplace grate
in Small Dining Room, is prodded at dying embers.

OPEN TO SARAH, crouched by grate. She reaches over
to add some small pieces of kindling wood from a triangle
of fuel stacked on one side of the hearth, to resuscitate
the fire.

ELIZABETH joins the crouching SARAH, takes in activity.

ELIZABETH (playfully)

You naughty girl! Didn't Mrs. Kelly say
we should not waste fuel on late night fires.

SARAH (without looking up)

Perhaps our esteemed Housekeeper is unaware
the Master likes to keep this room warm around
the clock.

ELIZABETH (wryly)

Perhaps she doesn't care.

CUT TO

29. EXT. DRIVE. CAMP. LODGE. VAN. DRIVER. NIGHT.

The van swerves in from King Street and rattles at a
brisk pace up the driveway towards the darkened mansion.

CUT TO

30. INT. SMALL DINING ROOM. ELIZABETH. SARA. NIGHT.

SARA straightens up from now revived fire in grate. ELIZABETH looks about the Small Dining Room.

ELIZABETH

That's it then. Is everything else in order?

SARA nods affirmative.

SFX : Stomping of boots on front porch (off)

ELIZABETH and SARAH exchange curious reactions

A few beats

SFX : Hammering on front doors (off)

As thumping on oaken door panels continues without abatement, ELIZABETH turns, makes towards adjoining Entrance Chamber.

ELIZABETH (calls back to SARA)

Who might it be at this hour? Must be something urgent!

TRACK ELIZABETH to doors.

SFX : Violent banging on doors continues

CUT TO

31. INT. SACHI'S OFFICE. SACHI. NIGHT.

SACHI looks up from late night paperwork, reacts to commotion at front doors (off) . He rises, crosses to window, draws back drapes, peers out into the night.

CUT TO

32. EXT. FRONT WING. SHADOWS. NIGHT.

POV SACHI It's a limied view. Shadows of horses tethered (off) near Main Entrance.

CUT TO

32. INT. SACHI'S OFFICE. SACHI. NIGHT.

SACHI lets drapes fall back into place. He turns away from window. He smiles to himself, rubs hands together.

CUT TO

33. INT. ENTRANCE DOORS. ELIZABETH. SARA. KELLY. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH at front doors. She hesitates a beat, then back bolts.

SFX : Rasping of bolts A beat Thumping on doors stops

ELIZABETH glances back to SARA who has followed her. She pulls open the doors.

CONT.

33 . INT. ENTRANCE DOORS. ELIZABETH. SARA.KELLY.NIGHT.CONT.

ELIZABETH confronted by florid, unshaven and bedraggled WILLIAM KELLY, who peers from bloodshot eyes, showing evidence of each of the rough miles from distant Victoria.

KELLY (shouting)

Where are they ? Let me in!

ELIZABETH (steps into doorway to block access)

What is your business, at this late hour ?

KELLY

I be William Kelly. And I wants justice!

ELIZABETH (steels herself)

It's late, Mister Kelly. If you have any business here, I suggest you make an appointment.

KELLY (moves to push ELIZABETH aside)

I 'ave business. Here and now. Summons your Master!

ELIZABETH is joined by a quaking, fearful SARA

ELIZABETH (stands her ground)

I have no intention of disturbing the Master at this hour. You will need to come back tomorrow.

KELLY is steadied by ELIZABETH'S controlled response. He towers over the two maidservants, looking down at them.

KELLY

I got no quarrel with you ladies. It's the two guilty ones who I wants!

KELLY again moves to push inside.

ELIZABETH

No! Stay outside!

JAMES (off)

Stay just where you are, Mister Kelly!

The TRIO at the doors freeze at the voice of JAMES (off)

CUT TO

34. INT. STAIRS/ENTRANCE CHAMBER. JAMES. KELLY. ELIZABETH. SARA. NIGHT.

JAMES stands at foot of stairs, looking calm and imperious in soft lamplight, clad in silken smoking jacket. He motions for the maidservants to depart.

JAMES

Elizabeth. Sara. You may go.

The two young woman scurry away, grateful at their rescue

As KELLY goes to speak, JAMES holds up his hand.

JAMES (cooly)

Not another word from you!
We talk in the study.

KELLY blinks owlshly from bloodshot eyes, decides to go quietly. He steps inside.

CUT TO

35. INT. HOUSEKEEPER'S QUARTERS. MRS. KELLY. NIGHT.

In her quarters, an awakened MRS. KELLY sits on the edge of her bed, She caps her head in her hands and closes her eyes, as if willing what is happening downstairs is just a bad dream.

CUT TO

36. INT. JAMES'. STUDY. JAMES. KELLY. NIGHT.

OPEN On KELLY facing desk behind which JAMES is seen, seated, reading a letter.

ANGLE On JAMES and KELLY

JAMES(placing letter aside)

So . . this is it. I can understand why you are so upset, Mister Kelly.

FAVOUR KELLY

KELLY (still angry)

Well. . ? Wot 'ave you to say for yerself?

CONT.

36. INT. JAMES'. STUDY. JAMES. KELLY. NIGHT. CONT.

FAVOUR JAMES

JAMES (indicates letter)

I have this to say. This is a malicious, vindictive and hurtful piece of paper. It clearly sets out to cause hurt and trouble. The person responsible will be dealt with.

KELLY (warily)

Are yer sayin' it's not true? Wot it says 'bout you and my wife ?

ANGLE ON JAMES and KELLY

JAMES

I am surprised that you could accept the veracity of such a libelous document.

KELLY

Eh. . ?

JAMES

This outrageous attack is not so much on me. It is really aimed at your good wife. Someone with an agenda!

KELLY (unsure)

Why would anyone want ter do that ?

JAMES

Simple, Mister Kelly. Your wife assumed the post of Housekeeper to take charge, introduce changes, make improvements, introduce more order and greater efficiency. Her presence impacted upon everyone under this roof.

KELLY nods for JAMES to continue his exposition.

JAMES

We must also assume there would be those who would resent the regime of change. In fact, actually feel threatened.

KELLY (slowly, digesting James' words)

Yair. I see wot you mean. . .

CONT.

36 . INT. JAMES'. STUDY. JAMES. KELLY. NIGHT. CONT.

JAMES

I must, however, admit to one thing, Mr. Kelly. . .

KELLY, curious and uncertain.

KELLY

And wot might that be. . . ?

JAMES (ingratiatingly)

I acted inappropriately in appointing your good wife as Housekeeper in such haste. You see, I have always believed that a woman's place is by her husband's side. But, I needed a Housekeeper . . .

He spreads his hands, shrugs

JAMES (Cont.)

Therefore, Camperdown Lodge's loss will be your gain.

KELLY

My gain, Sir. . . ?

JAMES

Indeed. You should welcome your wife's valued support in running a station like St. Agnes. It is clear that is where she belongs.

Pause for effect

JAMES (windup)

Naturally, in view of Mrs. Kelly's continuing responsibilities, she will remain on full salary.

KELLY, now calm and reassured, sits quietly, a touch awe-struck by such a personal encounter with his Master. He glances about, takes in the luxurious surroundings.

JAMES (brightly)

I believe it's time for a warming dramme!
What's your tipple? Whisky, brandy or rum?

CONT.

36. INT. STUDY. JAMES. KELLY. NIGHT. CONT.

KELLY

Rum will be fine, thank you, Sir.

JAMES steps to sideboard, selects a bottle and two crystal goblets.

JAMES (as he pours)

I will have Thomas help you bed down your horses. You can make yourself comfortable tonight in the Stablehands Quarters.

JAMES passes over a goblet to KELLY

JAMES

I shall inform Mrs. Kelly in the morning of the arrangements. And once she attends to her packing, you will be free to depart.

JAMES raises his glass.

JAMES (cont.)

Here's to a safe journey for you both to Victoria.

They clink glasses. JAMES smiles warmly. KELLY blinks, emotionally overwhelmed and close to tears by the kindness and understanding of his Master.

CUT TO

37. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. DRIVEWAY. THE KELLS. JAMES. VAN. DAY.

The van, now with canvas awning set in place, with WILLIAM and ANNA KELLY upfront, rattles away down the drive. The KELLYS are well rugged up for the long journey home.

SFX : Departing van rattling, towards street to the beat of the towing horses.

PAN TO JAMES on front steps witnessing the departure.

PAN BACK TO The van turns into King Street, to be lost to view.

CUT TO

38. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. ENTRANCE. JAMES. DAY.

JAMES turns away, re-enters the building without a backward glance.

CUT TO

39. INT. JAMES'S STUDY. ELIZA. JAMES. DAY.

ELIZA has entered study, pulls door closed. She looks anxiously to JAMES (off)

ELIZA

You wanted to see me, Father. . .

JAMES (off)

Indeed I do. Sit.

ANGLE ON JAMES and ELIZA

ELIZA settles uneasily onto chair JAMES indicates with a motion of his hand. She awaits the storm.

JAMES (doesn't mince words)

You should be ashamed of yourself!
You have acted in a deceitful, disloyal manner.
Acting behind my back -- ignoring the shame
and consequences!

ELIZA (shaken)

I'm sorry. I did try to stop it.
I really did, Father. But it was too late.

JAMES

You tried to **stop** it? Has this person taken
complete control of you. . ?

The penny drops for ELIZA. Her father is on about CUTHBERTSON.

ELIZA

George is a decent and respectable person.
I met him at the church.

JAMES

So it's George! And who and what might this person be?

ELIZA

His name is George Cuthbertson. He is reputable,
and gainfully employed.

JAMES (exasperated)

Reputable perhaps. But I have the impression
not suitable! And at what is he gainfully employed?

ELIZA

George is . . is a shipping clerk.

CONT.

39. INT. JAMES' STUDY. ELIZA. JAMES. DAY. CONT.

JAMES (stunned)

A shipping clerk! My God! Do you imagine you have been raised, educated and groomed in a family and social environment such as ours to. . to become involved with a clerk?

ELIZA

A shipping clerk, Father.

JAMES

Whatever. But I forbid this association. You are not to be permitted to keep seeing this person! It's out of the question!

ELIZA

There's something you ought to know. George and I have become fond of each other.

JAMES (thunderstruck)

Fond? Fond? Just how long have you known this, er, this . .

ELIZA

It's George, Father. And I have known him long enough to know I love him.

JAMES shakes his head in disbelief. Scarcely believes his ears.

JAMES

Love? Love? Have you taken leave of your senses?

ELIZA (decides it's time to fight back)

Father, I will shortly be Coming of Age. It will then be up to me to decide with whom I will share my life.

JAMES

Yes, you will be of age. And I have planned a Coming Out reception for you. Your brother Edward, Elizabeth and cousin Penelope, among others, are to be invited. Lord and Lady Arundel have confirmed their attendance. And their son, Charles. A fine young man with an impeccable background.

ELIZA (quietly)

Thank you, Father. It will be rather nice to see family and friends again. All together.

CONT.

39. INT. JAMES' STUDY. ELIZA. JAMES. DAY. CONT.

JAMES (not entirely satisfied)

I am pleased that you see it that way.
Having said that, I want you to know that
this George fellow will **never** be permitted
to set foot in Camperdown Lodge. **Never!**

ELIZA shrugs. Rises from her chair.

ELIZA

Then there's nothing more to discuss, Father.
Now if you'll excuse me . . .

JAMES, shaken by her non-committal composure, watches
ELIZA'S departure.

40. EXT. CAMP. LODGE. GARDEN FOUNTAIN. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY.

ELIZA and VICKY sit on stone wall beside splashing fountain.

CLOSE ON VICKY

VICKY (incredulous)

So your Father did not even mention your letter. . ?

PICK UP ELIZA

ELIZA (shakes head)

Not a word. It just doesn't make sense.
It was all about George. Somehow, he must
have found out (about us).

VICKY

And now you are not supposed to see George. . ?

ELIZA (considers a beat)

Let me put it this way. Let's say I shall
need to be more circumspect.

VICKY (digesting the news)

Oh, Eliza. Your life is so . . so exciting!

ELIZA (ruefully)

Dearest Vicky -- I have another word for it!

CUT TO

41. INT. CAMP. LODGE. SIDE ENTRANCE. ELIZA. SACHI. DAY.

ELIZA lets herself in by side entrance. As she enters, closes door, SACHI appears. He casts about, ensuring they are alone.

SACHI (touch conspiratorial)

A word, Miss Eliza.

ELIZA (warily)

Oh? What is it . . ?

SACHI smiles, withdraws an envelope from his jacket.

SACHI (holds out envelope)

I believe this is yours. . .

Bewildered, ELIZA accepts the envelope. She reacts surprise.

ELIZA

Why, this is my (letter)!

SACHI

Alas. One cannot always rely upon the mail service these days.

ELIZA (bewildered)

I, er, don't understand. Why have (you possession). ?

SACHI (cuts in)

How shall I best put it? Yes. Your communication to Mister Kelly and the rather graphic revelations given therein -- was, in essence -- conveyed to him. However, it was done with a touch more discretion. Perhaps a more apt word might well be: anonymously.

ELIZA, taken aback, again looks at envelope, then back to a smiling SACHI.

SACHI (cont.)

Rarely do we share a common cause, Miss Eliza. But this issue was, I submit, the exception.

ELIZA holds up envelope for closer inspection It is empty.

ELIZA

There's nothing in here. . . Where is my letter?

CONT.

41. INT. CAMP. LODGE. ELIZA. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

SACHI (relishes situation)

You surely must agree that it is essentially an incriminating document. Therefore, I have ensured it has been locked away. For safe keeping.

ELIZA tries to get her head around the real message.

SACHI (cont.)

It has been filed under I, Miss Eliza.

ELIZA

Under . . I . . ?

SACHI

Yes. For Insurance.

SACHI bows, takes his leave of a shaken ELIZA, clutching the empty envelope.

CUT TO

42. EXT. WYNYARD SQUARE. SYDNEY. CUTHBERTSON'S LODGINGS DAY.

ELEVATED/WIDE SHOT On Wynyard Square : a greenly grassed rectangle, fringed by eclectic mix of buildings: terrace dwellings, small stores, professional offices, medical practitioners, lodging houses.

MOVE IN TO FAVOUR upstairs window of a two-storey dwelling.

FADE UP TITLE

Wynyard Square
Sydney

FADE OUT TITLE

CUT TO

43. INT. LIVING ROOM. CUTHBERTSON'S LODGINGS. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON in conversation in the Spartan quarters.

CUTHBERTSON (not a question)

So . . . your Father knows (about us).

ELIZA (shrugs)

It's best, I suppose. It had to be . .
sooner or later.

CONT.

43. INT. CUTHBERTSON'S LODGINGS. ELIZA.CUTHBERTSON.DAY.CONT.

CUTHBERTSON

And I gather I am banned. . .

ELIZA places her arms about his shoulders, looks into CUTHBERTSON'S eyes.

ELIZA

Perhaps. . just for now, George dearest.
Give it a little time.

CUTHBERTSON (a tad churlish)

And he's to throw you a grand party.
To get your mind off us, I suppose. . .

ELIZA (shakes head)

A Coming of Age reception is a family tradition. It has no bearing on our relationship. Just old friends and family members.

CUTHBERTSON (disentangles embrace)

Except I'm not to be on the guest list.

ELIZA (concilliatory)

Please . . . let's not let this spoil things. We shall continue to see each other. Only . . only it might be a little more difficult. . . just for now.

CUTHBERTSON takes ELIZA in his arms

CUTHBERTSON (emotional)

Eliza, my darling. Now we have found each other . . . I know I could never live without you.

ELIZA (gently places finger on his lips)

Shush. Don't you know you are stuck with me. . . whether you like it or not!

They embrace, kiss hungrily, locked together as one.

44. EXT. EMPIRE CLUB. BRIDGE ST. DAY.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT Brass plate set discreetly at building entrance establishes ID of Empire Club, seemingly unheeded by blur of passing traffic.

CUT TO

45. INT. EMPIRE CLUB. JAMES. DR. SEDGEWICK. WAITER. DAY.

CLOSE ON Two shots of whisky placed on small occasional table by WAITER.

OPEN TO JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK seated on embracing leather chairs in the gentlemen's club.

WAITER

Will that be all, gentlemen?

JAMES

That's all for now.

JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK raise glasses, take first sips.

DR. SEDGEWICK (replacing glass)

Tell me, James. How are plans for Eliza's Coming Out progressing?

JAMES

In your parlance, Malcolm : as well as can be expected. Isn't that what you physicians tell us ?

DR. SEDGEWICK smiles, nods, acknowledging JAMES' jocularly.

JAMES (cont.)

Unfortunately, however, my son and his family won't be attending. Edward's regiment is to be posted to India.

DR. SEDGEWICK (serious)

I get the impression things are becoming tense on the sub-Continent.

JAMES (returns glass to table)

True. The trouble makers are becoming politically motivated. Security will be important.

A pause in conversation. DR. SEDGEWICK changes subject of concern

CONT.

44. INT. EMPIRE CLUB. JAMES. DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY. CONT.

DR. SEDGEWICK

And what about the Guest of Honour to-be ?

JAMES (another sip before responding)

Well . . . I'm afraid Eliza is still infatuated with the young man. Of course, I have banned him from the house.

DR. SEDGEWICK (mildly)

All first loves tend to be based on infatuation. Inevitably fading as time passes. As more potential partners appear on the scene.

JAMES

Let us pray you are right, Malcolm.

A pause in conversation

DR. SEDGEWICK (has an idea)

What about having Eliza more involved in things leading up to the party. It might take her mind off other matters.

JAMES

How do you propose I do that . . ?

DR. SEDGEWICK

I was thinking of something irresistible to all women. Young and old.

JAMES (unsure)

Eh. . ?

DR. SEDGEWICK (his trump card)

Shopping. All woman love it. Just turn Eliza loose on the fashion houses, dressmakers, emporiums, the big stores. . .

JAMES takes another swig of his whisky; looks thoughtful

DR. SEDGEWICK

Vicky could accompany her. A friend for a chaperone. . Won't be so . . so obvious.

45. EXT. CITY STREET. CARRIAGE. THOMAS. DAY.

Busy downtown Sydney streetscape.

PICKUP then CLOSE on Donnithorne household carriage, horse tethered to hitching rail.

FAVOUR Window of carriage. Inside is THOMAS, head slumped to one side, fast asleep, mouth open, snoring.

PULL BACK PAN through passing traffic to store across street.

SETTLE on signage :

GLORIA ALEXANDER
Gowns Formal Wear Accessories
and Accoutrements

CUT TO

46. INT. CAMEO SERIES. ELIZA. VICKY. SEAMSTRESS. STORE ASSISTANTS. DAY.

COMMENCE CAMEOS Various store locations tracking progress of ELIZA'S shopping spree.

SOUND DROPOUT (dialogue/environmental) SFX : MOOD Music
UPBEAT

A. ELIZA wriggling into petticoat watched by VICKY. The garment is a creation of tulle and lace, stretched on hoops that cause it to lift and swirl with each body movement, as if possessed of a life of its own. ELIZA looks to VICKY, who crooks head, considers, then proffers slow nod of approval.

DISSOLVE to :

B. ELIZA twirls around in formal gown, a shimmering creation of silk and precious stones. VICKY raises eyebrow, looks to VICKY for a verdict.

DISSOLVE to :

C. ELIZA stands statue-like as a SEAMSTRESS, measuring tape looped around her middle, holds pale blue cotton material to ELIZA'S neck, letting the rest fall to floor. SEAMSTRESS lifts corner so ELIZA has close look at material, awaits reaction from her customer, pins glimpsed between her lips.

DISSOLVE to :

CONT.

46. INT. SHOPPING CAMEOS. ELIZA. VICKY. STORE ASSISTANTS.CONT.

- D. Standing before gilt-framed mirror stretching to floor, ELIZA tries on selection of hats. Turning this way and that, evoking various reactions from VICKY who contributes nods, shake of head, pursing of lips, occasional face pulling.

* DISSOLVE TO

- E. CLOSE on leather shoes with silver buckles slipped on ELIZA'S feet. Her gown is hitched up to reveal shapely legs, the lace of her petticoat providing a delicate pelmet effect. Unimpressed, VICKY pulls a face.

DISSOLVE TO

- F. ELIZA'S reflection in mirror. A string of pearls is slipped around her neck by SHOP ASSISTANT standing behind her. VICKY seen in b/g in reflection. CLOSE on pearls to accent seductive luminescence.

DISSOLVE TO

- G. ELIZA drapes a silken scarf about her shoulders. VICKY smiles approval. ELIZA slips off scarf and places it about VICKY'S neck. ELIZA then indicates to STORE ASSISTANT that the scarf is for her companion. VICKY, wide-eyed, reacts gratitude.

FAST DISSOLVE TO

- H. ELIZA snaps open a brightly coloured parasol, tilts it, then spins it to a blurring circle of coloured razzle dazzle.

DISSOLVE TO

47. EXT. CARRIAGE. THOMAS. CITY STREET. DAY.

The spinning parasol becomes turning wheel of carriage.
OPEN SHOT The Donnithorne carriage heads homeward bound,
As it clip clops out of frame, we see rear luggage rack
is piled with various sized beribboned boxes.

48. EXT. COLNE LODGE. TWICKENHAM. DAY.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT Colne Lodge

WIPE ON TITLE

Colne Lodge
Twickenham

A beat

FADE OFF TITLE

CUT TO

49. EXT. ENTRANCE. COLNE LODGE. EDWARD. ELIZABETH. PENELOPE. DAY.

FAVOUR EDWARD, ELIZABETH and PENELOPE on front steps.
 EDWARD in Dress Uniform of Colonel of Royal
 Scots Greys.

EDWARD (briskly, masks emotion)

See that you take care of your Mother,
my dear girl.

PENELOPE, close to tears, purses her trembling lips.
She nods, mute.

EDWARD (turns to ELIZABETH)

Well. . . my dearest . .

ELIZABETH places her arms about EDWARD'S neck. They kiss,
embrace.

ELIZABETH (softly)

Please be careful, my darling.

EDWARD (bravado)

Hey! I have a whole regiment to look after me!

ELIZABETH

A whole year . . it's such (a long time).

EDWARD

With a bit of the Best of British, one should score
a furlough before then.

EDWARD and ELIZABETH again embrace, watched by a disconsolate
PENELOPE.

CONT.

49. EXT. COLNE LODGE. EDWARD. ELIZABETH. PENELOPE. DAY. CONT.

EDWARD and ELIZABETH end their embrace. EDWARD turns back to PENELOPE, brushes her hair with his hand.

PENELOPE (in tears)

'Bye, Daddy. I love you.

EDWARD takes his leave.

HOLD ON ELIZABETH and PENELOPE as they watch EDWARD'S departure (off)

CUT TO

50. EXT. DRIVEWAY. COLNE LODGE. CARRIAGE. EDWARD. RIDLEY. ROGER. DAY.

POV ELIZABETH and PENELOPE

With a farewell wave, EDWARD boards waiting carriage. RIDLEY shuts door, clambers up front. With a flick of the reins the carriage scrunches down the gravel drive. Tethered to, and trailing behind the carriage trots EDWARD'S personal mount, ROGER.

50. EXT. WYNYARD SQUARE GREEN. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. DAY

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON stroll on the Green in building flanked Wynyard Square. They settle on an outdoors seat by the path. CUTHBERTSON, with a sideways flick of the head indicates his lodgings across the way (off).

CUTHBERTSON

So, er, shall we spend some time (together) ?

ELIZA

Afraid not, George. As it is, I'm supposed be at the Seamstress!. Thomas is waiting in George Street.

CUTHBERTSON (not pleased)

Ah, yes. The party dress.

ELIZA

It's my final fitting . . And you would wish me to look, well, presentable.

CONT.

50. EXT. WYNARD SQUARE GREEN. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON.DAY.CONT.

CUTHBERTSON

What! For that Charles person . . ?

ELIZA (soothingly)

No. For you, darling.

CUTHBERTSON does not follow her.

ELIZA

Well, look at it this way : It could
serve for our special occasions.

CUTHBERTSON (backs off)

I'm sorry, Eliza. I suppose it's . . . just that
I can't help feeling I'm left out of an important
event in your life.

ELIZA (places a gloved hand on his arm)

You are my life. One party is not going
to alter that.

CUTHBERTSON looks down. A slight nod of his head.

ELIZA (plants a peck on his cheek)

Now. . I really must be off, darling.
Please . . . we have much to look forward to.

CUTHBERTSON looks up, musters a smile.

CUT TO

BLACK SCREEN

MESSAGE IN WHITE LETTERS

One Week Later

A. few beats

CUT TO

51. EXT. ENTRANCE DOORS. CAMP. LODGE. JAMES DAY.

The main doors of Camperdown Lodge are drawn open to reveal a smiling JAMES.

JAMES (relaxed formality)

Welcome to Sydney, my Lordship and Lady!
It is indeed a treat to see you again!

CUT TO

52. EXT. FRONT PORCH. LORD & LADY ARUNDEL. CHARLES. THOMAS. PORTERS. DAY.

POV JAMES

LORD and LADY ARUNDEL and son CHARLES stand on the threshold. Glimpsed down steps in B/G a line of four PORTERS with baggage. THOMAS with carriage on driveway, supervising the last of unloading.

CUT TO

52. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. JAMES. ELIZA. SARAH. ELIZABETH. 3 ARUNDELS. DAY.

The ARUNDELS step inside Entrance Chamber, glance briefly about. JAMES and ELIZA receive them.
In B/G ELIZABETH and SARAH hover, ready to assist the guests. JAMES bestows a kiss on each cheek of LADY ARUNDEL, proffers a warm handshake to LORD ARUNDEL. ELIZA is pecked on one cheek by LADY ARUNDEL.

LADY ARUNDEL

My! You have blossomed into a beautiful rose, my dear.

ELIZA (short curtsy, murmurs)

Thank you, Your Ladyship.

LORD ARUNDEL (clasps ELIZA'S hand)

Hmm! Indeed she has! Charmed, m'dear.

He turns to CHARLES

And this, of course, is Charles. You met as children.

CHARLES (feasts eyes on Eliza)

I thay! How delightful to see you again,
With Eliza!

CONT.

52. INT. ENTRANCE.JAMES.ELIZA.SARAH.ELIZABETH.3 ARUNDELS.CONT.

ELIZA (formal)

Thank you, Charles. We do trust you will
enjoy your stay at Camperdown Lodge.

A brief pause

ELIZA (to JAMES)

Oh, Father. I recall there is something which
calls for my attention.

JAMES nods, not entirely pleased.

ELIZA beams one of her dazzling smiles on the ARUNDELS.

ELIZA (cont.)

So . . if you would kindly excuse me . . .

LADY ARUNDEL

Of course, my dear. We shall have lots
of time to catch up.

CHARLES tracks ELIZA'S departure, still smitten.

CHARLES

I thay. Wot a charmin' gel!

JAMES motions to ELIZABETH and SARAH.

JAMES (to ARUNDELS)

Elizabeth and Sarah here will show you
to your quarters. They will attend to
anything you require. . . . You must be
weary, after so long a journey.

LORD ARUNDEL (brightly)

Well, James. . . we must be at our best
for Eliza's party, eh ?

53. EXT.CAMPERDOWN LODGE.CARRIAGES.HORSES.NIGHT.

Night of the Coming Out Party. Carriages jam driveway, horses tethered. All windows of the mansion seem to glow with light. Music, laughter, murmur of partygoers float in night air from within.

SFX : Music, party sounds (off)

CUT TO

54, INT. BALLROOM.ELIZA.JAMES.3ARUNDELS.VARIOUS GUESTS. NIGHT.

CLOSE An ornate silver knife held in delicate, manicured hands is pushed into a large, iced, cake.

OPEN to reveal a 3-tiered cake.
ELIZA looks up from cake, casts about the Ballroom, smiling acknowledgement of applauding guests.
An orchestra, set up on a brightly decorated dais at one end of the chamber breaks into **Happy Birthday.**

SFX : Orchestra, applause, partygoers taking up the tune. Among guests crowding about ELIZA are JAMES, VICKY, DR. SEDGEWICK.THE ARUNDELS.
JAMES steps forward, gives ELIZA a hug. ELIZA looks to guests giving traditional three birthday cheers.

PAN to elegantly attired guests and brightly coloured banners streaming from the high vaulted ceiling.

PAN to orchestra on dais. Conductor stabs air with baton, signalling the first waltz.

SFX Viennese Waltz.

PICK UP Guests vacating tables for the dance floor.

CUT TO

55. INT.BALLROOM. ELIZA. LORD & LADY ARUNDEL.CHARLES.JAMES.NIGHT.

LORD and LADY ARUNDEL each peck ELIZA on the cheek.CHARLES seeks to make most of the opportunity of kissing ELIZA. He aims for her lips; she thwarts the target by a head movement.

CHARLES (undaunted)

I claim the firht danth with the getht
of honour!

He extends his arms to ELIZA. Slowly she accepts the invitation. JAMES beams with delight as ELIZA and CHARLES join others on the floor.

PAN up to large wallclock. The Roman numerals reveal it is 8.30 pm.

SFX : Music, some laughter/voices

CUT TO

56. INT. BALLROOM. ELIZA.CHARLES.VICKY.DANCING GUESTS.NIGHT.

A SERIES OF CAMEOS INCL. HAND HELD C U S

SFX Orchestra scraping feet muted exchanges

A. CHARLES & ELIZA. CHARLES chatting away. Lack of interest by ELIZA, who only responds when CHARLES looks directly to her, provoking a hastily mustered nod or smile.
A YOUNG MAN cuts in and claims part of the dance with the Guest of Honour. CHARLES not pleased.

DISSOLVE TO

B. SFX Different tune by Orchestra

ELIZA dances with another partner. He is elderly, portly, his tummy posing a challenge for ELIZA to bridge. ELIZA produces a smile only when ELDERLY PARTNER looks down for her reaction to his comments.

DISSOLVE TO

C. SFX Another tune by Orchestra (quickstep)

ELIZA is twirled about by a TALL YOUNG MAN who fancies his skill as a dancer, has no time for small talk.

D. SFX A lively two-step

ELIZA, looking a touch weary, with another partner. he is MALE JUVENILE whose spectacles came level with her breast, producing its own share of problems.

DISSOLVE TO

E. SFX Another tune

ELIZA in gliding waltz with a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN. This time she displays more enthusiasm.

CUT TO

57. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. CUTHBERTSON. NIGHT.

SFX Music party sounds from Ballroom (off)

CUTHBERTSON emerges from out of the shadows near Ballroom windows.

ANGLE on CUTHBERTSON as he moves closer to large lead-paned windows with moving figures gliding by within.

CLOSE on CUTHBERTSON. His eyes track the action on the other side of the glass

CUT TO

58. INT. GRAND BALLROOM. ELIZA. 3 ARUNDELS. JAMES. ORCHESTRA LEADER. NIGHT

CLOSE Wall clock. It is midnight.

SFX Buzzing of conversations Bursts of laughter

PAN DOWN to ELIZA, seated at table, flanked by JAMES,
LORD & LADY ARUNDEL. CHARLES.

PAN to orchestra The ORCHESTRA LEADER steps to
edge of dais and taps his baton on steel music stand.

SFX Conversations fade as guests react to the tapping

ORCHESTRA LEADER (smiling at his audience)

Ladies and gentlemen. It is time for the last dance!
And it's said the last dance should be special.
Ideally with the one who is very special in your life.
So . . . please select your partners!

CUT TO

59. INT. BALLROOM. ELIZA. 3 ARUNDELS. JAMES. NIGHT.

CHARLES rises to his feet, turns to ELIZA

CHARLES

I should be most honoured to be your
partner, ELIZABETH.

ELIZA looks up, hesitates. In B/G are delighted
JAMES, LORD and LADY ARUNDEL.

CUT TO

60. INT. BALLROOM. CUTHBERTSON. GUESTS. NIGHT.

GEORGE CUTHBERTSON enters the ballroom. Unlike other
formally attired males present, he stands out,
attracts attention, dressed in a plain business suit.

SFX Orchestra strikes up fanfare, leading into last waltz

CUT TO

61. INT. BALLROOM. CUTHBERTSON. CHARLES. ELIZA.

ELIZA now on her feet. CUTHBERTSON edges past CHARLES
to confront a startled ELIZA.

CONT.

61. INT. BALLROOM. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. 3 ARUNDELS. JAMES. NIGHT. CONT.

CUTHBERTSON (extends hand)

I believe this should be our dance, Eliza.

ELIZA, overcoming initial shock, smiles nervously, reaches out and accepts CUTHBERTSON'S proffered hand.

CHARLES (taken aback)

I thay there! This was my (dance)

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON, stroll arm-in-arm to the dance floor.

PICK UP stunned JAMES, bewildered ARUNDELS.

CUT TO

62. INT. BALLROOM. VICKY. DR. SEDGEWICK. JAMES. CHARLES. ARUNDELS. NIGHT.

SFX The Orchestra (off)

FAVOUR VICKY and DR. SEDGEWICK seated at nearby table.
VICKY looking (off), then back to her father.

VICKY

Looks like Eliza needs some support!

DR. SEDGEWICK (mystified)

Eh? What on earth are (you talking about) ?

VICKY gets to her feet, takes off.

VICKY (calls back)

Excuse me, Daddy. . !

TRACK VICKY to seated JAMES and ARUNDELS.

VICKY makes straight for CHARLES, still standing, abashed.

VICKY (extends arms to CHARLES)

I claim you for the last dance, Charles.

CHARLES

Oh, Mith Vicky. . !

Without further ceremony VICKY takes CHARLES by the arm, steers him out to dance floor.

CUT TO

63. INT.BALLROOM.ELIZA.CUTHBERTSON.VICKY.CHARLES.DANCERS.NIGHT.

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON waltzing, close together.

ELIZA

Well, you are full of surprises!

CUTHBERTSON

You have every right to be cross.

ELIZA

I know. But I'm not.

CUTHBERTSON

So. . . I'm forgiven. For crashing your party. .

ELIZA

There's nothing to forgive. . my darling.

VICKY and CHARLES waltz close by.

VICKY(Knowing smile)

Nice to see you again, George!

CUTHBERTSON

Oh, er, likewise, Miss Vicky.

TRACK VICKY and CHARLES as they draw away

CHARLES

Tho you know that chap?

VICKY

I **have** met George. He's all right.

CHARLES

Theems to be a bit of a bounder!

VICKY

He's not such a bad, er, chap. Not once you get to know him, Charlie.

CHARLES (breaks into a grin)

You called me **Charlie**!

CONT.

63. INT. BALLROOM. ELIZA. CUTHBERTSON. VICKY. CHARLES. DANCERS. NIGHT. CONT.

VICKY (pouts)

Well, it ~~is~~ your name. Albeit in an abbreviated form.

CHARLES

Yeth. . But only the chaps from kingth college ever called me that.

VICKY

Really! I think **Charlie** suits you . .

CHARLES (still amused)

I thay, you are a jolly good sport, Mith Vicky!

PICK UP/FAVOUR

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON

CUTHBERTSON

This waltz will always be our special melody.

ELIZA (playfully)

Because you crashed my party ?

CUTHBERTSON (shakes head)

Because it's the time I asked you to marry me.

ELIZA (softly, pressing closer)

Not entirely, my darling. Also because it's when I said **yes**.

SFX

The waltz comes to an end.

As couples start vacating the dance floor, ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON embrace. They exchange a long, lingering kiss, as if they are the only ones in the ballroom. Their embrace finally ends.

CUTHBERTSON (ruefully)

I suppose it would be best if I departed. . ?

VICKY

Don't you dare. George Cuthbertson! Only, leave the talking to me!

CUT TO

64. INT.BALLROOM.ELIZA.CUTHBERTSON.JAMES. ANGELA.ROSE.SERVANTS.NIGH

The party is over, the Grand Ballroom near deserted. Catering staff and household maids ROSE and ANGELA help carry away the remnants of the evening. The brightly decorated dais and coloured banners streaming from the ornate ceiling provide mute testimony to past hours of wining, dining and dancing.

Standing in the centre of the vast room are JAMES, ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON. JAMES stands, hands clasped behind his back, watches the departure of the last of the cleanup team. He then turns about to confront ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON who await the storm to come.

JAMES (quietly at first, with anger rising)

I should like to thank both of you. Thank you for bringing humiliation and embarrassment to this household. For demeaning tonight's reception. For making us the subject of conjecture, gossip and the conversational topic at dinner tables throughout the Colony.

ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON exchange quick glances.

JAMES (to CUTHBERTSON)

And you, Mister whats-your-name, were not invited to the party. You had **no** business here tonight. Nor were you **welcome**!

CUTHBERTSON goes to respond. ELIZA motions him to remain silent and cuts in.

ELIZA

His name is George, as I have already informed you **F**ather, and he had every right to be present this evening.

JAMES (incredulous)

Every right. . . ?

ELIZA

Yes. It was supposed to be **my** party. . .
And George is my fiance.

JAMES (stunned)

Fiance . . . !

CUTHBERTSON (hurridly)

I should have preferred to ask for Eliza's hand (in marriage). . .

CONT.

64. INT. BALLROOM. ELIZA. JAMES. CUTHBERTSON. STAFF. NIGHT. CONT.

JAMES (snaps)

Then you would have been wasting your time!

ELIZA (in control)

We are to be married, Father. And would welcome your blessing.

JAMES.

Married? I, I forbid it!

ELIZA (quietly)

You forget, Father. I am now Come of Age.
And I shall wed the person of my choice.

JAMES, momentarily speechless

ELIZA (calm, concludes)

Of course we should welcome your blessing.
It would mean much (to us). But that is
up to you.

ELIZA turns to CUTHBERTSON

ELIZA

I had better see you off, George.
We are done for now.

As ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON depart, JAMES walks unsteadily to a chair, lowers himself onto it. He appears to have difficulty in catching his breath, looks unwell.

CUT TO

65. INT. BALLROOM. JAMES. SACHI. NIGHT.

SACHI appears from Servery Entrance to Ballroom. He glares (off) in the wake of now departed ELIZA and CUTHBERTSON, signals he has been evesdropping.

TRACK SACHI to JAMES, slouched on chair.

SACHI (concerned)

Are you all right, Sir. . ? Shall I fetch Dr. Sedgewick?

JAMES (faintly)

That shan't be necessary . . Just leave me . . .

SACHI (not satisfied)

I dare not leave you (like this). There must be something . .

CONT.

65. INT. BALLROOM. JAMES. SACHI. NIGHT. CONT.

JAMES takes some deep breaths, as though fighting for sufficient air, before responding

JAMES (faintly)

Well, Sachi. Perhaps you could help me upstairs. . . ?

SACHI

Of course, Sir. Here, take my arm.

SACHI helps JAMES to his feet.

CUT TO

66. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. NIGHT.

Most lights of the mansion are now extinguished

SACHI (over)

Now. Just one step. Rest. Then the next, Sir.

JAMES (over with laboured breath)

Sometimes . . I wonder what I should do without you, Sachi.

SACHI

I shall always be here for you, Sir.
Now, we take another step . . Rest . . .

FADE TO

67.EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DAYLIGHT.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT of residence

WIPE ON MESSAGE

Some Days Later

FADE OFF MESSAGE

A few beats

CUT TO

68. INT. CAMP.LODGE.JAMES' QUARTERS.ELIZA.DR.SEDGEWICK.DAY.

ELIZA waits in corridor outside door to JAMES' 'quarters.

A few beats

The door opens. DR. SEDGEWICK appears, his black leather bag in hand.

DR. SEDGEWICK (smiles)

You can see him now, Eliza.

ELIZA (concerned)

How is my Father . . ?

DR. SEDGEWICK (reassuringly)

He'll be all right. Just a turn. He's been overdoing things, and under some stress. The past days rest have done him good.

ELIZA nods acknowledgement, enters room.

CUT TO

69. INT.JAMES' ROOM. JAMES. ELIZA. DAY.

JAMES propped up in bed in silken robe over casual clothes. He looks pale and drawn, reacts to ELIZA'S appearance, puts aside some documents he has been perusing.

JAMES (faint smile)

Come in, child.

ELIZA crosses to bed, pecks JAMES on the cheek. JAMES pats bed covers beside him, indicating that's where she should be seated.

ELIZA

How are you feeling, Father?

JAMES

Well. . . the good doctor says I shan't be joining the turf club yet!

ELIZA (wry smile)

That is good news, Father.

CONT.

69. INT. JAMES' ROOM. JAMES. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

JAMES

I do regret having missed the departure of our guests.

ELIZA

Lord and Lady Arundel understood. They were most concerned about your welfare.

JAMES (tad cautious)

And, er, what about young Charles. . ?

ELIZA (brightly)

These past days he has been out enjoying the sights. He and Vicky seem to have hit it off. They have become great friends.

JAMES (raises an eyebrow)

Well, I'll be . ! That's splendid!

An awkward pause

JAMES (clears throat)

When we lost your dear mother. And your sisters. Back in India. I promised myself something.

ELIZA remains silent, unsure where this might be leading.

JAMES (cont.)

I promised myself that I would create a new and secure life for you. That you would have the best things in life. A bright future and the love and affection that your mother would have wished.

Another pause. JAMES suppresses a wave of emotion before continuing.

JAMES (cont.)

Do you really want to spend your life, your future, with . . George?

ELIZA (nods)

I love him, Father.

JAMES

And are you positive, that he (loves you) ?

CONT.

69. INT. JAMES' ROOM. JAMES. ELIZA. DAY. CONT.

ELIZA (cuts in)

Indeed, Father!

JAMES pauses a few moments. Musters a smile.

JAMES

Well . . . I suppose that's it.

ELIZA

Father . . ?

JAMES

Just when do you wish to wed the fortunate young man?

ELIZA

Oh, Father! As soon as possible!

JAMES

In that case . . so be it, my child.

ELIZA leans across to JAMES, folds herself in his arms. They embrace, hold each other tightly. Tears stream down ELIZA'S cheeks.

FADE TO

70. EXT/INTS. CAMEOS. WEDDING PROGRESS/PLANS.DAY.

Various locations Camperdown Lodge.

SFX Muted Some indistinguishable dialogue

A Ext. DRIVE. WAGGONS. TRADESMEN.APPRENTICES. BUILDING MATERIAL

ELEVATED SHOT Tradesmen's waggons clutter driveway of mansion. Materials being unloaded Ladders/saws/timber carried to building.

Hold on activities

ELIZABETH (reminiscences, over)

How well I remember. The busy six weeks leading up to the wedding. There seemed so much to be done. Because the newlyweds-to-be were to take up residence, some guest rooms were converted to create living quarters.

CONT.

70. EXTS/INTS. CAMEOS. WEDDING PLANS.CONT.

A (Cont.)

ELIZABETH (reminiscences / over)

This was to be because of Miss Eliza's
concern over her Father's indifferent health.

CUT TO

B INT. MORNING ROOM. ELIZA. SEAMSTRESS. DAY.

ELIZA is tightly corsetted by SEAMSTRESS who pulls hard
on straps, squeezing in her already slender waist. ELIZA
grips edge of mantelpiece during the operation.

SEAMSTRESS eyes her handiwork, nods self-approval.

ELIZABETH (reminiscences / over)

High on the list, of course, were the
gowns for the bride, and Miss Vicky, who
was to be Matron of Honour.

SEAMSTRESS, pins clamped between pursed lips, slips
partially completed bridal gown over ELIZA'S head.

CUT TO

C INT. SERVANTS ROOM, off KITCHEN.MARGARET.MAIDS. DAY.

SCULLERY MAIDS ROSE & ANGELA seated at long table,
polishing piles of silver pieces and glassware at one end
of table. As each item is polished, it is placed on velvet
spread close by.

ELIZABETH (:reminiscences / over)

The finest silver, and glassware from Venice --
seldom used -- were brought out of storage.
They were to be polished like jewels.

COOK MARGARET appears from kitchen, peruses progress
at the long table. She selects a silver serving spoon,
holds it up to the light. Satisfied, she replaces it
among the orderly rows on the velvet

ELIZABETH (.reminiscences / over)

Everything had to be perfect. This was to
be a special -- and glittering -- event.

CUT TO

D INT. JAMES' STUDY. JAMES. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

JAMES passes some documents over his desk to CUTHBERTSON, who starts to peruse the pages.

ELIZABETH (reminiscences / over)

It had been agreed that Mr. Cuthbertson would leave his current employment to assume a position within the various enterprises of the Master.

CLOSE on JAMES as he watches CUTHBERTSON go through the papers.

ELIZABETH (reminiscences / over)

The Master had not been in the best of health, and appeared to welcome the opportunity of reducing more of his workload.

CUTHBERTSON looks up from documents, nods head, and replaces papers on desk. JAMES leans across to CUTHBERTSON, and the two shake hands, sealing an agreement. It is a businesslike, formal sort of handshake, brief in duration.

CUT TO

E INT. SACHI'S OFFICE. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI rises from his small, cluttered, desk, and crosses to window. He pulls back drapes, peers without.

CUT TO

EXT. DRIVEWAY. CARRIAGE. THOMAS. CUTHBERTSON. DAY

POV SACHI

CUTHBERTSON steps aboard the household carriage, door held open by THOMAS who with brief nod, smiles broadly at his passenger.

ELIZABETH (reminiscences / over)

However, there was one person not pleased with the new developments. His position was threatened. And Miss Eliza had belittled his Master, manipulating him into approving a humiliating match.

F INT. SACHI'S OFFICE. DAY

SACHI turns away from window. He does not approve of what he has witnessed. His eyes narrow as he ponders the situation.

71.INT. ELIZA'S ROOM. ELIZA. VICKY.DAY.

ELIZA in her bridal gown, makeup, hair -- everything in place. Looking every bit of the radiant bride. VICKY, the Matron of Honour is dressed to complement ELIZA. SARAH hovers in b/g

VICKY

So . . we wait here until summonsed.

ELIZA

Just like obedient little girls!
Father has it all planned. Bless him.

SARAH (quietly)

Will that be all for (now) ?

ELIZA (nods, a smile)

Yes, Sarah. And thank you for helping me into all this finery.

With a short bow, SARAH takes her leave

VICKY

Better take me through it again, Eliza.
After all, it seems rather like a military operation!

ELIZA

Piffle! It's simple, really. The guests gather downstairs. For a dramme or two. And something to nibble. Thomas takes the carriage to collect dearest George. . .

VICKY

And then , , , ?

ELIZA

When the nervous groom arrives, everyone, except Father, leaves for the church. Then it's our turn. We arrive fashionably late.

VICKY sinks into an accomodating chair, pats each of its padded armrests, motions for ELIZA to do the same.

ELIZA (shakes head, declines)

I'm under strict orders. Not to sit, or do **anything** that might crease this creation.

VICKY

Are you allowed to breathe ?

ELIZA

Yes. . . But not too much!

72 . EXT. DRIVEWAY. ENTRANCE STEPS. CARRIAGES. GUESTS.DAY.

Carriages scrunch up driveway to main entrance of Camperdown Lodge, pause to disgorge wedding guests, then move on for the next vehicle in line.

A few beats on the activity

CUT TO

73 . INT. RECEPTION ROOM.JAMES.WEDDING GUESTS. FRANK.WAITERS.DAY.

JAMES welcomes arriving guests in the reception room. Circling waiters offer arrivals drinks and canapés from silver trays.

JAMES (smiles/welcoming exchanges)

Ad libs as he greets various friends, business associates, social contacts, younger acquaintances of the bride and others. An eclectic group.

A young man, in formal attire, FRANK WATTS, arrives. He extends a hand to JAMES.

FRANK

Good morning, Sir. I'm Frank Watts.

JAMES (unsure)

Ah, Mister Watts. . .

FRANK (lightly, as they shake)

I'm said to be the Best Man.

JAMES (now recalls)

Yes indeed! George did mention you. I understand you work in the same office together.

FRANK

Yes. That's so.

He looks about

I say, where is, er., the Groom?

JAMES (aware more guests have arrived)

The carriage has been sent for him. Should be on his way now. And if you will excuse me, Mr. Watts.

FRANK

Of course, Sir..

CUT TO

73. EXT. WYNWARD SQUARE. CARRIAGE. CUTHBERTSON'S LODGINGS. THOMAS. DAY.

THOMAS alights from carriage, secures the horse, approaches entrance to building in which are CUTHBERTSON'S lodgings.

CUT TO

74. INT. CUTHBERTSON'S LODGINGS. THOMAS. CARETAKER. DAY.

Standing in hallway, THOMAS raps on CUTHBERTSON'S door.

A few beats There is no response

THOMAS knocks again, this time harder.

THOMAS (calls)

Mr. Cuthbertson, Sir! It's Thomas!

No response

THOMAS is about to resume his rapping, when his attention is diverted by the sound of a door opening nearby.

The building's CARETAKER appears

CARETAKER

Wot's the trouble, mate. . ?

THOMAS

Can't seem ter make Mr. Cuthbertson 'ear me.

CARETAKER

'Course yer can't. 'e's gone.

THOMAS

He has ter be 'ere. I'm expected!

THOMAS resumes his attack on the door.

THOMAS (calls loudly)

Mr. Cuthbertson, Sir! It's time ter go!

CARETAKER (pushes past to door, produces key)

I'm the caretaker. The young gent left last night, 'e did. Take a look fer yerself. .

CARETAKER stands aside now open door, motion THOMAS to look.

CONT.

74. INT. CUTHBERTSON'S LODGINGS. THOMAS. CARETAKER. DAY. CONT.

THOMAS enters, watched by CARETAKER, shrugs: a do-you-believe-me-now? sort of reaction to his Doubting Thomas.

CUT TO

75. INT. CUTHBERTSON'S LODGINGS. DAY.

POV THOMAS

PAN reveals the place has been cleaned out, unoccupied.

CARETAKER (off)

Left with four men. They collected 'is things
an' they left in a carriage together.

CUT TO

76. INT. CUTHBERTSON'S LODGINGS. THOMAS. DAY.

ECU THOMAS He is dumstruck, his eyes taking in vacated quarters.

CARETAKER (off)

One of 'is friends came to me door.
Paid the rent out, 'e did -- right ter
the end of the lease.

THOMAS, open mouthed, cannot fully grasp the evidence of his eyes.

Hold on his face a few beats

CUT TO

75. INT. CAMP. LODGE. GRAND STAIRCASE. JAMES. THOMAS. DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY.

JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK stand at foot of the stairway, shocked by what THOMAS has reported.

SFX : Murmur and crowd noises of guests in nearby reception room (off)

JAMES (stunned, disbelief)

Surely there must be some explanation . .!

THOMAS

Like I said, Sir. The place be empty.
And the rent's been paid right up!

CONT.

75. INT. STAIRCASE. JAMES. THOMAS. DAY. CONT.

JAMES (to DR. SEDGEWICK)

Malcolm . . . What . . . what on earth
am I to do ?

SEDEWICK considers for a few beats

DR. SEDGEWICK (takes control)

Firstly, Thomas must remain on standby.
With the carriage. Just in case.
Next, I'll go upstairs. Inform Eliza
there's been a delay of sorts. That you're
resolving the situation.

JAMES (unsure)

Should not I do that . . ?

DR. SEDGEWICK

No, James. You need time to think. Before
confronting Eliza. And . . you will need
to tell your guests. Something. Anything.
Well . . that sounds plausible, that is.

JAMES (in despair)

Oh, my god, Malcolm. How did all this happen?

DR. SEDGEWICK

Well, let's hope we learn that soon.
Otherwise -- we may never know.

CUT TO

76. EXT. DOCKLAND AREA. ANGLO-INDIA SHIPPING BUILDING. DAY.

STEADY ZOOM through dockside traffic to settle on the
modest building, whose signage announces the home of
the **Anglo-India Shipping** office.

FADE UP TITLE

FIVE WEEKS EARLIER

Hold a few beats

FADE OUT TITLE

CUT TO

77. INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE. ANGLO-INDIA. MR. BILLINGTON. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI seated before cluttered desk of MR. BILLINGTON, Sydney manager for the Anglo-India Shipping operation.

OPEN ON BILLINGTON, who crooks his head, bemused

MR. BILLINGTON

What you propose, er, Mr. Smith, is most irregular.

FAVOUR SACHI

SACHI (cooly)

I'll tell you what is irregular, Mr. Billington. That you. Your associates. Here. At sea. And in Bombay. Are each to receive more than the equivalent of one year's salary.

ANGLE ON BOTH MEN

MR. BILLINGTON

But do you realise it would involve an act of international kidnapping? A capital offence?

SACHI (unimpressed)

No more than what His Majesty's Press Gangs do at waterfront pubs on Friday nights.

MR. BILLINGTON

Not really, Mr. Smith. They are simply obtaining those required to man the King's naval vessels.

SACHI (shrugs)

What I propose is simply relocating one who is **not** required. An act to further his career and future. Elsewhere. And to all intents and purposes, it will appear to be quite lawful.

SACHI produces a bulging package, bound with ribbon, places it on the desk before MR. BILLINGTON, who eyes it speculatively.

SACHI

Now. Do I leave this with you? Or do I go elsewhere ?

CONT.

77. INT.BILLINGTON'S OFFICE. MR. BILLINGTON. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

MR. BILLINGTON

You, er, must be a man of means, Mr. Smith.

SACHI

Let me put it this way, Mr. Billington.
I am a man with access to means. Just as
convenient.

MR. BILLINGTON (reaches out, picks up package)

I'll need to know more specifics. To
put things in motion.

CUT TO

78. INT.CAMP.LODGE.RECEPTION ROOM,GUESTS.JAMES.SARAH.ELIZABETH.DAY

JAMES concluding his address to still surprised GUESTS,
some of whom exchange looks, whisper asides from corners
of mouths.

JAMES (under pressure)

So . . . Until our Groom's unexpected indisposition
is resolved -- hopefully soon -- it's simply a
matter of your receiving a new date for the Nuptuals.

Naturally, we regret this inconvenience. As friends,
I trust you will understand what a disappointment
this has been. Indeed, for all of us.

JAMES strives the lighten the message

JAMES (cont.)

Look at it this way : Some of you can tell your
grandchildren you attended the one wedding twice!

It falls flat

JAMES (soldiers on)

In expectation of your presence here today, we
have prepared a fitting repast . With wines and
dishes to tempt your palates. There is no good
reason why you ought not remain. Partake of what
awaits you. I am sure this is what the bride and
groom should wish.

CONT.

78. INT. RECEPTION ROOM. GUESTS. JAMES. SARAH. ELIZABETH. DAY. CONT.

JAMES indicates ELIZABETH and SARAH, who have been standing discreetly to one side.

JAMES (cont.)

Elizabeth and Sarah will now escort those of you who can remain, to the Long Dining Room.

FAVOUR GUESTS They eye each other. Murmur among themselves. Ascertain respective decisions of whether to leave or remain.

JAMES (over)

Now, if you will kindly excuse me, ladies and gentlemen. There are matters requiring my attention. Though I shall be joining you shortly.

FAST FADE TO

79. INT. RECEPTION ROOM. JAMES. DR. SEDGEWICK. ELIZA. VICKY. DAY.

The Reception Room now nearly unoccupied, except for JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK. JAMES shows signs of stress, looks unwell.

SFX : Distant sounds of guests in the Long Dining Room (off)

DR. SEDGEWICK

It's most strange. She seems to have slipped into a state of self-denial.

JAMES

What, er, do you mean (by that. . ?)

DR. SEDGEWICK

Eliza is not really accepting what has happened. Vicky is trying her best to support her. Though Eliza refuses to acknowledge that there is a problem.

JAMES

The guests are settled. I must go to her.

As JAMES moves to leave, ELIZA appears. She is dressed in her wedding gown, wearing her jewelery, trailed by an anxious looking VICKY

CONT.

79. INT.RECEPTION ROOM.JAMES.DR.SEDGEWICK.ELIZA.VICKY.DAY.CONT.

ELIZA (looks about, calm)

Where is everyone, Father? Have they
left for the church ?

JAMES reacts alarm.

JAMES (refers to her presence as much as
Eliza's state of dress)

Eliza, my child! You ought not be down
here(like that).

ELIZA

Where are the guests ?

JAMES (hopefully reassuring)

Don't concern yourself. Your guests are
being cared for.

JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK exchange swift, anxious glances.

ELIZA picks up, then reacts to, distant sounds in Long
Dining Room (off)

ELIZA

Father! What is going on ?

JAMES gropes for an appropriate response.
The penny drops for ELIZA.

ELIZA (cont.)

Oh, no! It can't be. . . !

ELIZA makes for the Long Dining Room (off)

JAMES (growing alarm)

Eliza! Don't! Stay with us. It's best that . . .

ELIZA is gone, leaving JAMES, DR. SEDGEWICK looking
at each other.

JAMES takes a deep breath, follows in ELIZA'S wake.

CUT TO

80. INT. LONG DINING ROOM. GUESTS. JAMES. ELIZA. SERVING STAFF. DAY.

SFX : GUESTS chatting, some quiet laughter, clinking cutlery, corks popping and related sounds.

CLOSE ON ENTRANCE

ELIZA appears in bridal attire, takes in banquet activity, wide-eyed with disbelief.

ELIZA (finds her voice)

Stop this! Leave things as they are!
This is. . is wrong! Don't touch anything!

PAN To startled GUESTS and STAFF who freeze. Conversations and all activity comes to a stop.

ANGLE ON ELIZA and GUESTS

ELIZA (spreads arms to embrace room)

Don't you understand? All this . . it's for
after the ceremony. You must leave. Now!

JAMES appears behind ELIZA. He attempts to restrain her, taking ELIZA by the arm. ELIZA shrugs him aside.

ELIZA (turns to JAMES)

Father . . . make them leave. Don't you see?
We must wait for George!

JAMES (quietly, in desperation)

Eliza. We should go. Come away now. . . Please. .

ELIZA (ignores the plea)

How could you permit this . . ?

CUT TO

81. INT. OUTSIDE DINING ROOM. GUESTS. ELIZA. JAMES. DR. SEDGEWICK. VICKY. DAY.

JAMES has managed to coax ELIZA outside the Long Dining Room as GUESTS straggle past, shooting curious, furtive glances at ELIZA and JAMES as they take their leave. DR. SEDGEWICK and VICKY stand helplessly by.

ELIZA (eyes departing GUESTS)

This **must** not happen again! The doors should
be locked. And remain locked. Until we
return from the church!

CONT.

81. OUTSIDE DINING ROOM. GUESTS. JAMES. ELIZA. DR. SEDGEWICK. VICKY. DAY. CONT.

JAMES is taken aback at ELIZA'S demand to lockup the banquet. He hesitates, then catches a look and body language message by SEDGEWICK. The doctor's advice: Humour your daughter.

JAMES

As, er, you wish, My Child. We shall secure the room.

VICKY (brightly)

Time to go upstairs, Eliza! What if George should arrive? He's not supposed to see the bride until we're all at the church.

ELIZA (suddenly calm)

Of course! How foolish of me.

As ELIZA turns to leave with VICKY, she looks back to JAMES

ELIZA

Once the doors are locked, please ensure both sets of keys are sent to my room.

FAVOUR JAMES and DR. SEDGEWICK They exchange looks of
bewilderment

FADE TO

82. INT. OUTSIDE ELIZA'S ROOM. DR. SEDGEWICK. JAMES. SACHI. DAY.

JAMES awaits outside ELIZA'S door. He looks haggard, confused and far from well.

A few beats

Door opens as DR. SEDGEWICK leaves room.

JAMES (anxious)

How is she, Malcolm?

DR. SEDGEWICK

I have sedated her. Eliza should sleep through into tomorrow. Perhaps a deep sleep will do the trick.

DR. SEDGEWICK looks searchingly at JAMES

DR. SEDGEWICK (cont.)

You're not well, James.

CONT.

82. INT.OUTSIDE ELIZA'S ROOM. DR.SEDGEWICK. JAMES. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

JAMES attempts to shrug off SEDGEWICK'S concern.He reacts pain.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Where does it hurt . . ?

JAMES (catches breath)

It's nothing, really. Just a twinge . .
in my chest. Probably wind.

DR. SEDGEWICK (unimpressed)

Looks like I have a second patient today.

PAN To Head of stairs farther down corridor
SETTLE ON SACHI. He reacts alarm at turn of events.

ECU SACHI SACHI (quietly, to himself)

Oh. What . . what have I done?
What **have** I done!

FADE TO

83.EXT. STABLES. SACHI. DAY.

SACHI at stable building. He looks about. Satisfied there is no one around, he enters.

CUT TO

84. INT. STABLES.SADDLERY ROOM.SACHI.DAY.

SACHI enters the quiet dimness of the Saddlery Room. He picks up, places a small stool onto a wooden table set against a wall. He then selects a length of rope from a hook, hanging along with a range of bridles, reins and stirrup straps.

CUT TO

85. INT. STABLES.TABLE.STOOL.SACHI.DAY.

SHOT Frame stool set on Saddlery table.
The stool supports a pair of shined leather shoes
which protrude from hem of tailored trousers.
A few beats

CONT.

85. INT. STABLES. SADDLERY ROOM. TABLE. STOOL. SACHI. DAY. CONT.

The legbottomed shoes push in unison to topple the stool which crashes from table.

Shoes and trousered feet twitch and shake, swing wildly.

A few beats

The kicking, twitching legs are stilled.

FADE TO

86. INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. JAMES. DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY.

JAMES, propped up in bed, pale and exhausted.
DR. SEDGEWICK is seated by the bed, removing stethoscope from his ears.

JAMES (agitated)

My God, Malcolm. Why . . . why would he do such a thing . . . !

DR. SEDGEWICK

Perhaps it's . . . it's recent events. After all, he took his role within the Household very personally. And he was always concerned with your welfare, James.

A few beats. JAMES appears to consider. Comes to a decision

JAMES (with laboured breathing)

I believe the time has come that I should tell somebody. Something I have lived with. I suppose it's my deep secret. I, er, suppose we all have one.

DR. SEDGEWICK unsure, awaits in silence for what's to come

JAMES (laboured delivery)

As you know, Malcolm, life for young men in the Sub-Continent . . . well, it has its temptations. There was a young woman. She was beautiful. And . . . er . . . I was besotted. Infatuated. And I was a married man.

DR. SEDGEWICK (uneasy)

Look, you ought not fret yourself. What's in the past.

JAMES (to a speechless SEDGEWICK)

It's not the past. Not really. You see . . . Sachi . . . was my son. He . . . he never learned who was his father. It was better that way. Or was it?

FADE TO

87. EXT. AT SEA. BARQUE LADY THELMA. DAY.

The three-masted trading barque Lady Thelma ploughs through the swell under full sail. We move in close enough to pick up her name.

WIPE ON MESSAGE :

Ten Days Later

Hold a beat

FADE OUT MESSAGE

Hold on vessel a few beats

CUT TO

88. INT. COMPANIONWAY. CABIN. 1ST MATE BRIGGS. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CLOSE ON Trousered legs and heavy sea boots descending companionway steps. First Mate BRIGGS clambers down into frame.

TRACK BRIGGS. He approaches cabin door, produces a large key, unlocks a padlock, and slides back heavy bolt. With a perfunctory rap on the door, BRIGGS pushes it open.

BRIGGS

Good morning, Sir !

TRACK PAST BRIGGS into cabin

GEORGE CUTHBERTSON sits on side of the bunk in the small cabin which sports one large dinner plate-sized porthole. CUTHBERTSON looks up upon BRIGGS' appearance.

CUTHBERTSON

And what might be good about it, Mister Briggs?

BRIGGS (cheerily)

We've cleared the Australian coast, Mister Cuthbertson. You now have the freedom of the ship.

CUTHBERTSON

Freedom! I've been kidnapped, man!

BRIGGS (unruffled)

So you say. I don't know about that. I do know that your passage is paid for. A ticket has been issued. And your gear is safely stowed for you.

CONT.

88. INT.CABIN. LST MATE. BRIGGS. CUTHBERTSON. DAY. CONT.

CUTHBERTSON

I was drugged and dragged aboard against my will. You must know that. . !

BRIGGS (shrugs)

You say drugged. We were told you'd had a few too many. And your friends had to help you aboard.

CUTHBERTSON

Then I demand to see the Captain!

BRIGGS (grins)

Oh, you'll be doing that all right. You're the only passenger on this little trading ship. We all mess together! Now, if you need anything, you'll mostly find me on deck.

CUT TO

89. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. DRIVEWAY. GROUNDS. ELIZA. SEDGEWICK. DAY.

A bright and sunny day.

SFX : Various birdcalls.

DR. SEDGEWICK, black leather case in hand, strolls up driveway. His attention is caught by something (off).

CUT TO

90. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. GARDEN. FOUNTAIN. ELIZA. DAY.

POV DR. SEDGEWICK

ELIZA in broad-brimmed straw hat has set up her easel and paints ; her subjects are the birds splashing and playing about fountain.

CUT TO

91. EXT. DRIVEWAY. DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY.

DR. SEDGEWICK has come to a stop. He smiles indulgently as he watches ELIZA (off). SEDGEWICK turns and walks through SHOT, deciding to join the artist.

CUT TO

92. EXT.GARDEN.FOUNTAIN. ELIZA.DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY.

ELIZA lost in her painting.

A few beats

DR. SEDGEWICK walks into SHOT.

DR. SEDGEWICK (brightly)

Good morning, Eliza! I gather the light must be good.

ELIZA (turns, surprised)

Oh, Dr. Sedgewick. Yes. This time of day is best. Only the birds don't always co-operate with their attendance.

DR. SEDGEWICK

Well, birds will be birds!

They share a quiet chuckle

DR. SEDGEWICK (cont.)

I'm on my way to see your Father.

ELIZA (wistful)

It seems he has been confined to bed for ages now.

DR. SEDGEWICK

It's his heart. He's had a nasty turn. It's now a matter of ensuring we don't have a repitition.

ELIZA (puts aside her brush)

Father worries so about his business. Despite what I tell him.

DR. SEDGEWICK (cautiously)

What you, er, tell him . . ?

ELIZA (smiles)

With Sachi gone, he frets about things. He hates handing matters over to the accountants.

CONT.

92. EXT. FOUNTAIN. ELIZA. DR. SEDGEWICK. DAY. CONT.

DR. SEDGEWICK (prompts)

You mentioned something about what you tell him. . .

ELIZA (back on track)

Oh, yes. I keep telling Father not to worry.
When George arrives he will sort things out.
Just as they agreed.

CLOSE ON DR. SEDGEWICK He tries to veil his dismay.

FADE TO

93. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE NIGHT.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT Lights glow within the mansion.

SLOW ZOOM IN To settle on entrance.

A vertical shaft of light between the
doors indicates one is ajar

CUT TO

94. INT. CAMP. LODGE. STAIRS. JAMES. ANGELA. NIGHT.

JAMES slowly descending stairs with the aid of a walking
stick and assistance of ANGELA. They have reached the
final steps.

JAMES (catches breath)

Thank you. I shall be right now, Angela.

ANGELA (shyly)

It's nice to see you out again, Sir.

JAMES looks about entrance chamber. He reacts to something
(off)

JAMES (to Angela)

Someone has left the door open. . !

PAN TO JAMES' POV

One of the doors is partially open. Just inside stands an
unlit lantern.

CONT.

94. INT. CAMP. LODGE. JAMES. ANGELA. NIGHT. CONT.

ANGELA (over)

Oh. Yes. Miss Eliza wants it
that way, Sir.

PAN Back to JAMES and ANGELA.

JAMES (bewilderd)

Why would she wish that ?
And why has the lantern been left there?

ANGELA (uncomfortable)

I, um, I'm not sure, Sir. . .

ANGELA makes a hurried retreat, leaving a perplexed JAMES

CUT TO

95. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER. JAMES. ELIZA. NIGHT.

JAMES still looks at open door/lantern (off)

ELIZA (off)

There you are, Father. In time for supper!

JAMES turns as ELIZA appears from within. He points with
walking stick.

JAMES

Eliza. Why is the door open. . ?

ELIZA (casually)

It's that way each night, Father.

JAMES

Each night. . But why . . ?

ELIZA (surprised at query)

For George of course! The lantern is lit
before we retire. To let him know he is expected.

CONT.

95. INT. ENTRANCE CHAMBER, JAMES. ELIZA. NIGHT. CONT.

ELIZA, in delivering the explanation, has adopted impatient smile, shakes her head, as if addressing confused child.

JAMES breathes heavily. Looks more distressed than ever.

ELIZA is oblivious to his condition.

ELIZA (brightly)

Here. Give me your arm, Father. Supper's waiting. And may I say, it is rather jolly to see you down here again!

CUT TO

96. EXT. BOMBAY. WATERFRONT. SHIPS. WAREHOUSES. BARGES. DAY.

ELEVATED/PANORAMIC SHOT Bombay waterfront is a hive of antlike activity. Cargo is unloaded from, and onto, barges which beetle about vessels of all sizes and rigs. Some are berthed at wharves, others moored in the stream.

WIPE ON MESSAGE

Bombay, India

Hold a few beats

FADE OUT TITLE

CUT TO

97. EXT. WHARF. WINDLASS. DOCKWORKERS. LADY THELMA. DAY.

DOCKWORKERS, stripped to waist, dark bodies gleaming with sweat, bent low as they push around arms of slowly revolving windlass, hauling a steel cable from harbour. The windlass is large, with three DOCKERS pushing on each of its four arms.

The cable emerges slowly, dipping water, quivering in its tautness as it takes up the strain.

PAN along cable to its source : An open port beneath and just aft of a vessels bowsprit and figurehead. The ship's name is picked up: **LADY THELMA**

CUT TO

98. EXT. CROWDED WHARF. DECK LADY THELMA . CUTHBERTSON. 1ST MATE BRIGGS. DAY.

The vessel has been hauled in and berthed at wharf. CUTHBERTSON looks down from upper deck, fascinated by the crowded scene : DOCKSIDE WORKERS. BEARDED & TURBANED SEIKHS . OTHERS in ALLAH CATCHERS. PORTERS in FLOWING, LOOSE ROBES. PEDDLERS of food and drinks from trays fastened to chests by straps strung around necks. OTHERS IN MOTLEY WESTERN APPAREL.

FIRST MATE BRIGGS appears, stands by CUTHBERTSON

BRIGGS (cheerful)

Well, Mister Cuthbertson. Journey's end!

CUTHBERTSON (looks to BRIGGS)

Not for me, Mister Briggs. I'm on the next ship back to Sydney!

BRIGGS

And how might you be doin' that ?

CUTHBERTSON

I'll manage. But first stop will be the British Embassy. To report my kidnapping!

BRIGGS (indicates down to crowded wharf)

Might be an idea to first learn what **that** chap has to say.

CUTHBERTSON, unsure what BRIGGS is on about, turns and looks down into the crowd below.

CUT TO

99. EXT. CROWDED WHARF. VASHI UTAM. DAY.

POV CUTHBERTSON and BRIGGS

Standing at the front of the crowd is VASHI UTAM. He wears a crumpled Panama straw hat, dressed in loose, ill-fitting slacks, an old cream jacket, loosely fastened tie dangling down his shirt front. VASHI holds up a roughly scribbled sign :

Mister Cuthbertson

CUT TO

100. EXT. CROWDED WHARF. VASHI UTAM. CUTHBERTSON. DAY.

CUTHBERTSON has made himself known to the sign carrying VASHI.

VASHI (broad smile, missing teeth)

Welcome to Bombi, Mister Cuthbertson, Sir!
I am Vashi Utam. At your service.

CUTHBERTSON

In that case, Mister, er, Vashi. You
may convey me to the British Embassy.

VASHI (still smiling, a roll of the head)

Of course, Sir. But first, better you meet
Mister McKenzie. Hear what he has to say.

CUTHBERTSON

Who might he be . . ?

VASHI

Oh, he is verry nice man. He tell you much good news!

CUTHBERTSON hesitates, uncertain

VASHI (reassuringly)

Your conveyance is waiting you. I will see that
your property is safely loaded. You can go to
Embassy later. Please, Sir. Mr. Mackenzie expects you.

CUT TO

101. DRIVER. BOMBAY STREET. CROWD CHARACTERS. BUGGY. VASHI. CUTHBERTSON
SOLDIERS. DAY.

CUTHBERTSON, VASHI and DRIVER crowded aboard a small buggy
which sports an umbrella-like awning and is pulled along
the chaotic, crowded street by weary little horse at a
slow, plodding pace.

CUTHBERTSON takes in the passing scene : vendors, beggars
-- many missing an eye, an arm, leg, or hand -- snake charmers
squatting before round baskets, blowing on flutes, colourful
stalls, vendors peddling drinks from trays, veiled Muslim
women, children splashing in muddy gutters, skinny dogs,
monkeys and baboons chained to posts.
The buggy stops at an intersection and waits for a long line
of marching British soldiers in domed pith helmets to pass.

CONT.

101. BOMBAY STREET.DRIVER.BUGGY.VASHI.CUTHBERTSON.SOLDIERS.DAY.CONT.

CUTHBERTSON (curious, indicates soldiers)

Why all the soldiers, Mister Vashi ?

VASHI (with rolling tilt of head)

There is much trouble up in the north, Sir.
Verry bad men! They vant to throw we British
out!

CUTHBERTSON suppresses a smile at VASHI'S self description

CUT TO

102. EXT.ANGLO-INDIA BULIDING.BUGGY.DRIVER.VASHI.CUTHBERTSON.DAY.

The buggy comes to a stop at the modest two-storey building
which houses the Anglo-India Shipping company.

VASHI

I will have your bags attended to, Mister
Cuthbertson. Then we go to see Mister McKenzie.
He is verry nice man.

CUTHBERTSON

So you keep saying . . .

CUT TO

103. INT. OFFICE OF JACK MCKENZIE. MCKENZIE.CUTHBERTSON.DAY.

Seated on either side of a cluttered desk, whose papers
are ruffled from the draft of a squeaking ceiling fan whose
bamboo paddles circle slowly above them are MCKENZIE/CUTHBERTSON.
MCKENZIE, an amiable Scot, about 60, whose accent has been
softened by many years separation from the Scottish Highlands.
Their conversation is drawing to a close.

MCKENZIE

I can well understand your being upset, Mr. Cuthbertson
But as I have told you, laddie, your indentureship
with Anglo-India is legally binding. You canna leave
for the next three years. That would mean gaol.
The law is strict about that.

CUTHBERTSON (indignant,unconvinced)

But I am to be married. My betrothed is waiting
back in Sydney Town.

CONT....

MCKENZIE

I believe you, Mister Cuthbertson. Though
it's clear someone wanted you removed. Perhaps
to ensure you didna wed your lassie . . ?

CUTHBERTSON (quietly)

I have. . . considered that, Mister McKenzie.

MCKENZIE (slyly)

Might that have been her Father . . ?

CUTHBERTSON (shrugs)

Eliza's father never really approved of me.

MCKENZIE

What? Because you were below their station ?

CUTHBERTSON

I suppose in truth. . I was below their class.

MCKENZIE

Look, lad. This is the land of opportunity.
Play your cards right. Do a good job. Head down
and arse up. Keep off the gin. . . And like 'tis
said. .. the sky's the limit!

CUTHBERTSON (tries to digest it)

But . . what about my fiancée . . . ?

MCKENZIE (leans back, spreads hands)

Forget about class. And people's station. It's
money that talks. If yur have the means, all barriers
disappear. All doors are opened. Believe me, laddie!

CUTHBERTSON ponders MCKENZIES words, hesitates.

MCKENZIE (cont.)

If this Eliza lass of yours loves you . . she'll
wait. When you return, in say three years, with
yur pockets lined with gold, they'll be no more
talk of things like what station yer belong to. . .
You'll be a success, lad! That's what really matters!

CUTHBERTSON (exhales)

You could have a point there. . . .But how
(can I be sure. .)

CONT.

103. INT. OFFICE OF JACK MCKENZIE. MCKENZIE. CUTHBERTSON.DAY.CONT.

MCKENZIE (cuts him short)

This company is expanding, Cuthbertson lad.
Besides shipping, we're going into spices,
fine cotton, silks, precious and semi-precious
stones. There's much demand, back in England and
Europe.

MCKENZIE pauses to let his words sink in

MCKENZIE (cont.)

Perhaps I should mention that we're presently
looking for someone to look after the export
side o' things. . . Someone young and ambitious. .
and with motivation.

CUTHBERTSON. -- slow, reflective smile.

MCKENZIE (meaningfully)

Could be yr enemies might have done ye a favour.
And that would be the sweetest kind of revenge. Eh?

CUT TO

104. EXT. ST.STEPHENS/CHURCHYARD.CARRIAGES.MOURNERS.VERGER.REV.KEMP.ELIZA.

CHOPPER SHOT

VICKY. DAY

A grey, drizzling day. Carriages -- many draped in black --
are lined up in King Street outside the church.

TRACK. Over Church Building to PICK UP

MOURNERS in churchyard, clustered around open grave in a sea
of umbrellas. REV. KEMP stands out from crowd, barehead,
with VERGER beside him, holding umbrella to shelter both.

REV. KEMP (over)

And so we now commit our brother to the earth.
In the certain knowledge that when the trumpets
sound on Judgement Day. The graves shall surrender
up their dead. To be reunited, in the glory and
love of the Lord.

CLOSE IN on MOURNERS, REV. KEMP, DR. SEDGEWICK, VICKY,
ELIZA

ELIZA, dressed in black, face obscured behind a dark veil
draped from her black bonnet, is flanked by DR. SEDGEWICK
and VICKY. VICKY reaches out and squeezes ELIZA'S arm, smiles
reassuringly. ELIZA stares stolidly ahead from behind the
veil, makes no reaction.

CUT TO

105. EXT. OPEN GRAVE. SHOVEL. GRAVEDIGGER.DAY.

ECU

Shovel, grasped in hands of GRAVEDIGGER (not seen) bites into a pile of rain-soaked earth, scoops up a dripping load, swings across to open grave. Shovel tilts to spill the wet soil into the gaping excavation.

SFX Thumping of wet soil onto the casket below.

REV. KEMP (over)

Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. . .

ELIZABETH(reminiscence/ over)

The passing of her father was the final blow to our Mistress. He had been her strength and security. Now, everything would change.

FADE TO

106. EXT.ST.STEPHENS CHURCHARD.ELIZABETH.SARAH.COLBERT MOORE.DAY.

ELIZABETH. SARAH and COLBERT MOORE stand by the adjoining graves of JAMES and ELIZA. JAMES' resting place shows evidence of the passage of time. It contrasts with the recent burial of ELIZA.

ELIZABETH (to MOORE)

Miss Eliza withdrew into herself. She would shun former friends and acquaintances. Occasional visitors were limited to her lawyer and accountants, mostly to sign papers related to the family enterprises.

CUT TO

107. A CAMEO OF SHOTS.VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

SFX : Muffled dialogue and related effects

A. EXT. THOMAS, atop a ladder held steady by GORDON, secures shutters ~~over~~ upstairs windows.
PULLBACK reveals adjoining windows have been also blinded.

B. INT. A white dustcover blossoms out like a giant flower petal as it spreads out to cover a table, to reveal ROSE, who then kneels to tie down cords to secure the shroud.

C. INT. A LOCKSMITH puts finishing touches to bolt assembly on doors of Long Dining Room.

ELIZABETH (over)

The wedding banquet remained locked away.

CONT.

107. INT./EXTS. CAMEO SHOTS. CONT.

ELIZABETH (reminiscence/over)

Night was to settle on Camperdown Lodge.
It would reign over a twilight world for the
next 38 years.

- D. ELIZA stands before SERVANTS grouped in the downstairs
Servants' Station. They are THOMAS, ROSE, ANGELA,
GORDON, MARGARET, ANDREW, KEVIN, ELIZABETH and SARAH.
They exchange sidelong glances, look downcast.

ELIZABETH (over, cont.)

The news was not good. Our Mistress had decided to
let most of us go. Thomas stayed on as a handyman,
continuing to live in the Stablehands' quarters.
Sarah and I were also retained. As it was, Camperdown
Lodge had become our home. It was also our life. And
our Mistress now needed us more than ever.

SARAH (over)

Especially as her closest friend, Miss Vicky, and
Dr. Sedgewick were to relocate at another part of
the Colony.

FADE TO

108. EXT.TRAIN.INDIA.COUNTRYSIDE.DAY.

A spindley-looking locomotive, panting dark clouds of smoke,
hauls a line of rattling coach-like carriages up an incline
in the north west Indian countryside. As the cars clank past
some have locals perched on the flat roofs, squatting amidst
bundles and baskets, birds and poultry in cages.

WIPE ON MESSAGE

1857

Northern Uttah Pradesh

India

Hold a few beats

FADE OUT MESSAGE

CLOSE IN A carriage bearing a framed sign :

1ST. CLASS EUROPEANS ONLY

JACK MCKENZIE (over)

Do yur think it's wise, George lad? The situation
with the mutineers looks a wee nasty in the north.

CONT.

108. EXT. TRAIN. INDIA. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. CONT.

CUTHBERTSON (over)

We need that contract ratified, Mister Mac.
I'll be there and back before you know it!
The agreement will open many doors for us.

JACK MCKENZIE (not really convinced)

Well . . Seeing that you're determined . . .
Though make it quick. And watch your arse!

CUT TO

109. INT. CARRIAGE. TRAIN. CUTHBERTSON. PASSENGERS. DAY.

CUTHBERTSON seated by a window watches the countryside
jerk past. He is dressed in cream tropical rig. Other
PASSENGERS in b/g include those with eyes closed, reading
newspapers, watching the scenery, looking bored.

CUT TO

110. EXT. TRAIN. STATION. AGRA. DAY.

Train puffs up line, slowing down amidst growing clouds of
steam. It blows a few whistle calls to announce journey's end.

PAN With train as it hisses along crowded station platform.
It passes namesign: **AGRA FORT RAILWAY STATION**

[Akbarabad]

CUT TO

110. EXT. AGRA. STATION ENTRANCE. STREET. CUTHBERTSON. CROWD. SERGEANT.
FAMILY. DAY.

CUTHBERTSON, carrying small case, leaves station. It's like swimming
against a tide as crowds jostle to push into station. Many are
Europeans, including family groups.

TRACK CUTHBERTSON as he leaves crowd behind.

SERGEANT (calls, off)

Oi, there! Where doya think your goin'?

CUTHBERTSON looks around as British Military SERGEANT confronts
him.

CUTHBERTSON

I'm here on business. What's (the problem)?

CONT.

110. EXT. AGRA STREET.CUTHBERTSON.SERGEANT.FAMILY.DAY.CONT.

SERGEANT(shakes head/cuts in)

Sorry, mate. Nobody's doin' business today.
The place's under seige. We're evacuating
the city.

CUTHBERTSON goes to protest.

SERGEANT

It's back to the station for you. And
you'd better get movin'!

A FAMILY GROUP English couple with two children, approach
SERGEANT, seek information (ad lib)

SFX Gunshots crackle from within city.

CUTHBERTSON takes advantage of SERGEANT'S distraction, hurries
off.

SERGEANT (swings around)

Oi, you! Come back 'ere!

CUT TO

111. EXT. AGRA CITY SQUARE.CUTHBERTSON.SEPOYS.SERGEANT.DAY.

CUTHBERTSON trots across city square. A group of SEPOYS
appears from side street, spot the running European. They
point excitedly. ONE SEPOY drops to a knee, raises his rifle,
takes aim.

CUT TO

112. EXT. CITY SQUARE.HANDS HOLDING RIFLE.DAY.

ECU SEPOY'S finger squeezes trigger.

SFX Rifle shot

FAST FADE TO

113. EXT. RED FORT GATE.SERGEANT.EDWARD DONNITHORNE.DAY.

SERGEANT reporting to COLONEL EDWARD DONNITHORNE at the
Red Fort's imposing Amar Singh Gate.

SFX Sporadic gunfire, quite close

SERGEANT

The young fella wouldn't 'ave known our
Sepoy brothers 'ad decided to join the other side!

CONT.

113. EXT. RED FORT. SERGEANT. EDWARD.DAY.CONT.

EDWARD

Well, given the circumstances our casualties
have been light. Do we know who this chap is?
You'll need to make a report.

SERGEANT (fishes papers from tunic pocket)

Yair. . er. . Businessman, says 'ere. From Bombay.
Name of Cuthbertson.

EDWARD (seems to ring a bell)

Cuthbertson ? Oh, I suppose it's a common enough name.

SERGEANT (peruses papers again)

Yes, um, George Cuthbertson, Sir.

EDWARD (taken aback, to himself)

George? Could it possibly be . . . ?

SERGEANT (now curious)

You, er, knew this man, Sir?

EDWARD (quietly)

I never met the person. Carry on, Sergeant.

CUT TO

114. EXT. CAMPERDOWN LODGE. MAIN DOORS. NIGHT.

ESTABLISHMENT SHOT The mansion in total darkness, except
for a dim light glowing, moves about inside partially open
doors.

CLOSE IN

ELIZABETH (over)

When Edward sent word from India of the death of
George Cuthbertson, the family decided it was best
to keep it from Miss Eliza. And . . . So the years
passed. . .

CUT TO

115. INT. CAMP. LODGE. FRONT DOOR AJAR. ELIZABETH. ELIZA. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH, down on one knee, gives chain fastening door ajar
a tug to ensure all's well. She straightens up, and places
a glowing lantern just inside. ELIZA has been watching, gives
slight smile of approval, having supervised the nightly chore.

CONT.

115. INT. CAMP. LODGE. MAIN ENTRANCE. ELIZABETH. ELIZA. NIGHT. CONT

ELIZABETH (over)

The routine never varied. The same each night.
Although, on each evening of the anniversary of
what was to have been Miss Eliza's wedding day
. . . It was different.

FAST FADE TO

116. INT. STAIRS. CAMP. LODGE. ENTRANCE. LONG DINING ROOM. ELIZA. NIGHT.

ELIZA, dressed in crumpled wedding attire, veil pulled back, adorned with jewellery, flickering candle in gloved hand, reaches bottom of stairs.

TRACK ELIZA She pauses by grandfather clock, turns its key to start its clacking beat afresh, pendulums stirring to life. ELIZA crosses to door of Long Dining Room, produces a key from tiny gold purse; unlocks the door, sliding back rasping bolt.

SFX Doors creak open on squeaking, protesting hinges.

ELIZA steps within, holds candle aloft, peers about.

CUT TO

117. INT. MOULDERING BANQUET. LONG DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

In the flickering light and shadows effect, remains of banquet are revealed. The feast and settings crumbled into decay, plates, glassware and dishes veiled in spiderwebs. Squeaking rodents stirring rotting remains into clouds of dust, as the creatures scramble about, leaping from table and chairs to escape probe of ELIZA'S flickering light.

CUT TO

118. INT. LONG DINING ROOM. ELIZA. NIGHT.

ELIZA settles into a dusty chair left unshrouded at head of the main table. She holds candle aloft.

CUT TO

119. INT. LONG DINING ROOM. BANQUET/SETTING TRANSFORMATION FX.

ELIZA. GEORGE. NIGHT.

The rotting, crumbling, web-daubed banquet and setting slowly is transformed to its former glory; glassware sparkles, silver cutlery glints. We hear the murmur of chatting guests, the chink of cutlery on plates, popping of corks and occasional bursts of laughter belonging to a joyous day.

CONT.

119. INT. LONG DINING ROOM. BANQUET SETTING. ELIZA. GEORGE. NIGHT.

CONT.

PAN AWAY To ELIZA. CLOSE on her face

ELIZA reacts to something (off). A slow smile lights her sagging, parchment features.

PAN TO ELIZA'S POV

A young, handsomely attired GEORGE CUTHBERTSON stands in the entrance to the Long Dining Room. He smiles in delight at the sight of ELIZA (off).

SFX Applause of guests at the appearance of CUTHBERTSON

CUT TO

120. INT. LONG DINING ROOM. ELIZA. NIGHT.

CU ELIZA

ELIZA'S candle has burned low. She places it on the table in a puddle of its congealed wax. She sags deeper into the chair, closes eyes, still smiling.

SFX Banquet sounds fade

Hold a few beats

ELIZA'S smile lingers, becomes frozen

PICK UP Stub of candle. The flickering light is slowly drowned in its waxen puddle on the table. A final flutter and it is extinguished.

FADE TO BLACK

A few beats

ROLL UP CLOSING MESSAGE

Eliza Donnithorne passed away on 20th May, 1886.
Camperdown Lodge is no more, its grounds now business premises.

The grand home of Eliza's friend, Vicky Sedgewick, still survives in Newtown, now occupied by a charitable group.
Author Charles Dickens had a number of sources from which to learn of Eliza Donnithorne and her tragic life.

Dickens' son, Walter, worked in India in the same office as had Eliza's father, James, where gossip and rumour on the fate of his daughter, a world away, were rife.

CONT.

CLOSING MESSAGE

. CONT.

Dickens' and James' son , Edward, were at time neighbours in London's Twickenham, and were reputedly members of the same gentlemen's club.

The novelist employed two Sydney researchers, one living near Camperdown Lodge, to provide him with information.

In his novel, **Great Expectations**, Miss Haversham is jilted by a cad named Compeyson.

Eliza's lost love was a man named Cuthbertson. . .

PICK UP

FINAL CREDITS

THE END # # #